THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The SON of ULYSSES.

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VOL. II.

To which is added,

The ADVENTURES of ARISTONOUS.

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An Academy of Sciences instituted by Mentor.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Neſtor, *in the Name of the Allies, demands Succours of* Idomeneus *againſt the* Daunians *their Enemies.* Mentor, *who has a mind to regulate the Government of the City of* Salentum, *and train up the People to Agriculture, orders Matters ſo, that the Allies are contented with having* Telemachus *at the head of a hundred noble* Cretans. *After his departure,* Mentor *makes an exact Review of the City and Port of* Salentum, *informs himſelf of every thing; cauſes* Idomeneus *to make new Regulations for Trade, and Government, and divide the People into Seven Claſſes, whoſe Ranks and Qualities he diſtinguiſhes by different Habits; and makes him ſuppreſs Luxury and unprofitable Arts, in*

order to employ the Artificers in Agriculture, which he renders an honourable Profeſſion.

MEAN while, the Army of the Allies pitch'd their Tents, and the Field was already cover'd over with rich Pavilions of all ſorts of Colours, where the fatigu'd *Heſperians* waited for refreſhing ſleep. When the Kings together with their Retinue were enter'd the City, they were aſtoniſh'd to find that in ſo ſhort a time, ſo many ſtately Buildings were rais'd; and that the diſtraction of ſo great a War, had not hinder'd this Infant City from growing, and being embelliſh'd all at once.

They admir'd the Wiſdom and Vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who was the Founder of ſo fine a Kingdom, and every one concluded that now they had made Peace with him, it would be a great addition of Strength to the Allies, if he would enter into their Confederacy againſt the *Daunians*. They propos'd this to *Idomeneus*; he could not reject ſo reaſonable a thing, and promis'd them his aſſiſtance. But as *Mentor* was ignorant of nothing that is neceſſary to render a State flouriſhing, he was of opinion that the Forces of *Idomeneus* could not be ſo great as they ſeem'd to be, wherefore taking him aſide, he thus ſpoke to him:

You

You ſee our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salentum* is ſecur'd from the Evils that threaten'd her; it is now your fault if you don't raiſe her Glory as high as the Heavens, and equal the Wiſdom of *Minos* your Grandfather, in the Government of your People. I continue my freedom of Speech to you, believing you would have me do ſo, and that you abhor Flattery. Whilſt theſe Kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within my ſelf all the while upon the Raſhneſs of your Conduct. At this word *Raſhneſs*, *Idomeneus* chang'd colour, his Eyes look'd diſorder'd, he bluſh'd, and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, to ſhew him his Reſentment. *Mentor* in a modeſt reſpectful tone, but yet free and bold, ſaid to him: I ſee you are offended at this word *Raſhneſs*, and it had been wrong in any one but me to have made uſe of it; for we ought to reſpect Kings, and uſe them very tenderly, even when we are reproving them. Truth of it ſelf is offenſive enough to them, without the addition of rugged terms; but I thought you could ſuffer me to ſpeak to you without Lenitives, to diſcover your Error. My deſign was to accuſtom you to hear things call'd by their names, and to underſtand that when others give you their Advice about your Conduct, they will never dare to tell you all their thoughts; and therefore, unleſs you will be deceiv'd, you muſt

always apprehend more than they will ſay to you in things wherein your Conduct has been amiſs. For my part, I am willing to ſoften my words according to your occaſions. But it will be for your advantage, that an impartial diſintereſted Man ſpeak in private to you, in a plain rough manner. No other ſhall ever dare to do it; and ſo you ſhall never ſee truth but by halves, and under fair diſguiſes.

At theſe words, *Idomeneus*, who had by this time maſter'd his Paſſion, ſeem'd aſham'd of what he had done; you ſee, ſaid he to *Mentor*, what it is to be us'd to Flattery. I am indebted to you for the ſafety of my Kingdom, and there is no Truth, but I ſhould think my ſelf happy to hear from your Mouth; but pity a Prince whom Flattery had poiſon'd, and who could never find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth, no, not in his Misfortunes. No, I have never met with any body who has lov'd me well enough to diſpleaſe me, by telling me the whole truth. As he ſpoke theſe words, his Eyes were bath'd with Tears, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then ſaid the wiſe old Man to him: It is with grief that I find my ſelf conſtrain'd to tell you ſome harſh things; but it is not in my power to betray you, by hiding the truth from you. Put your ſelf in my place; if you have hitherto been de-

deceived, it is becauſe you were willing to be ſo, and becauſe you were afraid of too ſincere Counſellors. Have you look'd out for ſuch as were diſintereſted and moſt like to contradict you? Have you made it your buſineſs to chuſe Men the leaſt forward to pleaſe you, the moſt impartial in their Conduct, and ſuch as would not ſcruple to condemn your Paſſions and your wrong Sentiments of Things? When you have met with Flatterers, have you remov'd them from your Preſence? Have you been upon your Guard againſt them? No, no: You have not done as they do who love Truth, and who deſerve to know it. Let us ſee if you have now the Courage to ſuffer your ſelf to be humbled by the Truth that condemns you.

I was ſaying, therefore, that what was the occaſion of ſo much praiſe to you, deſerves rather to be blam'd. While you had abroad ſo many Enemies that threaten'd your Kingdom, as yet but indifferently eſtabliſh'd, you thought of nothing in your new City, but to raiſe ſtately Buildings in it. It is this has coſt you ſo many uneaſy Nights, as you your ſelf have own'd to me: You have drain'd your Treaſures; you neither thought of encreaſing your People, nor of cultivating the fertile Lands upon this Coaſt. Ought you not to have look'd upon theſe two things, as the two main Pillars of your Strength, to have a

great number of able Men, and Lands well cultivated to maintain them? You ſhould at firſt have had a long Peace, to favour the multiplying of your People. You ſhould have minded nothing but Agriculture, and the enacting of wholſome Laws. Vain Ambition has puſh'd you on to the brink of a Precipice; and by aiming to appear great, you had like to have ruin'd your real Greatneſs. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair thoſe Over-ſights; put a ſtop to your pompous Structures; renounce all Luxury, which would ruin your new City; let your People take Breath, and enjoy Peace; apply your ſelf to ſettle them in Plenty, to facilitate their Marriages. Know, that you are no otherwiſe a King, than as you have a People to govern, and that your Power is not to be meaſur'd by the extent of the Lands you poſſeſs, but by the number of the Men who ſhall inhabit thoſe Lands, and be bound to obey you. Poſſeſs a Ground but of an indifferent Compaſs; ſtock it with numberleſs multitudes of a laborious diſciplin'd People; contrive it ſo that you get the Love of thoſe People, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the Conquerors who lay waſte ſo many Kingdoms.

How ſhall I then behave my ſelf to theſe Kings, reply'd *Idomeneus?* Shall I confeſs my Weakneſs to them? It is true, I have neglected

lected Tillage, nay, and Trade likewiſe, which might be ſo commodiouſly carry'd on upon this Coaſt: I have thought of nothing but raiſing a ſtately City: Muſt I, my dear *Mentor*, diſgrace my ſelf amidſt ſo many Kings, and betray my indiſcretion? If I muſt, I will, without any heſitation, let them think of it as they pleaſe; for you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and owes himſelf wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his People to his own glory.

This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of his People; 'tis this good diſpoſition, and not the vain magnificence of your City, that argues you a true King: but your Honour muſt be maintain'd, even for the intereſt of your Kingdom. Leave the thing to me, I will go tell thoſe Kings that you are engag'd to reſtore *Ulyſſes*, if he be ſtill living, or at leaſt his Son, in *Ithaca*; and that you are reſolv'd to expel thence by force, all the lovers of *Penelope*. They muſt needs be ſenſible that this War requires a great number of Troops, and ſo they will agree that you can afford them but ſmall aſſiſtance at firſt againſt the *Daunians*.

At theſe words *Idomeneus* look'd like one that had juſt been eas'd of a mighty burthen. My dear Friend, ſaid he to *Mentor*, you ſave my Honour and the Reputation of

this growing City, whoſe weakneſs you will thus hide from my neighbours: But how will it look in me to ſay that I will ſend forces to *Ithaca*, to reſtore *Ulyſſes*, or at leaſt his Son *Telemachus*, ſince *Telemachus* has engag'd himſelf to go to the War againſt the *Daunians*? Be eaſy, reply'd *Mentor*; I ſhall tell nothing but the truth. The Ships that you ſend to eſtabliſh your Trade, ſhall go to the Coaſt of *Epirus*; they will do two things at once, that is, reinvite to your Coaſt the foreign Merchants, whom too great Impoſts keep from coming to *Salentum*, and learn news concerning *Ulyſſes*. If he be yet living, he cannot be far from thoſe Seas that divide *Greece* from *Italy*, and it is confidently reported that he has been ſeen among the *Phœacians*: But even ſuppoſing there are no hopes of ſeeing him ever again, your Fleet will do an eminent ſervice to his Son, by ſpreading thro' *Ithaca* and all the neighbouring Countries the terror of young *Telemachus*'s name, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father. *Penelope*'s Lovers will be diſmay'd when they hear that he is ready to return with the ſuccours of a powerful Allie. The people of *Ithaca* will not have the boldneſs to think of ſhaking off the Yoke: *Penelope* will be exceedingly comforted, and ſtill refuſe to make choice of a new Husband. Thus you will ſerve *Telemachus*, while he is in your place with the Allies

Allies of this Coaſt of *Italy* fighting againſt the *Daunians*. Here *Idomeneus* cry'd out: Happy is the King who is ſupported by wiſe Counſels; a wiſe and faithful Friend is more valuable to a King, than victorious Armies; but doubly bleſs'd is the King who is ſenſible of his happineſs, and knows how to make his advantage of wiſe Counſels; for it often happens that wiſe and honeſt Men, whoſe Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his truſt, to make room for flatterers, whoſe treachery is not ſuſpected. I my ſelf am fall'n into this error, and will relate to you all the diſaſters that are come upon me by a falſe Friend who flatter'd my paſſions, in hopes that I, in my turn, would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily made the Confederate Kings ſenſible that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of *Telemachus*'s affairs, while that young Prince went along with them. They were ſatisfy'd with having in their Army the Son of *Ulyſſes*, with a hundred of the *Cretan* Youths, appointed by *Idomeneus* to accompany him. They were the flower of the young Nobility, whom the King had brought with him from *Crete*, and whom *Mentor* had adviſ'd him to ſend to the War. You muſt, ſaid he, during a Peace, take care to multiply your People; but for fear the whole Nation ſhould grow effeminate and ignorant of the Art of War, you muſt ſend the young Nobility to foreign

reign Wars. This will ſuffice to keep up the whole Kingdom in an emulation of Glory, in the love of Arms, in a contempt of Fatigues, and of Death itſelf; and, laſtly, in the practice of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings departed from *Salentum*, well pleas'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wiſdom of *Mentor*; they were overjoy'd that they carry'd *Telemachus* along with them; but he could not controul his Grief when he was to part with his Friend.

Whilſt the Confederate Kings were taking their leaves, and ſwore to *Idomeneus* that they would preſerve an eternal Alliance with him; *Mentor*, holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his Arms, found himſelf bedew'd with his tears. I am inſenſible, ſaid *Telemachus*, of the joy of going in queſt of Glory: Nothing now affects my Soul but the Grief that I muſt part from you. Methinks I ſee again that unhappy time, when the *Egyptians* tore me from your Arms, without the leaſt hope of ever ſeeing you any more.

Mentor return'd an obliging Anſwer, the better to comfort and cheer him up: This, ſaid he, is a ſeparation of a very different kind: It is voluntary; 'twill be ſhort; you go in ſearch of Victory: My Son, you muſt love me leſs tenderly, and in a more maſculine manner. Accuſtom your ſelf to my abſence,

ſence, for you will not always have me with you. You ſhould let Wiſdom and Virtue, rather than the preſence of *Mentor*, ſuggeſt to you what you ought to do.

In ſaying theſe words, the Goddeſs, conceal'd under the figure of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her *Ægis*, and inſus'd into him the Spirit of Wiſdom and Foreſight, intrepid Valour and gentle Moderation, which are ſo rarely found together. Go, ſaid *Mentor*, into the thickeſt dangers, as often as it is neceſſary you ſhould go. A Prince diſgraces himſelf more by avoiding the dangers of a War, than by never going into it at all. The Courage of him who commands others ought never to be ſuſpected. If it be neceſſary for a People to preſerve their General and King, it is more neceſſary to them not to ſee him in an uncertain reputation of Valour. Remember that he who commands ought to be a pattern to all others; his example is to animate the whole Army: Therefore fear no manner of danger, O *Telemachus*, and rather periſh in the Combat, than ſuffer your Courage to be queſtion'd. Flatterers who ſhall be moſt eager to hinder you from expoſing your ſelf to danger on neceſſary occaſions, will be moſt forward to tax you privately with want of Courage, if they find you eaſy to be reſtrain'd on thoſe occaſions. But then again, run not blindly into danger without

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occaſion; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue, than as it is govern'd by Prudence; otherwiſe it is a ſtupid contempt of Life, and a brutal Ardour. Fool-hardy Valour is ever unſecure: He that does not command himſelf in dangers, is rather wild than brave: He's forc'd to be beſide himſelf, that he may be above fear, ſince he cannot ſurmount it by the natural diſpoſition of his Heart. In this Caſe, if he does not run away, he is at leaſt diſorder'd; he loſes his preſence of Mind, which would be neceſſary to him to give proper Orders, to lay hold of opportunities to rout the Enemy, or ſerve his Country. If he has all the warmth of a Soldier, he has nothing of the diſcretion of a Captain; nay, he has not even the true courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought in time of Battel to preſerve ſuch a preſence of Mind, and ſuch a Moderation as is neceſſary to obey. He who raſhly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the Order and Diſcipline of the Troops, ſets an example of temerity, and often brings the whole Army into great diſaſters. They who prefer their vain Ambition to the ſecurity of the Common Cauſe, deſerve to be puniſh'd, inſtead of being rewarded.

Beware then, my Son, not to ſeek Glory with intemperance: The ſureſt way to find it, is to wait patiently a favourable opportunity:

Virtue

Virtue gains the more reverence and reſpect, as ſhe ſhews herſelf plain, modeſt, averſe to Pomp; and the greater the neceſſity of expoſing your ſelf to danger grows, the greater ought your courage and foreſight to be. Moreover, remember that you ought never to draw upon your ſelf the Envy of others; on your part, be not jealous of their ſucceſs: Be the firſt in praiſing what is praiſe-worthy, but praiſe with diſcretion: Repeat the good with pleaſure, conceal the bad, and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Be not poſitive before the old Commanders, who have that experience which you cannot have; liſten to them with deference; conſult them; deſire the moſt able to inſtruct you, and be not aſham'd to impute to their Inſtructions, whatever Improvements you ſhall make. In ſhort, give no ear to Diſcourſes which may tend to excite your diſtruſt or jealouſy againſt the other chief Officers: But converſe with them with confidence and frankneſs. If you think that they have fail'd in point of reſpect to you, unboſom your ſelf to them, and ſet forth your Reaſon: If they are capable of underſtanding the generoſity of this Conduct, you will charm them, and draw from them all that you have occaſion to expect. If, on the contrary, they have not ſenſe enough to apprehend your meaning, you will learn, from ſelf-experience, what unjuſt treatment may be expected

pected from them; you will be cautious not to expoſe your ſelf again as long as the War laſts; and thus you will have nothing to accuſe your ſelf of. But, above all things, be ſure you avoid telling any Flatterers, who go about to make miſchief, the grounds of Complaint which you think you have againſt any of the Commanders of the Army. I will tarry here, continu'd *Mentor*, to aſſiſt *Idomeneus* to procure the happineſs of his People; and to retrieve all the faults which his ill Counſels and Flatterers have made him commit in the Settlement of his new Kingdom.

Hereupon *Telemachus* could not forbear diſcovering ſome ſurprize at, and even ſome contempt for *Idomeneus*'s Conduct. But *Mentor* check'd him for it in a ſevere tone. Do you wonder, ſaid he, that the moſt valuable Men are ſtill Men, and betray ſome humane frailties amidſt the numberleſs ſnares and the diſtractions inſeparable from a Royal State? It is true, *Idomeneus* was brought up with notions of Pomp and Loftineſs: But where's the Philoſopher, who, had he been in his place, would have reſiſted Flattery? It is true, again he ſuffer'd himſelf to be too much prepoſſeſs'd by thoſe he truſted: But the wiſeſt of Kings are often deceiv'd, whatever precaution they take to avoid it. A King cannot do every thing, and therefore muſt have Miniſters to eaſe himſelf,

himſelf, and theſe he muſt truſt. Beſides, a King is not ſo well acquainted as private Perſons, with thoſe that ſurround him, who are ever mask'd before him, and uſe all manner of artifices to impoſe upon him. Alas! dear *Telemachus*, you will experience it but too much! We do not find in Men either the Virtues or Abilities we look for in them: And the more we ſtudy and ſound them, the farther we find our ſelves to be from our reckoning. Neither is it ever poſſible to make even the beſt of Men always to act as they ought, for the publick good: For they, like the reſt, have their Prepoſſeſſions, Inconſiſtencies, and Jealouſies; and are ſeldom to be perſuaded or corrected.

The more Nations a Prince has to govern, the more Miniſters he has occaſion for, in order to do by them what he cannot do by himſelf; and the more need he has of Men to entruſt with Authority, the more is he expos'd to be deceiv'd in his Choice. He who to day unmercifully cenſures Kings, would govern worſe than they to-morrow, and commit the ſame faults, with other infinitely greater, if he were inveſted with the ſame power. A private Condition, together with a tolerable ſhare of Wit and good Elocution, covers all natural defects, ſets off ſhining parts, and makes a Man ſeem worthy of all the Employments he is not in: But 'tis

Authority

Authority that puts all natural Abilities to a ſevere Teſt, and which diſcovers great defects. Greatneſs is like certain Glaſſes that magnify Objects: All defects ſeem to increaſe in thoſe high ſtations, where the minuteſt things are attended with great Conſequences; and where the lighteſt faults have violent effects. The whole World are continually bent upon obſerving one ſingle Man, and judge him with utmoſt rigour: But thoſe who judge him have no manner of experience or knowledge of the Condition he is in; they are not ſenſible of the Difficulties that attend it; and they expect ſo great a perfection in him, that they will not allow him to be a Man. However, a King, tho' never ſo good and ſo wiſe, is a Man ſtill; his Capacity has bounds as well as his Virtue; and he has Humours, Paſſions and Habits, of which he is not abſolute Maſter. He is beſet by intereſted and artful Men; he meets not with the aſſiſtance he looks for; and ſo he finds himſelf miſtaken every Day: ſometimes through his own Paſſions, and ſometimes through thoſe of his Miniſters. He has ſcarce mended one fault, but he lapſes into another; and this being the Condition of the moſt knowing, and moſt virtuous Kings, the longeſt and beſt Reigns are too ſhort and too defective to repair, in the end, what, by inadvertency, has been done amiſs in the beginning.

ning. All theſe Miſeries are inſeparable from a Royal State; and as humane Nature is too weak to bear ſo great a burden, we therefore ought to pity and excuſe Kings. Are they not indeed to be pitied for having it incumbent upon them to govern ſo many Men, whoſe wants are infinite, and the well governing of whom is attended with ſo much trouble and difficulty? To ſpeak freely, Men are much to be pitied for being ſubject to the Government of a King, who is no more than a Man like them; for none but Gods can govern Men, and ſet them to rights. But then, Kings are no leſs to be pitied for being no more than Men, that is, weak and imperfect, and yet being obliged to govern a numberleſs multitude of corrupt and deceitful Men.

Telemachus readily anſwered: *Idomeneus* has through his Fault loſt his Hereditary Kingdom in *Crete*; and, were it not for your Counſels, he would have left a ſecond at *Salentum*. I confeſs, reply'd *Mentor*, he has committed great faults; but ſeek in *Greece*, and in all other the beſt govern'd Countries, for a King who has not committed inexcuſable ones. The greateſt Men have, in their Temper and Genius, natural defects by which they are ſway'd; and therefore they deſerve the moſt praiſe, who have the courage to acknowledge and repair their Follies. Think you

you that *Ulyſſes*, the great *Ulyſſes* your Father, who is the pattern of the Kings of *Greece*, has not his weakneſſes and faults as well as others? Had not *Minerva* conducted him, ſtep by ſtep, how often would he have tripp'd, and been fain to yield, amidſt the dangers and intricacies in which fortune ſported with him? How often has *Minerva* either reſtrain'd him, or ſet him to rights again, in order to conduct him ſteddily to Glory through the path of Virtue? Do not even expect, when you ſhall ſee him reign with ſo much Glory at *Ithaca*, to find him altogether free from Imperfections. Undoubtedly you will find ſome in him: But yet *Greece*, *Aſia*, and all the Iſlands of the Sea, have admired him, notwithſtanding thoſe defects, which are drown'd and effaced by a thouſand admirable qualities. You ſhall be very happy if you can likewiſe but admire him, and conſtantly ſtudy him as a pattern for your Imitation.

Accuſtom your ſelf, O *Telemachus!* not to expect, even from the greateſt Men, any more than what human Nature is capable to perform. Unexperienced Youth gives way to a preſumptuous humour of cenſuring and criticizing, which gives it a diſguſt for all the Models it ought to imitate; and throws it, at laſt, into an incurable Indocility. You ought not only to love, reverence, and imitate your Father, altho' he be not perfect; but you

you ought likewiſe to have a great eſteem for *Idomeneus*, notwithſtanding what I have found amiſs in him. He is naturally ſincere, upright, equitable, generous, beneficent; his courage is perfect; he abhors fraud, when he is ſenſible of it, and when he is free to purſue his own Inclination. All his outward qualities are great, and proportion'd to his Dignity. His Ingenuity in owning his Faults, his good Nature, his Patience in bearing the harſheſt things from me; his Reſolution, with regard to himſelf, in repairing publickly what he had done amiſs; and thereby ſetting himſelf above the Cenſures of Men: All theſe are Indications of a Soul truly great. Good Luck, or the Counſels of others, may keep a Man of very mean Capacity from committing ſome Faults; but nothing leſs than an extraordinary Virtue can engage a King, long ſeduc'd and intoxicated by Flattery, to mend his Errors. 'Tis far more glorious thus to recover a Fall, than never to have fallen. *Idomeneus* has committed ſuch Faults as moſt Kings commit; but no King does what he has done, in order to mend. For my part, I could not forbear admiring him, at the ſame time that he permitted me to contradict him. Admire him too, my dear *Telemachus*; it is not ſo much for his Reputation, as for your own Good, that I give you this Advice.

By

By this diſcourſe *Mentor* made *Telemachus* ſenſible, how dangerous it is, to be ſo unjuſt as to indulge one's ſelf in a rigorous cenſuring of other Men, thoſe eſpecially who ſuſtain the weight, and muſt go through the troubles and difficulties of Government. After this he told him, it is time for you to depart: Farewel, I will ſtay for you here, O my dear *Telemachus*; remember that thoſe who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men: You will find your ſelf expos'd to the moſt imminent dangers, but know that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe words *Telemachus* thought he felt the Influence of the Goddeſs's own preſence; and he had certainly known that it was ſhe who ſpoke to him, if ſhe had not recall'd the Idea of *Mentor*, by ſaying: Forget not, my Son, the care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that I might make you as wiſe and couragious as your Father: Do nothing unworthy of his great example, and of the Maxims of Virtue, which I have endeavour'd to inſpire you with.

The Sun was already riſing, and gilded the tops of the Mountains, when the Kings came out of *Salentum* to rejoyn the Troops, which now began to march under their Commanders, from the Encampment round the City. On every ſide were ſeen the glittering heads of briſtling Pikes; the ſplendor of their Shields

Shields dazzled the Beholder's Eyes, and Clouds of Duſt obſcur'd the Face of Heaven: *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted into the Camp the Confederate Kings. At laſt they parted, after interchanging the Marks of a true Friendſhip on both ſides: The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would be laſting, now they knew the good diſpoſition of *Idomeneus*'s heart, which had been repreſented to them in a very different light; for they had judg'd of him not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the flattering and pernicious Counſels which he had ſuffer'd himſelf to be miſled by.

After the Army had march'd away, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into all the Quarters of the City. Let's ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, how many Men you have, both in the Town and in the Country: Let us take an exact Account of them, and examine how many Husbandmen there are amongſt them. Let us ſee how much Corn, Wine, Oyl, and other Commodities, your Lands produce in moderate years; whereby we ſhall know whether the Land yields wherewithal to ſubſiſt all its Inhabitants, and an Overplus beſides to carry on a profitable Trade with foreign Countries. Let us likewiſe examine the number of your Ships and Mariners: For it is from thence we are to make an Eſtimate of your Power. Then he went to viſit the Port, and going

on board every Veſſel, he inform'd himſelf to what Part each of them went to traffick, what Merchandize they carry'd, what Commodities they brought home in return, what was the Charge of the Ship's Voyage, what Loans the Merchants made one to another, what Societies they ſet up among themſelves, to ſee if they were equitably and faithfully maintain'd; finally, of the dangers of Shipwreck, and other Miſchances incident to Trade, in order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy deſire of Gain, often undertake things above their Strength and Ability to go through with.

He appointed ſevere Puniſhments for all Bankrupts, becauſe their breaking is at leaſt owing to their Raſhneſs, if not to their Diſhoneſty: At the ſame time he made ſeveral Regulations in order to prevent Bankrupcy, and for that end he appointed Magiſtrates to take an Account of the Merchants Effects, Profits, Expences and Ventures. - They were never ſuffer'd to ſend Ventures of another Man's Eſtate, nor above half of their own. Furthermore, they carry'd on, by Companies and Joint-Stock, thoſe Undertakings which they could not manage ſingly; and the By-Laws of theſe Companies became inviolable, through the rigorous Puniſhment inflicted on thoſe who infring'd the ſame. Beſides, there is an entire freedom for

 Trade;

Trade; and inſtead of cramping it with hard Taxes and Duties, there was a Recompence by way of Bounty, propos'd to all Merchants, that could draw a Trade from any other Nation to *Salentum*.

By this means there reſorted great multitudes of People to them from all Parts: The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea: Riches came pouring into it like the rowling Waves which are puſh'd forward by thoſe ſucceeding. There was free Import and Export allow'd to every thing: Whatever was brought in, was uſeful for ſome purpoſe or other, and whatever was carry'd out, did but make room for other Riches to come in. Exact Juſtice alone preſided in the Port among ſo many different Nations: Upright Dealing, Honeſty and Candour, ſeem'd to invite, from the top of thoſe ſtately Towers, all Merchants from the remoteſt Corners of the Earth. Every one of theſe Merchants, whether he came from the Eaſtern Shore, where the Sun each day ſprings forth from the boſom of the Deep, or whether he came from that great Sea, where the ſame Planet, fatigu'd with its Courſe, extinguiſhes its flames, and goes to reſt: Every one, I ſay, liv'd in as much Peace and Safety in *Salentum*, as if he had been in his own Country.

As to the inſide of the City, *Mentor* viſited all

all the Magazines, Ware-houſes, Tradeſmen's Shops, and all the publick Places. He prohibited the Importation of all ſuch foreign Goods, as might introduce Luxury and Effeminacy. He regulated their Apparel, Food, Houſhold-Stuff; the dimenſion and embelliſhments of Houſes; according to the different Conditions of the Inhabitants. He baniſh'd all Gold and Silver Ornaments, and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one way to make your People frugal in their expences, and that is, by ſetting them an Example your ſelf. It is indeed requiſite that you ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by a certain ſhew of Majeſty, but your Authority will be ſufficiently diſplay'd by your Guards, and the chief Officers that are about you. Content your ſelf with a Garment of ſuper-fine Wool of a Purple colour: Let the Chief men of your State be clad in the ſame Wool, with no other difference but that of the colour, and a ſmall Embroidery of Gold on the Selvedge of your own Robe. The different Colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different Degrees, without the expence of Gold, Silver, or precious Stones. Regulate thoſe Degrees according to each one's Birth, and let thoſe be plac'd in the firſt Rank, who are deſcended from a more ancient and illuſtrious Stock. They who by their Merit ſhall have the authority of great Employments, will be ſatisfy'd to come

come after thoſe ancient and illuſtrious Families, who have been in ſo long a poſſeſſion of the firſt Honours. Such as are inferior to them in point of Extraction, will eaſily give place to them, provided you do not ſuffer them to forget themſelves in a high and ſudden Preferment, and provided you beſtow Commendations on thoſe who know how to be moderate in Proſperity. The Diſtinction which is the leaſt expos'd to Envy, is that which proceeds from a long Succeſſion of Anceſtors.

As for Virtue, it will be ſufficiently excited and encourag'd, and Men will be forward enough to ſerve the State, provided you decree Crowns and Statues to gallant Actions, and make it a ſource of Nobility for the Children of thoſe that have perform'd them.

Perſons of the firſt Rank, next to your ſelf, ſhall be clad in White, with a Gold Fringe at the bottom of their Garments: They ſhall wear a Gold Ring on their Finger, and a Golden Medal with your Effigies on their Neck. Thoſe of the ſecond Rank ſhall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe, and a Ring without a Medal. The third ſort in Green, without a Ring or Fringe, but with a Medal. The fourth in deep Yellow: The fifth in pale Red: The ſixth in Griſlin: The ſeventh, that is the lower ſort, in Yellow mix'd with White.

Let theſe be the Colours for the ſeven Degrees of Freemen. As for Slaves, they ſhall be clad in dark Brown. Thus, without any expence, every one will be diſtinguiſh'd according to his Degree, and all thoſe Arts ſhall be baniſh'd from *Salentum*, which ſerve only to keep up a vain Pomp and Luxury. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about thoſe pernicious ones, ſhall either betake themſelves to neceſſary Arts, which are but few, or elſe to Merchandize, or to Agriculture. It ſhall never be permitted to make any change in the nature of Stuffs, or in the faſhion of Cloaths; for it is ſcandalous that Men, who are deſtin'd to a ſerious and noble Life, ſhould amuſe themſelves in ſtudying affected Ornaments, or ſuffer their Wives, in whom ſuch Amuſements would be leſs ſhameful, to be guilty of thoſe Extravagancies.

Thus *Mentor*, like a skilful Gardener, who lops off the uſeleſs Branches of Fruit-Trees, endeavour'd to retrench Luxury, which vitiates good Manners; and, inſtead thereof, he recommended a noble and frugal Plainneſs in all things. He likewiſe regulated the ordinary Food of Citizens and Slaves. What a ſhame is it, ſays he, for Men of high Condition, to place their Grandeur in Ragouts and Kickſhaws, by which they enervate their Faculties, and continually impair the health of their Bodies! They ought to place their Happi-

Happineſs in their Moderation, and in their Authority which enables them to be beneficent to other Men, and in acquiring Reputation by their good Actions. Sobriety makes the plaineſt Food the moſt palatable; it is Temperance that procures the pureſt and moſt laſting Pleaſures, at the ſame time that it preſerves a vigorous Conſtitution of Body. Therefore confine your Table to the beſt ſorts of Meats, but dreſs'd without any Ragouts: For to provoke Men's appetites beyond their natural Call, is nothing elſe but an Art of Poyſoning.

Idomeneus grew very ſenſible how much he had been to blame in ſuffering the Inhabitants of his new City to ſoften and corrupt their Manners, by departing from the Laws of *Minos* touching Sobriety. But the wiſe *Mentor* repreſented to him, that even the reviving of thoſe very Laws would be to no purpoſe, unleſs by his own Example he gave them that Vigour and Authority which nothing elſe could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* began to regulate his Table, where he would admit of nothing but excellent Bread, Wine of the growth of that Country, which is ſtrong and palatable, but in very ſmall quantity, with plain Meats, ſuch as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Perſon durſt open their Mouths againſt a Law that the King had impos'd on himſelf; and thus every

Body retrench'd that Profuſion and thoſe Dainties, which they had begun to introduce into their Repaſts.

After this, *Mentor* ſilenc'd all ſoft and effeminate Muſick, which corrupted the Youth. He likewiſe condemn'd the *Bacchanalian* ſort of Muſick, which is little leſs intoxicating than Wine it ſelf, and occaſions Riots and all manner of Irregularities. Therefore he reſtrain'd all Muſick to Feſtivals in the Temples, there to celebrate the Praiſes of the Gods, and of thoſe Heroes who have left us Patterns of the moſt tranſcendent Virtues. He likewiſe confin'd to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture, ſuch as Columns, Pediments, Porticoes. He drew Plans, of a plain and graceful Model, whereby on a ſmall ſpot of Ground, one might build a delightful and convenient Houſe for a numerous Family; always contriving it ſo that the ſituation of it were wholſome, its ſeveral Apartments independent one of another, and that it might be eaſily kept in Order and Repair at ſmall Charge. He order'd, that every conſiderable Houſe ſhould have a large Hall, and a ſmall *Periſtyle*, with little Rooms for all free Perſons; but he moſt ſeverely prohibited the ſuperfluous Multitude, and vain magnificence of Apartments. Theſe different Draughts of Houſes, according to the Largeneſs of each Family, ſerv'd to em-

embelliſh part of the City at ſmall expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other part, which was already built up according to the Caprice and Pride of private Perſons, though more magnificent, was far from being ſo agreeable and commodious. This new City was built in a very little time, becauſe the Coaſt adjoyning to *Greece* furniſhes good Architects; and a great number of Maſons were ſent for from *Epirus* and ſeveral other Countries, upon condition that after they had finiſh'd their Works, they ſhould ſettle about *Salentum*, break up and cultivate a certain Parcel of Land, and ſerve to people the Country.

Painting and Sculpture, were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aſide; but he was againſt ſuffering many Hands to apply themſelves that way, in *Salentum*. He erected a publick School to teach theſe Arts, with Maſters who had an excellent Taſte, to examine the young Diſciples. Such Arts, ſays he, as are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any thing that is ordinary or indifferent. And therefore none ought to be allow'd to learn them but Youths of a promiſing Genius, and who are likely to attain to the utmoſt perfection. As for others, who have their Capacity turn'd to Arts leſs noble, they will be very profitably employ'd about the ordinary Occaſions of the Com-

monwealth. The only uſe, ſaid he, that ought to be made of Carvers and Painters, is to preſerve the Memory of great Men, and great Actions. It is in publick Buildings and Tombs, where you ought to preſerve the Repreſentations of what has been perform'd by an extraordinary Virtue, for the Service of the Country. Yet *Mentor* did not carry his Moderation and Frugality ſo far, as to diſallow thoſe large Structures deſign'd for Horſe or Chariot-Races, Wreſtlings, Fights with the *Ceſtus*, and all other Exerciſes, which cultivate the Human Body, and render it more dextrous and vigorous.

He ſuppreſs'd a prodigious number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who ſold figur'd Stuffs of remote Countries, embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price, Gold and Silver Vaſes emboſs'd with Figures of Gods, Men and Animals, and diſtill'd Liquors and Eſſences. He order'd likewiſe that the Furniture of every Houſe ſhould be plain, ſtrong and laſting: So that the *Salentines*, who us'd to complain of their Poverty, began now to be ſenſible that they enjoy'd a great many ſuperfluous Riches; which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich in proportion as they had the Courage to part with them. It is the beſt way, ſaid they themſelves, to grow rich by deſpiſing ſuch Riches as exhauſt a State, and by leſſening

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our wants, in reducing them to the true neceſſary occaſions of nature.

Mentor was very diligent in viewing the Arſenals and publick Magazines, to ſee whether the Arms and other warlike Implements were in good condition: For, ſaid he, we ought always to be in a readineſs to make War, the better to avoid the misfortune of having it begun upon us. He found that there was great want of many things; and thereupon he preſently aſſembled together ſuch Artificers as underſtood to work in Iron, Steel, or Braſs: You might preſently have ſeen flaming Furnaces diſcharging whirls of Smoke and Fire, like the ſubterraneous eruptions of Mount *Ætna*. You might have heard the Anvil groaning under the repeated ſtrokes of the ſturdy Hammer; the adjacent Mountains ecchoing back the ſound. You would have fanſied to be in that fam'd Iſland, where *Vulcan* cheers up the *Cyclops*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And, as an effect of a wiſe forecaſt, you might have ſeen all the preparations of War carrying on in a profound Peace.

After this, *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a vaſt tract of fertile Land lying waſte and uncultivated. Others were manur'd but by halves, thro' the negligence and poverty of the Husbandmen, who not only wanted hands, but likewiſe a ſpirit

and induſtry, requiſite to bring Agriculture to perfection. *Mentor*, beholding theſe neglected Fields, ſaid to the King: This Land courts the Inhabitants to enrich them, but the Inhabitants are wanting to it. Let us therefore take all the unneceſſary Inhabitants that are in the City, and who follow ſuch Trades as only tend to corrupt good Manners, and let us ſet them to cultivate theſe Plains and Dales. It is, indeed, a misfortune that thoſe Men who are inur'd to ſuch Arts as require a ſedentary Life, are not accuſtom'd to hard labour; but here is a remedy for it: We muſt divide among them all the Lands that are void of Inhabitants, and call to their aſſiſtance ſome of the neighbouring People, who under them will take upon them the hardeſt labour; which they will do, provided they are allow'd a reaſonable recompence out of the product of the Lands which they ſhall begin to grub up: And, in time, they may come to enjoy a proportion of the Lands, and thereby be incorporated with your People, who are not yet numerous enough. Provided they be laborious and obedient to the Laws, they will prove as good Subjects as any you have, and make a great addition to your power. Your City-Artificers, thus tranſplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to labour, and break them to the yoke of a rural Life. Moreover, all the Maſons

Maſons and Bricklayers of foreign Countries, who are employ'd in the building of your City, have engag'd to grub up part of your Lands, and turn Husbandmen, as ſoon as their work in Town is at an end. Being ſtrong and laborious, their example will ſerve to excite to labour the Artificers ſent from the City to the Country, with whom they ſhall be intermix'd; and thus, in proceſs of time, the whole Country round about will be ſtock'd with vigorous ſtrong Men, and well vers'd in Husbandry.

As for the multiplication of your People, you need be in no pain about that, for they will ſoon encreaſe beyond meaſure, provided you encourage and facilitate Matrimony, which you may eaſily do. Moſt Men have an inclination to marry, and it is nothing but a narrowneſs of Circumſtances that hinders them from it. If you do not overburthen them with Taxes, they will find a way to live at eaſe with their Wives and Families; for the earth is never ungrateful; She always yields Plenty of Fruit to thoſe who are careful to cultivate her, and refuſes her Favours, to none but ſuch as are ſhy of beſtowing any pains upon her. The more Children the Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince does not impoveriſh them; for their Children, even in their greeneſt Years, begin to be a help to them.

The youngeſt tend the Flocks in the Paſtures, thoſe of riper Years drive the Herds of Cattle; and the eldeſt work at the Plough with their Father. Mean while, the Mother, with the reſt of the Family, dreſſes a homely repaſt againſt her Husband and her dear Children return home after the fatigues of the day. She takes care to milk the Cows, and ſtreams of ſweet Nectar o'erflow her cleanly Pails: She lights up a large fire, round which the innocent peaceful Family divert themſelves in ſinging merry Lays, till the hour of reſt invites to Bed: She prepares Cheeſe, Cheſtnuts, and preſerv'd Fruits, that look as freſh as if they had been juſt gather'd.

And now the Shepherd comes home again with his Flute, and ſings to the aſſembled Family ſuch new Songs as he learnt in the neighbouring Villages. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and his fatigu'd Oxen walk with bending necks, and a ſlow pace, notwithſtanding the Goad that urges them along. All the hardſhips of Labour conclude with the Day: The Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the command of the Gods, ſcatters over the earth, appeaſe all gnawing Cares, lull nature into a ſoft Enchantment, and every one falls aſleep, without being ſolicitous for what the next Day may produce. Happy are the Men that live without Ambition,

bition, Diffidence or Diſguiſe, provided the Gods beſtow on them a good King, who never diſturbs their innocent Joys! But what a cruel piece of Inhumanity it is, out of Pride and Ambition, to wreſt from them the agreeable Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to none but bounteous Nature, and the ſweat of their own brows! Nature alone, out of her own fruitful boſom, would afford ſufficient Maintenance for an infinite number of moderate and laborious Men: But 'tis the pride and luxury of ſome Men that reduces ſo many others to the dreadful hardſhips of Poverty.

But what ſhall I do, ſaid *Idomeneus*; if thoſe People that I diſperſe about this fruitful Country, neglect to cultivate it? Follow juſt a contrary Method to what is uſually obſerv'd, anſwer'd *Mentor*. Greedy and inconſiderate Princes, make it their ſole buſineſs to lay heavy Taxes on ſuch of their Subjects, as are moſt diligent and induſtrious in improving their Eſtates, becauſe they think they can raiſe thoſe Taxes upon ſuch People with moſt eaſe: And at the ſame time they favour thoſe whom nature makes more miſerable. Invert this bad method, which oppreſſes the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a negligence no leſs fatal to the King than to the whole State. Award Taxes, Fines, nay, if need be, ſevere Penalties on thoſe who neglect the culture

culture of their Lands, juſt as you would puniſh Soldiers who abandon their Poſt in War. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions to ſuch Families as multiply, and in proportion to their Induſtry, augment the extent of their Lands. By this means their Families will ſoon encreaſe, and every Body will be ſpirited up to Labour, which will become even honourable. The profeſſion of a Husbandman will be no longer deſpiſed, it being no longer under ſuch dreadful preſſures. The Plough will be again in eſteem, guided by thoſe victorious Hands that defended the Country. Nor will it be leſs creditable to cultivate one's own Lands during a happy Peace, than gallantly to have defended the ſame during the troubles of War. The whole Country will flouriſh and ſmile again: *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden ears of Corn; *Bacchus*, preſſing the Grapes with his Feet, ſhall cauſe rivulets of Wine ſweeter than Nectar, to ſtream down from the ſloping Hills: The hollow Vallies ſhall ring again with the Conſorts of Shepherds, who along the purling Brooks ſhall ſing to their Pipes, whilſt their skipping Flock ſhall crop the Graſs enamell'd with Flowers; unapprehenſive of the ravenous Wolves.

Will it not be a great happineſs for you, O *Idomeneus*! to be the inſtrument of ſo many Bleſſings, and to cauſe ſo many People to live

live in a delightful Tranquility, beneath the ſhadow of your auſpicious Name? Is not this Glory more deſirable than that of ravaging the Earth, and ſpreading every where (nay, even at home in the midſt of one's Victories, as well as among the vanquiſh'd abroad) Slaughter, Devaſtation, Miſery, Horror, cruel Famine and Deſperation?

Happy, thrice happy that King, who is ſo beloved of the Gods, and has ſo great a Soul, as to endeavour to make himſelf in this manner the delight of his People, and to ſhew in his reign to all Ages ſo charming an example! The whole earth, inſtead of oppoſing him, would come and throw themſelves at his feet, to beg him to be their King.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my People have this affluence of Peace and Riches, Pleaſures will ſoon corrupt them, and they will turn againſt me that very Power which I have made them maſters of. Fear not, ſaid *Mentor*, any ſuch inconvenience. It is a meer pretence, which is always brought in to flatter prodigal Princes, who overcharge their People with Taxes. Beſides, this may be eaſily remedy'd; the Laws which we juſt now ſettled for Husbandry, will inure them to a laborious way of living, and even in Plenty, they ſhall have nothing beyond what is neceſſary, becauſe we baniſh all Arts that ſerve only to furniſh ſuperfluities. Nay, that very

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plenty ſhall be moderated, by encouraging Matrimony, and by the great encreaſe of Families. Each Family, being grown numerous, and poſſeſſing but a narrow portion of Land, will be oblig'd to beſtow an inceſſant labour in tilling it. It is a wanton idleneſs which makes the People inſolent and rebellious: They ſhall have Bread in abundance, but then they ſhall have nothing elſe except the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the ſweat of their Brows.

To keep your People within ſuch a Moderation as we have been ſpeaking of, you muſt forthwith regulate the extent of the Ground which each Family is to poſſeſs. You know that we have divided all your People into ſeven Claſſes, according to their different Conditions: Now every Family in every Claſs, muſt be reſtrain'd from enjoying more Land than is abſolutely neceſſary, for the ſuſtenance of thoſe Perſons of whom it is compos'd. This Rule being inviolable, the Nobles will not be able to purchaſe from the Poor. All ſhall have Lands, but each ſhall have but a very ſmall ſhare, which will excite them to make the moſt of it by manuring. If by a long proceſs of time the Lands ſhould be overſtock'd with People, you may ſend Colonies abroad, which will encreaſe the power of this State.

Fur-

Furthermore, 'tis my Opinion you ought never to ſuffer Wine to grow too common in your Dominions; and if too many Vines have been planted, you muſt command them forthwith to be pluck'd up: Wine is the ſource of the greateſt Miſchiefs among the People: It occaſions Diſtempers, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleneſs, Averſion to labour, diſorders in Families. Let Wine therefore be preſerved as it were for a Cordial, or a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in ſacrifices or extraordinary Feſtivals; But do not think you can ever reduce ſo important a Rule into practice, unleſs you inforce it by your own example. Again, you muſt ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be ſtrictly obſerv'd, in relation to the educating of Children: Publick Schools muſt be ſet up, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleaſures or Life itſelf.

There muſt be Magiſtrates to ſuperintend the Families, and have an eye to the manners of private Perſons; nay, be you your ſelf their Overſeer, ſince you are King, that is, the Shepherd of the People, whoſe ſole duty is to watch over your Flock night and day. By that means you will prevent a thouſand crimes and diſorders; and what you cannot prevent, you muſt be ſure to puniſh at firſt with very great Severity; for 'tis an Act of Clemency to ſtop the

the courſe of Iniquity, by making early examples. A little Blood, ſpilt in due time, ſaves the ſpilling of a great deal, and makes a Prince fear'd, without uſing ſeverity too often. But how deteſtable a Maxim it is for a King to place his ſafety in the oppreſſion of his People! How barbarous it is never to cauſe them to be inſtructed; nor to lead them gently in the path of Virtue; nor to uſe methods to win their love; but to drive them by terror to deſpair; and to reduce them to the dreadful neceſſity either to renounce their liberty for ever, or to ſhake off the yoke of Tyranny by force! Is this the true method to reign peaceably? Is this the way that leads to Glory?

Let me tell you, That where-ever the Command of a Prince is moſt abſolute, there the Prince is leaſt powerful; he takes all, ruins every thing, and is the only poſſeſſor of his whole State: But then the State languiſhes, the Country is uncultivated and almoſt deſart; the City decays every day, and Trade ſickens and dies. The King, who cannot poſſibly be ſuch by himſelf, and who is great only by means of his Subjects, annihilates himſelf by degrees, in proportion as he annihilates his People, to whom he owes both his Riches and his Power. His Kingdom is drain'd of Money and Men, and the loſs of the latter is the greateſt and moſt irreparable

irreparable of all loſſes. His deſpotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects: They all ſeem to adore him; they all tremble at the leaſt glance of his eye: But ſee what will happen upon the leaſt Revolution; this monſtrous Power, wound up to too exceſſive a heighth, cannot be durable. It is deſtitute of ſupplies from the hearts of the People; and having tired out and provoked the ſeveral degrees of Men in the State, it forces all the Members of that Body to ſigh with equal ardour for a change. At the very firſt blow the Idol is thrown down, broken in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Reſentment, Diſtruſt; in ſhort, all the Paſſions unite themſelves againſt ſo obnoxious an Authority. The King, who during the time of his vain proſperity, could find no Man that durſt ſpeak the truth to him, ſhall not find in his misfortunes any one Man that will vouchſafe to excuſe him, or defend him againſt his Enemies.

After theſe Diſcourſes, *Idomeneus*, being prevail'd upon by *Mentor*, preſently fell to diſtributing the waſte Lands to uſeleſs and unprofitable Artificers, and likewiſe put in execution whatever had been reſolv'd on before. He only reſerved for the Maſons the Lands he had deſtin'd for them; and which they could not cultivate, till the Buildings they were about in the City were finiſh'd. THE

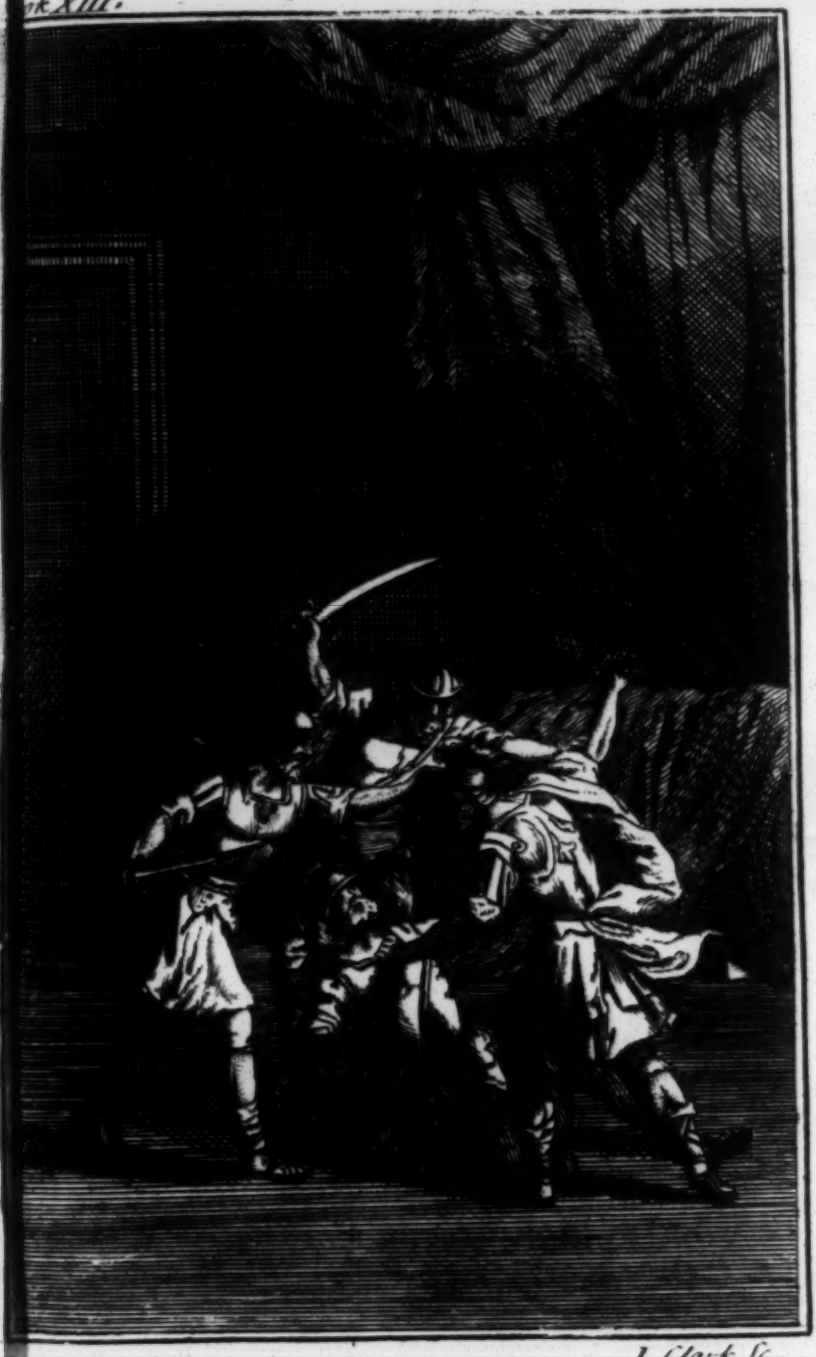
THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *relates to* Mentor *what confidence he repoſed in* Proteſilaus, *and the Arts of that Favourite, who had concerted with* Timocrates *the ruin of* Philocles, *and the betraying of* Idomeneus *himſelf. He owns, that being prejudic'd by thoſe two Men againſt* Philocles, *he had charg'd* Timocrates *to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his Fleet; That* Timocrates *having miſcarried in that attempt,* Philocles *had ſpared his Life, and was retired to the Iſle of* Samos, *having reſign'd the Command of the Fleet to* Polymenes, *whom* Idomeneus *had appointed by an order under his hand; and that, notwithſtanding* Proteſilaus's *treachery, he had not the reſolution to part with him.*

By



J. Clark Sc.

Philocles *disarms his Assassins.*

BY this time the fame of *Idomeneus*'s mild and eaſy Government brings, from all parts, multitudes of People, who come to incorporate with his Subjects, and ſeek their happineſs under ſuch an excellent Adminiſtration.

And now the Fields, which had for ſo long time been over-run with Brambles and Thorns, begin to promiſe plentiful Harveſts, and Fruits, till then unknown. The Earth opens her boſom to the Plough-ſhare, and prepares her riches to recompence the labour of the Husbandman. Hope revives and ſmiles again on every ſide. You might ſee in the Vallies, and on the Hills, numerous flocks of Sheep skipping on the Graſs, and great droves of horned Cattle making the high Mountains reſound with their lowings. Theſe Flocks and Droves ſerve to fatten the Fields and Meadows; and all this is owing to *Mentor*, who had adviſ'd *Idomeneus* to make an exchange with the *Peucetes*, a neighbouring Nation, of all the ſuperfluous things that were in *Salentum*, for thoſe Sheep, Cows and Oxen which the *Salentines* had not of their own.

At the ſame time both the City and Villages round about were filled with ſprightly youth,

Youth, who long had languiſh'd in Miſery, and durſt not marry for fear of encreaſing their Misfortunes. When they ſaw that *Idomeneus* began to aſſume Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more in dread of Hunger, or the other Plagues with which Heaven afflicts the Earth. Nothing now was heard but ſhouts of Joy, and the rural Songs of Shepherds and Husbandmen celebrating their Nuptial Ties. One would have thought that the God *Pan* was there with his Satyrs and Fauns, and mingled with the Nymphs dancing to the Flute's mellow ſound, beneath the ſpreading Boughs: All was peaceful and ſmiling; not that the Joy was in the leaſt immoderate; and as thoſe Pleaſures ſerv'd only to eaſe tedious Labours, ſo they were ſtill the more affecting and more pure.

The old Men, amaz'd to ſee what they durſt not ſo much as hope for in the long Courſe of their Lives, wept through an exceſs of Joy, mix'd with tenderneſs; and lifting up their trembling hands to Heaven: O *Jupiter*, ſaid they, bleſs the King, who reſembles Thee, and is the greateſt Gift Thou ever beſtow'dſt on us. As he is born for the Good of Mankind, return him all the Good which we receive from him. Our children's children, ſprung from thoſe happy Marriages which he encourages, ſhall be indebted to him

even

even for their very Birth, and he will be truly the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens in conjugal Couples joyfully ſhouted the Praiſes of him to whom they ow'd that pleaſing Joy. All Mouths, nay more, all Hearts, were inceſſantly fill'd with his Praiſes. The ſight of him was accounted a great happineſs, and his abſence was the only thing they fear'd; the loſing of him had been the Deſolation of every Family.

And now *Idomeneus* confeſs'd to *Mentor* that he never felt ſo ſenſible a Pleaſure as that of being belov'd, and making ſo many People happy. I could never have believ'd it, ſaid he: I thought all the Greatneſs of Princes conſiſted in making themſelves be fear'd; that the reſt of Mankind were only made for them; and all that I had heard concerning thoſe Kings, who were the Darlings and Delight of their People, appear'd to me as a meer Fable. I am now ſenſible of the contrary. But pray let me relate to you how, from my very Infancy, I was poiſon'd with wild Notions about Kingly Authority, which was the occaſion of all the Misfortunes of my Life. Hereupon *Idomeneus* thus began:

Proteſilaus, who is ſomewhat older than my ſelf, was of all other young Men the Perſon whom I moſt lov'd. His lively and forward temper ſuited my Genius: He enter'd into my

my Pleaſures; he indulg'd my Paſſions, and inſtilled into me a Diffidence and Jealouſy for another young Man, whom I lov'd alſo, and whoſe name was *Philocles*. This latter rever'd the Gods, and had a great, but well-govern'd Spirit: He plac'd Greatneſs not in raiſing, but in conquering himſelf, and in doing nothing that was mean and unhandſom. He talk'd to me freely of my Faults, and even when he durſt not ſpeak to me, his ſilence, and the uneaſineſs of his Countenance, gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he meant to reproach me with.

At firſt this ſincerity pleas'd me, and I often proteſted to him that I would ever hear him with confidence, to ſecure me againſt Flatterers. He told me what Meaſures I ought to take to tread in the ſteps of *Minos*, and make my Subjects happy. His Wiſdom was leſs profound than your's, *O Mentor*; but his Maxims were ſound and good, as I now perceive. By degrees the cunning Inſinuations of *Proteſilaus*, who was jealous and ambitious, were ſo prevailing as to give me a diſguſt to *Philocles*, who being no forward Man, let the other get the Aſcendant, and contented himſelf with telling me the Truth, whenever I had a mind to hear it; for it was my Good, and not his own Fortune that he ſought.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me to believe

lieve that *Philocles* was a morose Man, and a proud Censurer of all my Actions; that he ask'd no Favour of me, because he was too haughty to bear the thoughts of being oblig'd to me; and that he ambitiously aspir'd to be thought superior to all Honours. He added, that that young Man spoke of my Faults to every body with the same freedom as to my self; that he gave sufficiently to understand, what a small esteem he had for me; and that by lessening and detracting from my Reputation, and by making a shew of an austere Virtue, he meant to open himself a way to the Throne.

At first I could not tell how to believe, that *Philocles* had any such design; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue which cannot be counterfeited, and which cannot be mistaken if attentively consider'd: Yet *Philocles* continuing obstinately bent to condemn my Follies, I began to grow weary of him. The Complaisance of *Protesilaus*, and his unexhausted Industry to find out new Diversions for me, made the other's Austerity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while *Protesilaus*, being vex'd that I did not believe all he told against his Rival, resolved to speak no more to me about him, and to use something stronger than words to persuade me, and thus it was he imposed upon me. He advised me

to

to ſend *Philocles* to command the Ships which were going to attack thoſe of *Carpathus*, and to induce me to it: You know, (ſaid he) that my Commendations of him cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality: I own he has Courage and a Genius for War; he will ſerve you better than any Man, and I prefer the Intereſt of your Service to all my Reſentments againſt him.

I was extreamly pleaſed to find ſuch Equity and Uprightneſs in the Heart of *Proteſilaus*, whom I had entruſted with the Adminiſtration of my moſt important Affairs. I embrac'd him in a Tranſport of Joy, and thought my ſelf too happy in having repos'd all my Confidence in a Man, who ſeem'd to be ſo much above all Paſſion and Self-Intereſt. But alas! how much are Princes to be pity'd! This Man knew me better than I knew my ſelf; he knew that Kings are generally diſtruſtful and unattentive; diſtruſtful, by having continually about them ſuch Men, whoſe artful Inſinuations they are too often expos'd to: Unattentive, or heedleſs, becauſe Pleaſure gets the Dominion over them, and they are us'd to have others think for them without being at the trouble of it themſelves. Therefore *Proteſilaus* was ſenſible it was no hard matter to make me jealous of a Man who would not fail to perform great Actions, and eſpecially ſince his Abſence gave him a full Opportunity to lay Snares for him.

Phi-

Philocles, when he departed, foreſaw what was likely to befal him. Remember, ſaid he, that I ſhall be no longer able to defend my ſelf; that my enemy alone will have your ear, and that while I expoſe my life in your ſervice, I run the hazard of having no other recompence but your indignation. You are miſtaken, ſaid I to him; *Proteſilaus* ſpeaks not of you, as you do of him; nay, he praiſes you, he eſteems you highly, he thinks you worthy of the moſt important employments: If ever he opens his mouth againſt you, he from that moment loſes my confidence: Therefore fear nothing, but go, and think only how to ſerve me well. He went and left me in a ſtrange perplexity.

I muſt now confeſs to you, *Mentor*, that I ſaw plainly how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral Perſons to conſult with, and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my Reputation, or the ſucceſs of my Affairs, than the leaving all to one ſingle Man. I found that the wiſe Counſels of *Philocles* had kept me from many dangerous miſcarriages which *Proteſilaus*'s haughtineſs would have made me run into. I was ſatisfied that *Philocles*'s mind was fill'd with equitable and honeſt principles, which I did not find in *Proteſilaus*: However, I had ſuffered him to aſſume ſo peremptory a way with me, and to carry things with ſo high a hand, that it

was hardly now any longer in my power to contradict him. I was tir'd out with having on each ſide of me two Men whom I could not reconcile: And in this laſſitude I choſe rather to hazard ſomething at the expence of my affairs than not to enjoy a little liberty. I durſt not even whiſper to my ſelf the ſhameful reaſon of the courſe I had taken; but that ſhameful reaſon, which I was afraid to diſcover, did, however, work ſecretly at the bottom of my heart, and was the true motive of all my Actions. *Philocles* fell unawares upon the Enemy, won a compleat Victory, and was haſtening home in order to prevent the ill Offices he fear'd from his rival; but *Proteſilaus*, who as yet had not had an opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him that 'twas my pleaſure he ſhould purſue his Victory, and make a deſcent upon the Iſland of *Carpathus*. He had indeed perſuaded me that that Iſland might be eaſily conquer'd; but he manag'd it ſo, that *Philocles* wanted many neceſſary things for his undertaking, and ty'd him up to ſuch orders as occaſion'd many diſappointments in the execution of it.

In the mean while, he made uſe of a very corrupt Servant of mine, whom I always had about me, and who took notice of every thing I did, to give him an account of it; though to outward appearance they had

no

no great Correſpondence together, and ſeem'd always to be at variance with each other. This Servant, *Timocrates* by name, came to me one day, and told me as a great ſecret, that he had diſcover'd a very dangerous buſineſs. *Philocles*, ſaid he, intends to make uſe of your naval Forces to make himſelf King of the Iſland of *Carpathus*. The Commanders of the Troops under him are his Creatures, and he has gain'd all the Soldiers by his large Donatives, and yet more by the pernicious licentiouſneſs which he allows in them. His Victory has puff'd him up, as you may ſee by a Letter (here it is) which he writ to one of his Friends about his project of making himſelf King, which it is impoſſible to doubt of after ſo evident a proof.

I perus'd the Letter, and it ſeem'd to me to be *Philocles*'s hand, ſo exactly had *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates* forg'd it between themſelves. This Letter threw me into a great ſurprize; I read it again and again, and could not tell how to think that it was wrote by *Philocles*, when I recall'd to my diſorder'd mind all the ſenſible and affecting demonſtrations he had given me of his diſintereſtedneſs and integrity: And yet, what could I do? How could I contradict a Letter which I acknowledg'd to be written by *Philocles*? When *Timocrates* perceiv'd I could no longer

withſtand his artifice, he puſh'd it on further: Give me leave, ſaid he, faltering in his ſpeech, to point out to you one particular paſſage in this Letter: *Philocles* tells his friend, that he may ſpeak in confidence to *Proteſilaus*, concerning a certain thing which he only makes by Cypher. Certainly *Proteſilaus* muſt be privy to this deſign of *Philocles*, and they have reconcil'd themſelves at your expence. You know 'twas *Proteſilaus* who preſs'd you to ſend *Philocles* againſt the *Carpathians*: Of late he has forbore to ſpeak to you againſt him, as he frequently uſed to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up upon all occaſions, and they often pay one another civil viſits. Doubtleſs *Proteſilaus* has concerted meaſures with *Philocles*, in order to divide between them the Iſland of *Carpathus*: You ſee your ſelf that he has put you upon this enterprize againſt all prudential rules, and cares not if he ruins all your naval Forces, ſo he gratifies his own ambition. Do you think that he would thus be ſubſervient to *Philocles*'s towring thoughts, if they were ſtill at variance? No, no, 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in order to raiſe themſelves jointly to a great Authority, and perhaps to overturn the Throne you ſit on. I know that by ſpeaking thus freely to you, I make my ſelf obnoxious to their reſentment, if, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid,

ſaid, you continue them in power. But no matter, ſo long as I tell you nothing but truth.

Theſe laſt words of *Timocrates* made a deep impreſſion upon me: I no longer doubted the treachery of *Philocles*, and grew jealous of *Proteſilaus*, as one that was his friend. Mean while, *Timocrates* was continually buzzing in my ears: If you ſtay till *Philocles* has made himſelf maſter of *Carpathus*, it will then be too late to put a ſtop to his deſigns; therefore haſten to ſecure him whilſt you may. I ſhook with horror at the deep diſſimulation of Men, nor did I any longer know whom to truſt: For after I had found *Philocles* falſe, I did not know one Man upon the face of the earth, whoſe Virtue was able to cure me of my Jealouſy: I reſolv'd to deſtroy that perfidious Wretch forthwith; but I fear'd *Proteſilaus*, and was at a loſs how to act with reſpect to him: I dreaded to find him guilty, and yet no leſs dreaded to truſt him.

At laſt, in my diſorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown jealous of *Philocles*. He look'd with an air of ſurprize at it, and repreſented to me how upright and regular his conduct had been; he magnify'd his ſervices; in ſhort, he manag'd the matter ſo well, that I could not but believe that there was an underſtanding between them. On

the other ſide, *Timocrates* let no opportunity ſlip to make me ſenſible of their good underſtanding, and to induce me to deſtroy *Philocles*, whilſt it was yet in my power to ſecure him. Mark, dear *Mentor*, how unhappy Princes are, and how they are expos'd to be made the property of other Men, even when thoſe Men ſeem to lie trembling at their feet.

I thought it a piece of deep Policy to break *Proteſilaus*'s meaſures, by ſending *Timocrates* privately to the Fleet, with orders to diſpatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Proteſilaus* carry'd on his diſſimulation to the laſt, and deceiv'd me ſo much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who ſuffers himſelf to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* under very great difficulties in making the deſcent: He was in want of every thing; for *Proteſilaus*, not knowing whether the ſuppos'd Letter was ſufficient to ruin his enemy, was willing, at the ſame time, to have another ſtring to his Bow; namely, the miſcarriage of an enterprize which he had ſo cry'd up, and which would not fail to incenſe me againſt *Philocles*, who maintain'd ſo difficult a War by his own courage, by his genius, and the affection the Soldiers had for him. Tho' all the Army was ſenſible that this deſcent was raſhly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*, yet all endeavour'd

to

to bring it to a happy iſſue, as if their welfare and happineſs depended on the ſucceſs of it, and every one was contented to venture his life every moment, under ſo wiſe a General, and one who always ſtudy'd to make himſelf belov'd.

Timocrates expos'd himſelf to very imminent dangers, by attempting to deſtroy that Commander amidſt an Army which ſo fondly lov'd him; but fierce ambition is blind: *Timocrates* thought nothing difficult to gratify *Proteſilaus*, with whom he expected to ſhare the abſolute management of affairs after the death of *Philocles*. *Proteſilaus* could not endure a good Man, whoſe very ſight ſecretly reproach'd him with his Crimes, and who, by opening my Eyes, might overthrow his Projects.

Timocrates engaged two Captains, who were continually near *Philocles*'s Perſon, and promis'd them great rewards from me. Afterwards he told *Philocles* he was come by my order to deliver a ſecret meſſage to him, which was not to be diſcloſed but in the preſence of thoſe two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himſelf in with them, *Timocrates* pull'd out a Dagger and ſtab'd him; but it happen'd to ſlant aſide, and not go deep into his Body. *Philocles* with undaunted Courage wrung the Dagger out of his hand, and us'd it againſt him and the other two: At

the ſame time he cry'd out for help; thoſe without, ran to the door, and having broke it open, they diſengaged him from the hands of thoſe three Ruffians, who, being in diſorder, had attack'd him but faintly. They were diſarm'd, and would have been torn in pieces upon the ſpot by the enrag'd Army, if *Philocles* had not ſtept between. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aſide, and mildly ask'd him who had put him upon committing ſo black a Deed? *Timocrates*, frighted with the apprehenſions of Death, preſently ſhew'd him the order I had given him in writing to diſpatch *Philocles*; and as all Traytors are Cowards, he reſolv'd to ſave his Life, by revealing to *Philocles* the whole ſtory of *Proteſilaus*'s treachery.

Philocles amaz'd, and frighted to find ſo much wickedneſs in Men, took a courſe that was full of moderation: He declar'd to the Army that *Timocrates* was innocent; and having skreen'd him from their violence, he ſent him back to *Crete*. He then reſign'd the Command of the Army to *Polymenes*, whom by my written order I had appointed General after *Philocles* was kill'd: Laſt of all, he exhorted the Troops to continue faithful, and true in their duty to me, and in the night-time went in a ſmall Bark to the Iſland of *Samos*, where he lives in a peaceful Poverty and Solitude, making Statues and Images for

for a livelihood, being reſolved to have nothing more to do with unjuſt and treacherous Men, but eſpecially with Princes, whom of all Mortals he thinks to be the moſt blind and moſt unhappy.

Here *Mentor* ſtopping *Idomeneus*; Well, ſaid he, was it long before you diſcovered the Truth? No, reply'd *Idomeneus*, I by degrees found out the artifices of *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*: They quarrel'd with each other; for wicked Men are ſeldom long united. Their falling out diſcover'd to me the dreadful Abyſs into which they had thrown me. Well, ſaid *Mentor*, and did you not reſolve to get rid of them? Alas, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, are you ignorant how weak and how perplex'd the condition of Princes is? When once they have repoſed an intire confidence in Men who have the art of making themſelves neceſſary, they can no longer hope for liberty; thoſe they deſpiſe moſt in their hearts, are thoſe whom they uſe beſt, and on whom they beſtow all their favours: I abhorr'd *Proteſilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his hands. Strange illuſion! It was a kind of ſatisfaction to me that I knew him; but yet I had not the reſolution to reſume the Authority which I had given him. Beſides, I found him eaſy, complaiſant, ſtudious to gratify my Paſſions, zealous for my ſervice; in ſhort, I found reaſons to excuſe my weak-

neſs to my ſelf, becauſe I was unacquainted with true Virtue: My want of chuſing good Miniſters to manage my affairs, made me believe there was no ſuch thing as a good Man upon earth, and that honeſty was but a gaudy phantom. Why, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I be at the pains to deliver my ſelf from the hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into thoſe of another, who ſhall be full as ſelfiſh and knaviſh as he? In the mean while, the Fleet commanded by *Polymenes* return'd home. I laid aſide the thoughts of conquering the Iſland of *Carpathus*, and *Proteſilaus* could not play the Hypocrite ſo well, but that I plainly ſaw how much he was vex'd, to hear that *Philocles* was ſafe in the Iſland of *Samos*.

Mentor again interrupted *Idomeneus*, to ask him, whether, after ſo black a treachery, he continued to entruſt *Proteſilaus* with his affairs? I was, anſwered *Idomeneus*, too great an enemy to buſineſs, and too indolent to be able to get out of his hands. I muſt have diſturb'd the method I had eſtabliſh'd for my own eaſe, and have been at the pains of inſtructing a new Man. This is what I had not reſolution enough to undertake, and ſo I willingly ſhut my eyes to the artifices of *Proteſilaus*: Only I comforted my ſelf with letting ſome of my intimate Friends know, that I was no ſtranger to his diſhoneſty. Thus

I fanſied my ſelf cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: Nay, I now and then made *Proteſilaus* ſenſible of my being uneaſy under his yoke. I often took delight in contradicting him, in blaming publickly ſomething he had done, and in deciding matters contrary to his opinion: But as he knew full well my ſupineneſs and ſloth, he was not at all uneaſy at my diſguſts. He purſued his point obſtinately, uſing ſometimes a very preſſing peremptorineſs, and ſometimes ſupple and fawning inſinuations: And eſpecially when he perceived that I was offended with him, he doubled his diligence to procure me new amuſements to mollify me, or embark me in ſome affair, wherein he might be neceſſary, and ſhew his zeal for my reputation.

Though I ſtood upon my guard againſt him, yet this way of flattering my paſſions always prevail'd: He knew all my ſecrets, eaſed me in my trouble, and made every body tremble by means of my authority: In fine, I could not reſolve to part with him; but by maintaining him in his poſt, I put all honeſt Men out of a capacity of repreſenting to me my true Intereſt. And now from this moment no Man ſpoke his Mind freely when I conſulted him: Truth fled far from me; Error, which is the forerunner of the fall of Princes, began to ſtare me in the face, and I ſaw how

very

very much I was to blame for ſacrificing *Philocles* to the cruel ambition of *Proteſilaus*. Thoſe very Men who were moſt zealous for my Government and Perſon, did not think themſelves obliged to undeceive me, after ſo terrible an example. I myſelf, dear *Mentor*, was afraid leſt truth ſhould break thro' the Cloud, and reach me in ſpight of all my flatterers; for not having fortitude to follow it, its light became troubleſome to me; and I was aware that it would have rais'd bitter compunction in my mind, without being able to reſcue me from ſo fatal an engagement. My want of ſpirit, and the dominion which *Proteſilaus* had gain'd over me, threw me into a ſort of deſpair of ever recovering my liberty: I was ſhy either of viewing my wretched ſtate, or letting others ſee it. You know, *Mentor*, the vain Pride and falſe Glory wherein Princes are brought up: They will never be perſuaded that they are in the wrong; to palliate one fault they commit a hundred: Rather than own they have been deceived, and give themſelves the trouble of amending their error, they will ſuffer themſelves to be cheated all their lives long. Such is the ſtate of weak and inadvertent Princes, and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to ſet out to the ſiege of *Troy*.

At my departure I left *Proteſilaus* ſole Regent,

gent, and in my abſence he govern'd my People with haughtineſs and inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny: But yet no body durſt ſend me information how the People were oppreſs'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the truth, and that I gave up to the Cruelty of *Proteſilaus* all thoſe who preſumed to ſpeak againſt him. But the more the evil was ſmothered, the more violent it grew. He afterwards obliged me to turn out the valiant *Merion*, who had ſo glorioufly attended me at the Siege of *Troy*: For, at my return, he grew jealous of him, as likewiſe of all thoſe whom I loved, and who ſhew'd any ſigns of Virtue.

You muſt know, my dear *Mentor*, that from thence all my misfortunes had their riſe. It was not ſo much my Son's death that occaſion'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods, provoked againſt me for my follies, and the hatred of the People, which *Proteſilaus* had brought upon me. When I ſpilt the blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now tired out with a deſpotick Government, had loſt all patience; and the horror of that laſt action ſerved only to give birth to what had long laid hid in the bottom of their hearts.

Timocrates follow'd me to the ſiege of *Troy*, and ſecretly, by Letters, gave *Proteſilaus* an account of every thing he could come to the know-

knowledge of. I plainly perceived that I was in ſlavery, but endeavour'd not to think of it, deſpairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans*, at my arrival, revolted, *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates* were the firſt that ran away. They had undoubtedly deſerted me, if I had not been forced to fly almoſt as ſoon as they. Be aſſured, my dear *Mentor*, that Men who are inſolent in proſperity, are ever timorous and faint-hearted in adverſity. Their head turns giddy as ſoon as they are diveſted of their abſolute authority; they are then as abject and cringing as they were proud before, and in a moment's time they paſs from one extreme to another.

How comes it then, ſaid *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, that knowing theſe two Men ſo thoroughly, you ſtill keep them near you, as I ſee you do? I am not ſurprized they followed you, becauſe nothing could have been more for their own Intereſt: And I am not inſenſible that you have done a generous action in affording them refuge in your new Settlement. But why will you again ſurrender your ſelf up to them, after ſo many fatal trials you have made of them?

You don't know, ſaid *Idomeneus*, how unprofitable all experiments are to eaſie inconſiderate Princes: Every thing makes them diſcontented, and yet they have not courage to redreſs any thing. The habit of ſo many

Years

Years was like ſo many Iron Chains that ty'd me to thoſe two Men, and they beſieged me every hour: Since I came here, they have put me upon all the extravagant expences you have taken notice of. They have exhauſted this infant State; they drew upon me this War, which would have ruin'd me; had it not been for you, I ſhould have ſoon met at *Salentum* the ſame misfortunes I felt at *Crete*; but you have at laſt open'd my eyes, and inſpired me with the courage I wanted, to ſet my ſelf at liberty. I don't know how it is, but ſince you are here I find myſelf quite another Man.

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Proteſilaus* had behaved himſelf in this change of affairs? Nothing, ſays he, was ever more artful than his conduct ſince your arrival here. At firſt, he omitted not the leaſt opportunity to make me jealous of you; 'tis true, he ſaid nothing directly againſt you, but ſeveral others buzz'd in my ears, that thoſe two Strangers were very dangerous Men. One, ſaid they, is the Son of the trickſter *Ulyſſes*, and t'other is a cloſe ſharp Man; they are uſed to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom; and who knows but they have hatch'd ſome deſign againſt this? Theſe Adventurers ſay themſelves, that they occaſion'd great troubles in all the Countries they paſs'd thro': Our's is but

but a feeble, unſettled, infant State, ſo that the leaſt Commotion may overturn it.

Proteſilaus ſaid nothing, but endeavour'd to make me ſenſible of the danger of all thoſe Reformations which you put me upon: He took me by the handle of my own Intereſt: If, ſaid he, you let the people live in plenty, they will work no more; but grow proud, indocile, and daily more apt to revolt: 'Tis only weakneſs and miſery that makes them humble, and hinders them from reſiſting Authority. He often endeavour'd to re-aſſume his former aſcendant over me, covering it with a pretence of zeal for my ſervice. By endeavouring to eaſe the People, ſaid he, you derogate from the Regal Power, and thereby do an irreparable damage to the People themſelves; for it is neceſſary they ſhould be always kept low for their own quiet and ſafety.

To all this I anſwer'd, that I knew how to keep the People in their duty to me, by making myſelf beloved by them, by not remitting any thing of my Authority, tho' I eaſed them; by puniſhing ſeverely all offenders; in a word, by giving to Children good education, and keeping all the People to an exact diſcipline, in a plain, ſober and laborious courſe of Life. For, ſaid I, are not the People to be kept in ſubjection without ſtarving them to death? O Inhumanity! O

brutiſh

brutiſh Policy! How many People do we ſee govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet loyal to their Princes? That which occaſions Rebellions, is the ambition and reſtleſſneſs of the Grandees of the State, when they have been allow'd too great a liberty, and been ſuffer'd to give a looſe to their Paſſions. It is the multitude of the great and the little who live at eaſe in luxury and lazineſs: It is the over-increaſe of military Men, who have neglected all ſuch uſeful Employments as they ſhould betake themſelves to in time of Peace: In ſhort, 'tis the deſperation of a People tired out with oppreſſion; 'tis the ſeverity, haughtineſs, and indolence of Princes, that makes them uncapable of overſeeing all the Members of the State, to prevent any trouble: This is it that occaſions revolts, and not the bread which the Labourer is ſuffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has earn'd it by the Sweat of his brow.

When *Proteſilaus* ſaw that I was immoveably fixed in theſe Principles, he took a courſe quite contrary to his former, and began to follow thoſe Maxims he could not deſtroy: He ſeem'd to reliſh them, to be convinced by them, and to own himſelf obliged to me for having made him ſo wiſe. He anticipates even all my wiſhes to eaſe the poor; he is forward to repreſent their wants to me, and to cry out againſt extravagant expences.

You

You know your ſelf that he commends you, that he ſeems to have great Confidence in you, and omits nothing to pleaſe you. As for *Timocrates*, he begins to loſe the good Graces of *Proteſilaus*, and caſts about how to make himſelf independent: *Proteſilaus* is jealous of him, and 'tis partly through their Differences, that I have diſcover'd their Perfidy.

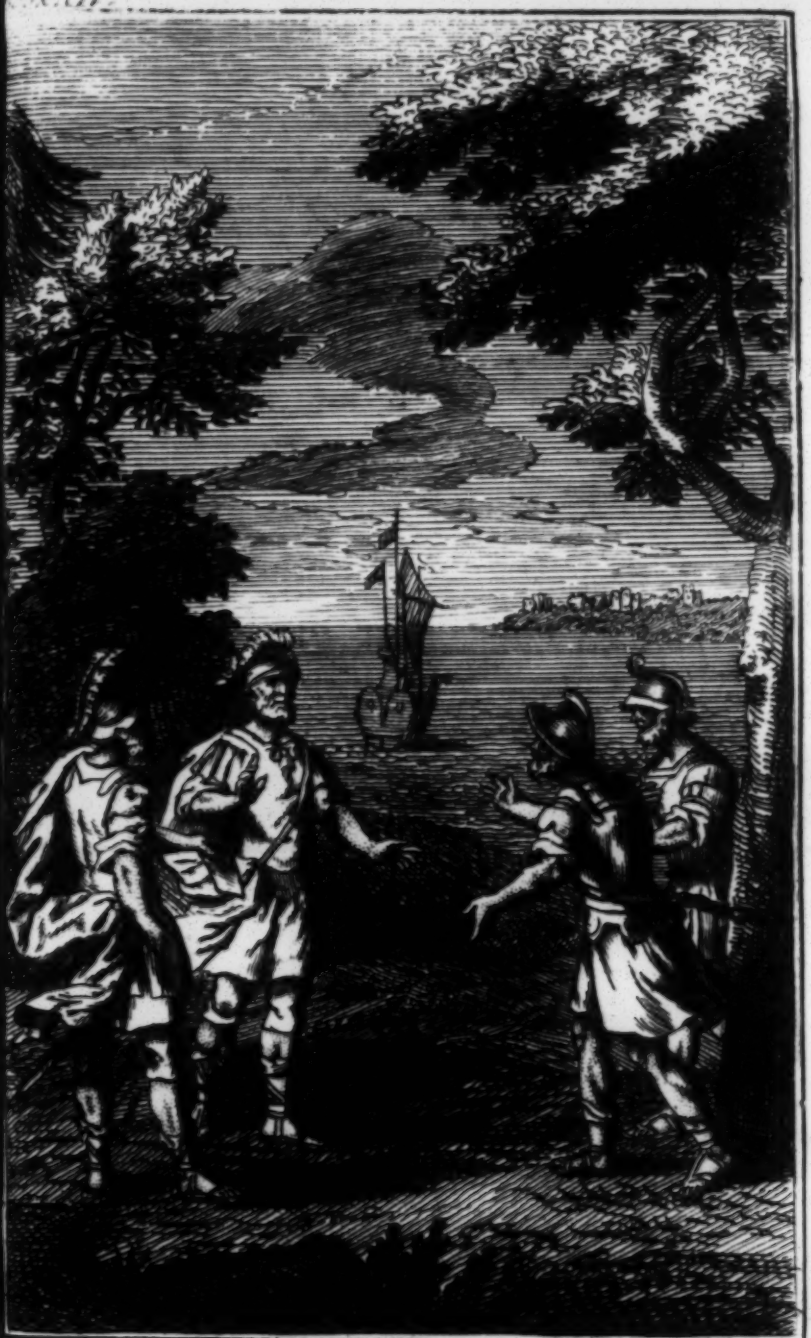
Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus* ſmiling, Have you been ſo weak as to ſuffer your ſelf to be tyranniz'd over for ſo many years by two Traytors, whoſe Villanies you were all the while acquainted with? Alas! reply'd *Idomeneus*, you do not know how far Men of Artifice can work upon a weak indolent King, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by them in all his Affairs: Beſides, I told you before, that *Proteſilaus* now comes into all your Projects for the publick Good.

Hereupon *Mentor* reſum'd the Diſcourſe, and with an Air of Gravity ſaid: I ſee but too well how prevalent the Wicked are above the Good, eſpecially in the Courts of Kings, of which you are a ſad Example. But you ſay I have open'd your Eyes as to *Proteſilaus*, and yet they are ſo far ſhut, as to leave the Conduct of your Affairs to this Man, who is unworthy to breathe vital Air. Know that the Wicked are ſometimes capable of doing Good: 'Tis equally the ſame thing to them as to do Ill,

Ill, when they can ſerve their Ambition: To do Evil ſtands them in no pains, becauſe they are not reſtrain'd by any ſentiment of Goodneſs or Principle of Virtue: And juſt ſo it is that they do well; becauſe their natural depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good Men, and ſo deceive the reſt of their Fellow-Creatures. Strictly ſpeaking, they are not capable of Virtue, though they ſeem to practiſe it; but they are capable of adding to all other Vices the moſt horrible of Vices, namely, Hypocriſie. So long as you inflexibly reſolve to do good, *Proteſilaus* will be ready to do it with you, in order to preſerve his Authority; but if he perceives in you the leaſt tendency to a Relaxation, he will forget nothing to make you relapſe into your Errors, and to reſume the free uſe of his natural Deceit and Inſolence. Can you live in Honour and Repoſe while you are beſet day and night by ſuch a Man, and know all the while that the wiſe and faithful *Philocles* lives poor, and in diſgrace, in the Iſle of *Samos*? You acknowledge, O *Idomeneus*, that bold and inſinuating Men, when preſent, predominate over weak Princes; but you ought to add, that Princes have likewiſe another unhappineſs, no ways inferior; and that is, eaſily to forget Virtue, and the Services of an abſent Man. The multitude of them who ſurround Princes, is the occaſion that

that no one among them can make a deep Impreſſion upon them: nothing touches them but what is preſent and flatters them; all the reſt ſoon wears off. Virtue eſpecially is what they are little affected by, becauſe, inſtead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their Follies. Is it any wonder then that they are not belov'd, when they are fond of nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleaſure?

THE



J. Clark Sc.

Philocles *recalled from Baniſhment by* Idomeneus

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor *prevails with* Idomeneus *to cauſe* Proteſilaus *and* Timocrates *to be tranſported to the Iſle of* Samos, *and to recall* Philocles, *in order to take him again into Favour.* Hegeſippus, *who was charg'd with this Commiſſion, executes it with joy; and arrives with thoſe two Men in* Samos, *where he ſees again his Friend* Philocles, *who led a poor, ſolitary but contented Life.* Philocles *ſhews great Reluctance, to return to his Country and Relations: But being ſatisfy'd that it was the Will of the Gods, he embarks with* Hegeſippus, *and lands at* Salentum, *where* Idomeneus, *who was quite another Man, receives him as a Friend.*

AFTER

AFTER this, *Mentor* perſuaded *Idomeneus* immediately to diſcard *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recal *Philocles*. That which ſtuck moſt with the King was the ſeverity of *Philocles*: I muſt own, ſaid he, I can't help being ſomewhat afraid of his return, though I love and eſteem him. I have ever ſince my Infancy been accuſtom'd to be commended, to be courted, and to be treated with that Complaiſance and Indulgence, which I cannot expect from this Man. Whenever I did any thing that he diſlik'd, his chagrin Countenance gave me ſufficiently to underſtand that he condemn'd me; when he was in private with me, his Behaviour was reſpectful and grave, but dry and unpleaſant.

Do you not ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, that Princes who are ſpoil'd by Flattery, think every thing harſh and auſtere that is free and ingenuous? They even go ſo far as to imagine, that a Man wants Zeal for their Service, and is averſe to their Authority, when he is not ſo ſlaviſh as readily to flatter them in the moſt unjuſt exerciſe of their Power. Any free and generous Counſel appears to them haughty, cenſorious, and ſeditious. They grow ſo very nice, that every thing that is not Flattery, offends and provokes them. But let us go yet a little further: Suppoſing that *Philocles*

Iocles is really harſh and auſtere, is not that better than the deſtructive Flattery of your Counſellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults? And ought not you to fear leaſt of all the fault of one that tells you the Truth a little too freely? Nay, is not this a Fault neceſſary to the Correction of your own Faults, and to the conquering that Averſion to Truth, which Flattery has begot in you? You ought to have a Man about you, who loves nothing but Truth, and who loves you better than you know how to love your ſelf; who will tell you the truth in ſpite of you; who will break through all your Intrenchments; and this neceſſary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is extream happy, when but one Man of ſuch a Greatneſs of Mind is born in his Reign, who is by far the moſt valuable Treaſure in his Kingdom; and that the greateſt Puniſhment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of ſuch a Man, if he renders himſelf unworthy of him, by not knowing his true value, and how to make uſe of him. As to any Faults or Overſights of good Men, you ought not to be blind to them; but however, you ſhould make uſe of their Service. Set them right, but be not implicitly govern'd by their indiſcreet Zeal; give them a favourable Ear, honour their Virtue, let the Publick ſee that you

you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and above all, take care not to be any longer as you have been hitherto. Princes that are ſpoiled as you were, contenting themſelves with only deſpiſing corrupt Men, do however employ them, confide in them, and heap Favours on them; and on the other hand, pretending not to want diſcernment to know virtuous Men, yet give them nothing but empty Praiſes; not daring to truſt them in any Employments, nor to admit them into their familiar Converſation, nor to beſtow any kindneſſes on them.

Hereupon *Idomeneus* ſaid, that he was aſham'd he had ſo long delay'd the deliverance of oppreſs'd Innocence, and the Puniſhment of thoſe who had abus'd him. Nor did *Mentor* meet with any difficulty in perſwading the King to part with his Favourite: For as ſoon as ever Favourites are render'd ſuſpected and obnoxious, Princes are tired with them, and have no other thoughts but to get rid of them: Their Friendſhip vaniſhes away; paſt Services are forgotten; and the fall of a Favourite gives them no manner of uneaſineſs, as ſoon as he is out of ſight. The King inſtantly gave private orders to *Hegeſippus*, who was one of the chief Officers of the Houſhold, to arreſt *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry them under a Guard to the Iſle of *Samos*, there to leave them, and to bring back

back *Philocles* from that place of Exile. *Hegeſippus*, ſurpriz'd at theſe orders, could not forbear weeping for Joy: Now, ſaid he to the King, you are going to gain the Hearts of all your Subjects; for theſe two Men have been the Source of all your Misfortunes, as well as of thoſe of your People; for theſe twenty years have they caus'd all good Men to groan, and it was even dangerous to be heard to groan; ſo cruel was their Tyranny: They cruſh all who attempt to come at you by any other Canal than their own.

Afterwards *Hegeſippus* diſcover'd to the King a great many Treacheries and Acts of Inhumanity committed by thoſe two Men, which never came to the King's ears, becauſe no Body durſt accuſe them: He likewiſe gave him an account of a ſecret Plot which he had diſcover'd, and which was laid againſt *Mentor*'s Life. The King ſhiver'd with Horror at the Relation.

In the mean while *Hegeſippus* haſten'd to go and ſeize *Proteſilaus* in his houſe: It was not ſo large, but was more convenient and pleaſanter than the King's, and the Architecture was of a better Guſto: *Proteſilaus* had embelliſh'd it with great expences, drawn from the Blood of thoſe whom he had made miſerable. *Proteſilaus* was at that time in a Parlour of Marble near his Baths, lying careleſly on a Couch of Purple embroider'd with

Gold. He ſeem'd weary, and ſpent with his Labours; his Eyes and Eye-brows diſcover'd a ſort of Diſorder, and ſullen Wildneſs. The prime Men of the Kingdom ſate round him on Carpets, compoſing their Looks to thoſe of *Proteſilaus*, which they obſerv'd even to the leaſt glance of his Eye. Scarce had he open'd his Mouth, e'er all of them broke out into Accents of Admiration at what he was going to ſay. One of the Principal of the Company repeated to him, with ridiculous Exaggerations, what he had done for the King: Another told him that *Jupiter*, having impoſed on his Mother, was the Author of his Life, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the reſt, a Poet ſung Verſes to him, wherein he recited that *Proteſilaus*, being inſtructed by the Muſes, had equall'd *Apollo* in all ingenious Performances. Another Poet, more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his Verſes, the Inventer of the Liberal Arts, and the Father of the People whom he had made happy, deſcribing him with *Cornucopia*, or a Horn of Plenty in his hand. *Proteſilaus* hearken'd to theſe Praiſes, with an air of Moroſeneſs and Diſdain, like one who knows well enough that he deſerves even far greater, and who thinks he ſhews great Condeſcenſion when he ſuffers you to praiſe him. There was a Flatterer, who took the liberty to whiſper him in the

Ear

Ear ſome merry Obſervations touching *Mentor*'s new Polity, at which *Proteſilaus* ſmil'd, and preſently the whole Aſſembly burſt out into a loud Laugh, though the greateſt part of them knew not the leaſt tittle of what had been ſaid; but *Proteſilaus* ſoon recovering a ſevere haughty Air, every one put on their former ſolemn look, and became ſilent. Many of theſe Nobles were watching the happy opportunity when *Proteſilaus* would look towards them, and give them a Hearing; they faulter'd, and were diſorder'd, becauſe they had ſome Favours to beg of him; their ſuppliant Poſtures ſpoke for them, and they appear'd as ſubmiſſive as a Mother at the foot of an Altar, when ſhe begs of the Gods to reſtore her only Son to his Health. Every one ſeem'd pleas'd with, and full of tenderneſs and admiration for *Proteſilaus*, though in their Hearts they mortally hated him.

At this very moment enters *Hegeſippus*, ſeizes his Sword, and tells him from the King, that he is come to carry him to the Iſle of *Samos*. At theſe words, all the Arrogance of *Proteſilaus* fell down, like a Rock that breaks off from the top of a ſteep Mountain: Now he throws himſelf trembling at the Feet of *Hegeſippus*, he weeps, he faulters, he ſtammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of that Man whom, not an hour before, he

would not vouchſafe to honour with a Look. All thoſe who had juſt now been paying their Adorations to him, ſeeing him loſt beyond recovery, chang'd their Flatteries into mercileſs Inſults.

Hegeſippus would not allow him ſo much time, as either to take his laſt farewel of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings: All was ſeiz'd and carried to the King. *Timocrates* was arreſted at the ſame time, to his great amazement; for being fallen out with *Proteſilaus*, he thought he could not be involv'd in his ruin. They are both clap'd on board a Veſſel that was prepar'd for that purpoſe: They arrive at *Samos*, where *Hegeſippus*, to compleat their misfortunes, left the two miſerable Wretches together; who with the greateſt Rage reproach'd each other with the Crimes they had committed, and which now occaſion'd their Fall. They are now paſt hopes of ever ſeeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I don't ſay far from their Friends, for they had none. They are now in an unknown Land, where they have no means of living but by their Labour: They who had paſs'd ſo many years in Pleaſure and Pride, were now like two wild Beaſts, ready to tear one another to pieces every moment.

Mean while *Hegeſippus* enquires in what part of the Iſland *Philocles* dwelt; they told him,

him, a great way from the Town, in a Grotto that ſerv'd him inſtead of a Houſe, upon the top of a Mountain. Every body mention'd this Stranger's name with great admiration. All the time he has been in the Iſland, ſaid they, he has not ſo much as once given the leaſt offence to any body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his application to work, and his peace of Mind. He ſeems always contented, though he has nothing; and though he be here far from Buſineſs, without Wealth, and without Authority; yet he is inceſſantly obliging thoſe who deſerve it, and has a thouſand ways to do all his Neighbours ſome ſervice or other.

Hegeſippus continues his way towards the Grotto, which he finds empty and open, for the Poverty and Simplicity of *Philocles*'s Manners never oblig'd him to ſhut his Door when he went out: A plain Mat of Ruſhes ſerv'd him for a Bed: He rarely kindled a Fire, becauſe he never ate any thing dreſs'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon new gather'd Fruits, and in Winter upon Dates and dry'd Figs. He us'd to quench his thirſt at a chryſtalline Spring of Water, which fell in ſheets from a high Rock: He had nothing in his Grotto but carving Tools, and ſome few Books, which he read at certain hours, not to embelliſh his Mind, or to gratify his Curioſity, but to teach him to be good and wiſe

at the ſame time that it eaſed his Labours. As for Sculpture, he apply'd himſelf this way only to exerciſe his Body, and to pick up a livelyhood, without being obliged to any body.

As *Hegeſippus* enter'd the Grotto, he was ſurpriz'd to ſee the Works which he had begun: He took notice of a *Jupiter*, whoſe ſerene Countenance was too full of Majeſty not to be known to be the Father of the Gods and Men: In another place he obſerved a *Mars*, with a rugged threatning fierceneſs: But what was moſt affecting, was a *Minerva* who gave Life to theſe Arts; her Aſpect was noble and mild, her Shape free and lofty, and ſhe was in ſo lively a poſture, that one would have thought ſhe would immediately walk. *Hegeſippus* having with a great deal of Pleaſure taken a view of theſe Statues, went out of the Grotto, and at ſome diſtance from it, under a large tree, ſpy'd *Philocles* reading a Book on the Graſs: He goes directly towards him, and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegeſippus*, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I liv'd ſo long in *Crete*? But 'tis not likely that he ſhould come into ſo remote an Iſland: Perhaps 'tis his Ghoſt come to Earth from the *Stygian* Banks after his Death.

Whilſt he was in this uncertainty, *Hegeſippus* came ſo near him, that he could not but know

know him again, and embrace him: And is it you your ſelf, my dear old Friend, ſaid he? What Danger, what Storm has thrown you on this Shore? Why have you left the Iſland of *Crete?* Has ſome Diſgrace, like mine, forc'd you from your Country?

Hegeſippus anſwer'd: 'Tis no Diſgrace has brought me hither, but, on the contrary, the Favour of the Gods. Then inſtantly he recounted to him the long-continued tyranny of *Proteſilaus*, his Intrigues with *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes they had plung'd *Idomeneus* into, that Prince's fall, his flight to the *Heſperian* Coaſt, the founding of *Salentum*, the arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wiſe Maxims with which *Mentor* had imbu'd the King's Mind, and the downfal of thoſe two Traytors. He added, that he had brought them to *Samos*, there to ſuffer the like Baniſhment which they had caus'd *Philocles* to ſuffer; and concluded his Diſcourſe with telling him, that he had it in command to bring him to *Salentum*, where the King, who now fully knew his Innocence, was reſolv'd to commit the Management of his Affairs to him, and to heap Riches on him.

Do you ſee this Grotto, anſwer'd *Philocles* to him, fitter to harbour wild Beaſts, than to be inhabited by Men? Here have I taſted for theſe many years, more ſweetneſs, more repoſe, than ever I did in the gilded Palaces

of the Iſland of *Crete*. Men no longer deceive me, for I no longer ſee them; I no longer hear their flattering and poyſonous Diſcourſes; I have no longer any need of them: My hands, inur'd to labour, afford me a plain Nouriſhment, and ſuch as is neceſſary for the ſuſtenance of Life. You ſee this ſlight Stuff is ſufficient to cover me, and I want nothing further: I enjoy a calm undiſturb'd Reſt and a ſweet Freedom, which the Wiſdom I find in my Books teaches me how to make a good uſe of. What then have I further to look for among jealous, tricking, inconſtant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegeſippus*, envy not my good Fortune: *Proteſilaus* betray'd himſelf, in going about to betray the King and deſtroy me: But he has done me no manner of hurt; on the contrary, he has done me the greateſt Kindneſs: He has deliver'd me from the hurry and ſlavery of Buſineſs. To him I am beholden for my precious Solitude, and all the innocent Pleaſures I here enjoy. Return, *Hegeſippus*, return to the King; aſſiſt him to ſupport the Miſeries of Greatneſs, and be that to him which you would have me be. Since his Eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt truth, have at laſt been open'd by that wiſe Man you call *Mentor*, let the King retain him near his Perſon. As for me, I ought not, after Shipwreck, to quit the Haven where the

Storm

Storm has happily thrown me, to commit my ſelf again to the mercy of the Winds: O how much are Kings to be pitied! How worthy of Compaſſion are thoſe who ſerve them! If they are wicked, how much does Mankind ſuffer by them, and what Torments are prepar'd for them in the darkeſt Hell! If they are good, what Difficulties have they not to encounter and overcome! How many Snares to avoid! How many Evils to ſuffer! Once more, my dear *Hegeſippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty.

Whilſt *Philocles* was thus delivering himſelf with great earneſtneſs, *Hegeſippus* look'd on him with aſtoniſhment. He had ſeen him formerly at *Crete*, during the time he adminiſter'd the greateſt affairs of State, lean, languid, wither'd, and almoſt ſpent; the ardency and ſeverity of his Mind conſum'd his Body through care and application to buſineſs; he could not without indignation behold Vice unpuniſh'd; he requir'd in the management of Affairs ſuch an exactneſs as is hardly ever to be met with; and thus his employments impair'd his health. But at *Samos*, *Hegeſippus* found him plump and vigorous; for all his age, a florid blooming youth ſeem'd to be renew'd in his face; a ſober, quiet, and laborious Life had, as it were, given him another Conſtitution.

You wonder, ſaid *Philocles* to him ſmiling, to ſee me ſo chang'd: This freſhneſs and perfect health are owing to my Solitude. My Enemies have given me what I could never have found in the heighth of my fortune; and would you have me part with true happineſs, to plunge my ſelf again into my former Miſeries? I beg you would not be more cruel than *Proteſilaus*; at leaſt envy me not the happineſs for which I am indebted to him.

Hereupon *Hegeſippus* urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, ſaid he to him, inſenſible of the pleaſure of ſeeing your Friends and Relations, who ſigh for your return, and whom the ſole hope of embracing you fills with Joy? Do you, who fear the Gods, and love to do your duty, reckon as nothing the ſervice of your King, and the aſſiſting him in all the good he deſigns in order to make ſo many People happy? Is it allowable for a Man to abandon himſelf to a wild and ſavage Philoſophy, to prefer his ſingle Self to all the reſt of Mankind, and to be fonder of his own quiet, than the happineſs of his fellow Citizens? Beſides all this, 'twill be thought that 'tis out of reſentment you refuſe to ſee the King. If he deſign'd any ill to you, 'twas becauſe he did not then know you: It was not the true, the honeſt, the juſt

juſt *Philocles*, whom he went about to deſtroy; no, 'twas quite another Man he deſign'd to puniſh; but now he knows you, and miſtakes you not for another, he feels all his former Friendſhip revive in his Heart; he waits for you; he already holds forth his Arms to embrace you; he impatiently counts the Days, the Hours, 'till you come; and can you be inexorable to your King, and to all your deareſt Friends?

Philocles, who at firſt melted away at the ſight of *Hegeſippus*, reaſſum'd his grave auſtere look at this Diſcourſe; like a Rock which the Winds aſſault in vain, and againſt which the roaring Billows break, ſo did he ſtand unmov'd; nor Prayers, nor Reaſons could find the leaſt acceſs to his Heart: But in the moment when *Hegeſippus* began to deſpair of prevailing over him, *Philocles*, having conſulted the Gods, found by the flight of Birds, the entrails of Victims, and by ſeveral other preſages, that he muſt follow *Hegeſippus*.

Hereupon he no longer reſiſted, but prepared to go; tho' not without regret for leaving the ſolitude where he had paſs'd ſo many years. Alas! ſaid he, muſt I then quit thee, O lovely Grotto, where peaceful ſlumber came every night to eaſe the Labours of the Day! Here, in the midſt of Poverty, did the Deſtinies ſpin the thread of my Life with

with Gold and Silk! Then weeping, he proſtrated himſelf to adore the *Naiad* who had ſo long quench'd his Thirſt with her clear Flood, and the Nymphs likewiſe that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. *Eccho* heard his Lamentations, and with a mournful Voice repeated them to all the rural Deities.

Afterwards *Philocles* went to the Town with *Hegeſippus* to take ſhipping. He could not believe that the wretched, the miſerable *Proteſilaus* would have the face to ſee him; but he was miſtaken; for ill Men have no ſhame, and are ever ready to make the meaneſt ſubmiſſions. *Philocles* modeſtly avoided being ſeen by that miſerable Wretch; fearing indeed to heighten his misfortune by ſhewing him the proſperity of an Enemy, who was going to be rais'd on his ruins: But *Proteſilaus* was very eager and earneſt to find out *Philocles*, with a deſign to move his Compaſſion, and engage him to beg the King to let him return to *Salentum*. *Philocles* was too ſincere to promiſe to ſollicit his return, for he knew better than any Man how pernicious ſuch a thing would be to the publick. But he ſpoke very mildly to him, teſtify'd a great compaſſion of his misfortunes, endeavour'd to comfort him, admoniſh'd him to pacify the Gods by a pious Life, and an exemplary patience under his

his affliction: And having underſtood that the King had ſtript him of all his ill-gotten Riches, he promis'd him two things, which he afterwards faithfully perform'd. One was, to take care of his Wife and Children, who were left at *Salentum* in a wretched poor Condition, expos'd to the indignation of the populace: And the other was, to ſend him ſome little ſupply of Money to alleviate his misfortunes.

And now a favourable Wind fills the ſpreading ſails. *Hegeſippus* grows impatient for *Philocles*'s departure. *Proteſilaus* ſees them embark; his Eyes remain fix'd and immoveable on the ſhore; they follow the Veſſel that cuts the Waves, and which the Wind ſtill carries further and further; and when at laſt he could ſee them no more, he again paints the Image of them in his mind. Then grown diſtracted, furious, and abandon'd to his deſpair, he tears off his Hair; rowls about the Sand; he accuſes the Gods of Severity; he in vain calls cruel Death to his aid; ſhe, deaf to his Prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his Miſeries, nor has he the courage to make away with himſelf.

Mean while, the Ship, favour'd by *Neptune* and the Winds, ſoon arrived at *Salentum*; the King being inform'd that it was juſt entering the Port, he inſtantly ran with *Mentor*,

tor towards *Philocles*, and affectionately embrac'd him, expreſſing a deep concern for having ſo unjuſtly perſecuted him. This ingenuous Confeſſion, inſtead of looking like a weakneſs in a Prince, was deem'd by all the *Salentines* as the act of a great Soul, which raiſes itſelf above paſt miſcarriages by freely owning them, in order to redreſs them. Every one wept for joy to ſee again this honeſt Man, who lov'd the People, and to hear the King ſpeak with ſo much diſcretion and humanity.

Philocles, in a reſpectful modeſt manner receiv'd the King's careſſes, and was very impatient to ſteal away from the acclamations of the People: He follow'd the King to the Palace, where *Mentor* and he were preſently grown as intimate as if they had paſs'd their whole Life together, tho' they had never ſeen one another before; for the Gods, who have deny'd eyes to the wicked to diſcern good Men, have given eyes to good Men whereby to know one another. Thoſe who have any reliſh of Virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a Friendſhip. Not long after, *Philocles* begg'd of the King, that he might retire to ſome private place near *Salentum*, where he might continue to live in the ſame manner he did at *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* us'd to go and ſee him almoſt every day in his ſolitude; and there they conſulted the proper means of ſtrengthening

thening the Laws, and of eſtabliſhing a ſolid form of Government for the publick good.

The two principal things they conſider'd, were the education of Children, and the way of living in time of Peace. As for Children, *Mentor* ſaid, they belong leſs to their Parents than to the Publick; they are the Children of the People; they are the hope and ſtrength of the Body Politick: It is too late to correct them when they are ſpoilt; it is inſignificant to exclude them from Employments, when they have made themſelves unworthy of them; it is better by far to prevent the miſchief than be forc'd to puniſh it. A King, added he, who is Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the youth, who are the bloſſom of a Nation; and it is in the bloſſom that Fruits are prepar'd. Let not the King therefore diſdain to watch over them himſelf, and cauſe others to do the like in the educating of them: Let them ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be ſtrictly obſerv'd, which ordain, that Children be bred up to deſpiſe Pain and Death; that honour be plac'd in a neglect of Pleaſures and Riches; that Injuſtice, Lying, Ingratitude, and Slothfulneſs be accounted infamous; that from their tendereſt Infancy they be taught to ſing the praiſes of the Heroes who were belov'd of the Gods, who have perform'd generous Actions for

their

their Country, and who have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in battle: Let the Charms of Muſick ſeize their Souls, in order to ſoften and purify their Manners; let them learn to be tender of their Friends; faithful to their Allies, equitable to all Men, even to their moſt cruel Enemies; let them learn to be more afraid of the ſtings of Conſcience than of Death itſelf, and all manner of torments. If Children early imbibe theſe noble Maxims, and if thoſe are inſtill'd into them with the charms of Muſick, there will be but few who ſhall not be inflam'd with the love of Glory and Virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of the greateſt importance to inſtitute publick Schools, to accuſtom the Youth to manly exerciſes of the Body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which ſpoils the beſt Diſpoſitions. He further advis'd to have a great variety of Games and Shows to animate the People, but more eſpecially to exerciſe their Bodies, to render them active, ſupple, and vigorous, with Rewards and Prizes to ſtir up a noble emulation: But what he moſt deſir'd, for the encouragement of good Manners, was, that young People ſhould marry betimes, and that their Parents, without any ſordid views, ſhould leave them to chuſe their Wives themſelves, ſuch as they thought moſt agreeable both in Mind and Body, and to whom they might be conſtant. But

But while they were thus contriving to keep the Youth chaſte, innocent, laborious, tractable, and fond of Glory, *Philocles*, who delighted in War, ſaid to *Mentor*: In vain do you employ Youth in all thoſe exerciſes; if you ſuffer them to languiſh in a continual Peace without any experience in War, or occaſion to exert their Valour: By this you will inſenſibly weaken the Nation; their Spirits will ſlacken; Pleaſure will corrupt their Manners; and they will be expos'd to be an eaſy Conqueſt to other warlike Nations; and thus by endeavouring to ſhun the Evils of War, they will fall into a miſerable Servitude.

Mentor reply'd, The Evils of War are ſtill more dreadful than you imagine. War drains a State, and puts it always in danger of being ruin'd, even while it is moſt victorious: How advantagiouſly ſoever they may begin a War, they are never ſure of ending it, without being expos'd to the moſt tragical reverſes of Fortune; whatever ſuperiority you have in Fight, the ſmalleſt miſtake, a panick fear, a nothing ſnatches the Victory out of your hands, and carries it to the enemies. Nay, tho' you ſhould hold Victory chain'd, as it were, in your Camp, you deſtroy your ſelf in deſtroying your Enemy; you unpeople your Country, leave the Ground uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, what

what is worſe, you weaken the beſt Laws, and tolerate the corruption of Manners: The young Men no longer apply themſelves to Literature; preſſing Neceſſity makes you connive at a pernicious licentiouſneſs among your Troops; Juſtice, Order, every thing ſuffers in this Confuſion. A King who ſheds the blood of ſo many Men, and cauſes ſo many Miſchiefs for the ſake of a little Glory, or to extend the limits of his Kingdom, does not deſerve to attain the Glory he is in purſuit of, but rather deſerves to loſe what he poſſeſſes, for uſurping that which does not belong to him.

But in this manner it is that you ſhould exerciſe the Courage of a Nation in time of Peace. You have already taken notice of the exerciſes of the Body, which we have eſtabliſh'd; and of exciting emulation by publick Rewards; as likewiſe by the filling the Children's minds, almoſt from their Cradle, with Principles of Glory and Virtue, by celebrating to Muſick the greateſt Actions of Heroes: To which you may add, a ſober and laborious life. Furthermore, as ſoon as any one of your Allies ſhall be engag'd in a War, you muſt ſend thither the flower of your Youth, eſpecially thoſe who diſcover a genius for War, and who are moſt likely to improve by experience. Hereby you will maintain a high Reputation among your Allies;

Allies; your Friendſhip will be courted, and they will be afraid to loſe it; and thus, without having a War upon your own hands, you will always be ſtor'd with a ſeaſon'd and an intrepid Body of Youth. Although you enjoy Peace at home, yet fail not to treat honourably thoſe who have a talent for War; for the true way to avoid War, and preſerve a laſting Peace, is to cultivate Arms, to honour Men that are excellent that way, and always to have ſome of your Subjects abroad train'd up in that profeſſion, that they may be acquainted with the Strength, Diſcipline, and manner of Fighting in the neighbouring Countries: The true way, in ſhort, to avoid War, is to be equally remote from beginning one out of Ambition, and from being afraid of it through effeminacy. Thus, being always in a readineſs to go into it when Neceſſity calls, you will arrive to that paſs as to be almoſt ever able to prevent it.

As for your Allies, when they are breaking out into a War with each other, it will be your part to be Mediator; and thereby you will acquire a Glory more ſolid and more laſting than the Conquerors; you will gain the love and eſteem of Strangers; they will all of them ſtand in need of you, you will reign over them by the Confidence they repoſe in you, as you reign over your Subjects by

by Authority. You will become the Truſtee of all Secrets, the Arbiter of Treaties, the Maſter of all their Hearts. Your Fame will fly through the moſt diſtant Countries, and your Name will be like a delicious perfume that ſpreads itſelf round about through all Nations. In ſuch Circumſtances, if a neighbouring State attacks you unjuſtly, they will always find you prepar'd to receive them; but, what is ſtill more advantagious to you, they will find you belov'd and ſuccour'd; all your Neighbours will take the alarm upon your Account, being perſuaded, that on your preſervation depends the common Welfare. This is a Bulwark more ſecure than the ſtrongeſt Walls, and the moſt regular Fortifications: This is true Glory. But how few Kings are there that know how to purſue it? nay, rather how few are there that do not purſue the contrary? They run after a deceitful ſhadow, and leave behind them true honour, for want of knowing it.

After *Mentor* had ſpoke thus, *Philocles* look'd upon him with aſtoniſhment, and then caſt his Eyes on the King: He was perfectly charm'd to ſee how greedily *Idomeneus* ſuck'd into his very Soul the ſtream of Wiſdom which flow'd from the mouth of that Stranger.

Thus *Minerva*, in the ſhape of *Mentor*, did eſtabliſh in *Salentum* the moſt wholeſome Laws,

Laws, and the moſt uſeful Maxims of Government, no leſs to make the Kingdom of *Idomeneus* proſperous and flouriſhing, than to ſhew *Telemachus*, at his return, a plain Example, how far a wiſe Adminiſtration contributes to render a People happy, and to procure to a good King a laſting Reputation.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *being in the Confederate Camp, gains the eſteem of* Philoctetes, *who, at firſt, was prepoſſeſſed againſt him, upon the ſcore of* Ulyſſes *his Father.* Philoctetes *relates to him his Adventures, in which he intermixes the particulars of* Hercules's *Death, occaſion'd by the poiſon'd Gown which the Centaur* Neſſus *gave to* Dejanira; *and explains to him how he obtain'd from that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of* Troy *could not be taken; How he was puniſh'd for having betray'd his Secret, with all the Ills that befel him in the Iſle of* Lemnos; *and how* Ulyſſes *employ'd* Neoptolemus *to engage him to go to the Siege of* Troy, *where his Wounds were cured by the Sons of* Æſculapius.

Telemachus,

Clark sc.

Telemachus *gains the Friendship of* Philoctetes.

Telemachus, in the mean while, ſignaliz'd his Courage amidſt the dangers of the War. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it his chief ſtudy to gain the Affection of the old Captains, whoſe Reputation and Experience were at the heighth. *Neſtor*, who had before ſeen him at *Pylos*, and who had always lov'd *Ulyſſes*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Inſtructions, which he enforc'd by divers Examples; he related to him all the Adventures of his Youth, and the moſt remarkable things he had ſeen perform'd by the Heroes of the laſt Age. The Memory of this ſage old Man, who had liv'd three Men's Ages, was like a Hiſtory of ancient Times, engrav'd on Marble or Braſs.

Philoctetes at firſt had not the ſame kindneſs for *Telemachus*: The hatred he had ſo long entertain'd in his heart againſt *Ulyſſes*, gave him a coldneſs towards his Son, and he could not ſee without uneaſineſs what Glories the Gods ſeem'd to be preparing for this Youth, to make him equal to thoſe Heroes, who had laid *Troy* in aſhes; but at length, *Telemachus*'s Moderation overcame all the Reſentments of *Philoctetes*, and he could no longer forbear loving a Virtue ſo modeſt and ſweet. He would often take *Telemachus*, and ſay to him,

him, My Son (for I no longer ſcruple to call you ſo) I own your Father and my ſelf did for a long time entertain a hatred againſt each other; I own too that after we had level'd *Troy*'s proud Walls to the Ground, my Anger was not yet aſſwag'd; and when I ſaw you, I felt a reluctance to love Virtue in the Son of *Ulyſſes*. I have often blam'd my ſelf for it: But, after all, Virtue, when it is gentle, ſimple, ingenuous and modeſt, is not to be reſiſted by any thing. Then *Philoctetes* inſenſibly engaged himſelf to relate to him, what it was that had kindled in his heart ſo much hatred againſt *Ulyſſes*.

This Story, ſaid he, muſt be traced a little further up: I accompany'd in all his Travels the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from ſo many Monſters, and in compariſon of whom all other Heroes were but as a feeble Bulruſh to a lofty Oak, or the little Birds to an Eagle. That Heroe's misfortunes and mine, took riſe from a Paſſion which occaſions the moſt terrible diſaſters, namely, Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome ſo many Monſters, could not maſter ſo ſhameful a Paſſion, and became the Laughing-ſtock of that cruel Boy, *Cupid*: He could not without bluſhing call to mind, that he had once ſo far forgot his Glory, as to work at the Spinning-Wheel with *Omphale* Queen of *Lydia*, like the moſt abject and moſt effeminate

of

of all Men; ſo great a command over him had a blind inconſiderate Love. A hundred times has he confeſs'd to me, that this paſſage of his Life had tarniſh'd his Virtue, and almoſt defac'd the Glory of all his Labours. Nevertheleſs, ſuch is, O Gods! the weakneſs and inconſtancy of Men, who are ſo confident of themſelves, and yet reſiſt nothing. Alas! the Great *Hercules* fell again into the Snares of Love, which he had ſo often deteſted. If he had been conſtant to *Dejanira* his wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too ſoon the blooming Youth of *Iole*, on whoſe Face the Graces were imprinted, ſtole away his heart. *Dejanira* burning with Jealouſie, bethought her of the fatal Garment which the Centaur *Neſſus* had left her at his death, as an infallible way to revive the love of *Hercules*, whenever he ſeem'd to neglect her for another. But this Garment, full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, contain'd the Poiſon of the Darts with which that Monſter had been pierc'd; for you know that the Arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious Centaur, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with ſo ſtrong a Poiſon, that the Wounds they made were incurable.

Hercules, having put on this Garment, ſoon felt the devouring Fire, which penetrated

into the very Marrow of his Bones. Mount *Oeta* reſounded with his horrible Cries, which rung in the deepeſt Valleys, the Sea it ſelf ſeem'd troubled at his Groans, which far ſurpaſs'd the Bellowings of fierce Bulls, in their Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Dejanira*, preſuming to approach him, *Hercules* ſeiz'd him, in the heighth of his pain, whirl'd him round as a Slinger does a Stone, which he is going to throw at a great diſtance from him. Thus *Lychas*, being hurl'd from the top of a Mountoin by the ſtrong Arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidſt the Waves of the Sea, where he was preſently chang'd into a Rock, which ſtill preſerves its human Shape, and which, being inceſſantly beaten by the angry Billows, frightens from afar the wary Pilots.

After the misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it not ſafe to truſt my ſelf any longer with *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding my ſelf in the deepeſt Caverns of the Earth; I obſerv'd how eaſily he with one hand pluck'd up by the roots the lofty Firs and aged Oaks, which for many centuries had defy'd the Winds and Storms; and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his back the fatal Garment; which was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were incorporated to his Limbs. As he rent it, he tore off his Skin

Skin and Fleſh. His Blood, in flowing Streams moiſten'd the Earth; at length, his Virtue ſurmounting his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou ſeeſt, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which the Gods make me ſuffer; they are juſt: I have offended them, I have violated conjugal Love. After having overcome ſo many Enemies, I have baſely ſuffer'd my ſelf to be vanquiſh'd by the Love of a beautiful Stranger. I periſh, and am content to periſh, to appeaſe the Wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear Friend, Whither flyeſt thou? 'Tis true, the exceſs of my Pain made me commit upon the unhappy *Lychas* an Act of Cruelty, which I upbraid my ſelf for: He was ignorant of the Poiſon he had brought me; he did not deſerve the treatment I gave him: But doſt thou believe that I can forget the Friendſhip I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? No, ſure I ſhall never ceaſe to love *Philoctetes*: He ſhall receive into his Boſom my Soul that is now upon the Wing, and he ſhall gather up my Aſhes. Where art thou then, my dear *Philoctetes*? *Philoctetes*, the only hope that is left me here below?

At theſe words I ran towards him; he held out his Arms to embrace me, but preſently drew them back, for fear he ſhould kindle in my Breaſt the ſame devouring Fire with which himſelf was burnt up. Alas! ſays he,

I dare not embrace thee; even that Conſolation is no longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all the Trees he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile upon the top of the Mountain: He calmly aſcends the Pile, ſpreads the Skin of the *Nemæan* Lyon, with which he ſo long had wrapt his Shoulders as a Mantle, whilſt he travel'd from one corner of the Earth to the other, to deſtroy Monſters, and reſcue the Unfortunate: He leans upon his Club, and deſires me to ſet fire to the Pile.

My hands, though trembling with horror, could not refuſe him this cruel Office; for his Life was now no longer a Gift of the Gods, ſo irkſome was it to him: Nay, I fear'd leſt the extremity of his Pain ſhould tranſport him to do ſome Action unworthy of that Virtue which had amaz'd the World. As ſoon as he ſaw the flame begin to catch; Now, ſays he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the ſincerity of thy Friendſhip; for thou loveſt my Honour more than my Life; may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have moſt valuable on earth, namely, theſe Arrows, that were dipt in the Blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra. Thou knoweſt that the Wounds they give are incurable; by them thou ſhalt be invincible as I have been, nor ſhall any Mortal dare to attack you. Remember I die thy faithful Friend,

Friend, and may'ſt thou never forget how dear thou haſt been to me. But if thou art really affected by my Misfortunes, it is in thy power to give me one comfort, though it be the laſt; by promiſing never to diſcover to any Mortal either my death, or the place where thou hideſt my aſhes. I promis'd him, nay, I ſwore it, and at the ſame time bedew'd his Funeral Pile with my tears. A flaſh of Joy darted from his Eyes, but on a ſudden a whirl of flame involv'd him round, ſtifled his Voice, and robb'd me almoſt of the ſight of him; but yet I could ſee him through the flames, with a Countenance as ſerene, as if he had been ſitting with his Friends at a delicious Banquet, crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with Perfumes.

The Fire quickly conſum'd his earthly and mortal part, and ſoon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his Birth from his Mother *Alcmena*: But by the Decree of *Jupiter*, he ſtill preſerv'd that ſubtle and immortal Subſtance, that Celeſtial Spark, which is the true principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods; and ſo with them he went under the gilded Arches of bright *Olympus*, to quaff Nectar, and there the Gods gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddeſs of Youth, and whoſe Office was to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that honour.

As to my ſelf, the Arrows, which he left me with a deſign to raiſe me above all Heroes, have been an inexhauſtible Fountain of Sorrows to me; for now the confederate Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris* for the Rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the Empire of *Priam*. The Oracle of *Apollo* gave them to underſtand, that they were not to expect a happy Iſſue of the War, unleſs they could get the Arrows of *Hercules*.

Your Father *Ulyſſes*, who was always the moſt penetrating and the moſt active in all the Counſels, took upon him to perſuade me to go with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me thoſe Arrows, which he believ'd were in my poſſeſſion. It was now a long time ſince *Hercules* had diſappear'd, nor was there any mention of any new exploit of that Heroe: Monſters and Villains began now again to ſhew their Heads with Impunity: The *Greeks* knew not what to think of him: Some ſaid he was dead; others affirm'd, that he was gone under the Northern Bear, to ſubdue the *Scythians*; but *Ulyſſes* averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He came to me, when as yet I was diſconſolate for the loſs of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard matter to accoſt me, for the ſight of Mankind was become intolerable to me;

me: I would not be taken from the deſarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the exit of my dear Friend; my only ſtudy was to re-imprint on my mind the Image of that Hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the ſight of that melancholy place: But ſoft and powerful perſuaſion flow'd from your Father's Lips; he ſeem'd almoſt as much afflicted as my ſelf; he ſhed tears, he knew how to get acceſs inſenſibly to my Heart, and to engage me to confide in him: He raiſed in me a concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a juſt Cauſe, and who could not proſper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the ſecret of *Hercules*'s death, which I had ſworn never to mention; but he, no longer doubting of his Death, preſs'd me to reveal the place where I had hid his Aſhes.

Alas! I was ſeiz'd with Horror at the thought of revealing a Secret, which I had promis'd to the Gods never to diſcloſe; but not daring to violate my Oath, I was ſo weak as to elude it; for which the Gods have puniſhed me. I ſtamp'd with my foot upon the place where I had hid the Aſhes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and join'd the Confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with the ſame Joy, as they would have done *Hercules* himſelf: As I paſs'd through the Iſle of *Lemnos*, I had a mind to ſhew the *Greeks* the efficacy

of my Arrows, and preparing to let fly at a Buck that ruſh'd into a Wood, I heedleſly dropt the Arrow, which lighting on my Foot, gave me a Wound which ſtill pains me. I preſently felt the ſame torments *Hercules* had ſuffer'd: I night and day fill'd the Iſland with my groans; black and corrupted Gore iſſuing from my wound, infected the very Air, and ſpread thro' the *Grecian* Camp, a ſtench that was capable of ſuffocating the moſt healthy Men. The whole Army was ſeized with horror to ſee me in that Agony, each taking it for granted that it was a Curſe ſent down upon me by the righteous Gods.

Ulyſſes, who had drawn me into the War, was the firſt that forſook me: I afterwards underſtood that he did ſo becauſe he preferr'd the common Intereſt of *Greece*, and the Victory they had ſo much at heart, to all the Conſiderations of Friendſhip, or private regards. It was now grown impoſſible to ſacrifice in the Camp; ſo much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my groans diſturb the whole Army. But when I perceiv'd my ſelf abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the advice of *Ulyſſes*; that piece of Policy ſeem'd to me to be full of the moſt barbarous Cruelty and blackeſt Treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not ſee that I had juſtly incurr'd the diſpleaſure

ſure of all wiſe and good Men, as well as of the Gods whom I had offended!

I continu'd, during almoſt the whole Siege of *Troy*, deſtitute of Succour, without hope, without help to eaſe my pain, exceſſively tormented in that deſart and ſavage Iſland, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring Billows daſhing againſt the Rocks. In this ſolitary place I found a Cave within a Rock, which lifted to the Sky two high Points like two Heads: From this Rock iſſu'd a Chryſtal Spring: The Cave was the uſual retreat of wild Beaſts, to whoſe fury I was night and day expos'd; my Bed conſiſted of what Leaves I could pick up; all my Furniture was a wooden Box coarſely wrought, and ſome tatter'd Cloaths, with which I bound up my wound to ſtop the Blood, and which I likewiſe us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by Mankind, and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I ſpent my time in piercing with my Arrows the Pigeons and other Birds which flew about the Rock. When I kill'd any Bird for my ſuſtenance, I was forc'd to crawl along the ground in a painful manner, to take up my Prey: And thus my hands prepared my ſubſiſtence.

The *Greeks* did indeed leave me ſome Proviſions, but they laſted not long. I us'd to light me a Fire with ſome Flints. This life,

as dreadful as it was, would have ſeem'd pleaſant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful Men, had I not been quite overcome with the extremity of the Pain, and the continual remembrance of my ſad diſaſter. How! ſaid I, to entice a Man from his own Country, as the only Perſon that was capable to revenge the quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this deſart Iſland while he was aſleep! for ſo I was when the *Greeks* departed. You may judge of my ſurprize when I wak'd; and how bitterly I wept when I ſaw the Fleet ſailing away. Alas! wherever I caſt my eyes I met with nothing but ſorrow. That horrid Iſland has neither Harbour, Commerce, nor Hoſpitality; nor did ever Man voluntarily land upon it: None came there but what were driven by Storms, and no other Company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by Shipwreck; nor even did ſuch dare to carry me away along with them, being afraid both of the anger of the Gods and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long Years I ſuffer'd pain and hunger: I nouriſh'd a wound that devour'd me; and even hope it ſelf was quite extinguiſh'd in my Breaſt.

One day returning from ſeeking ſome medicinal Plants for my wound, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee in my Cave a young Man of a handſom and graceful Mien, but withal haughty and

and of an heroick Aſpect: He ſeem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his features, look and gate; but his Age gave me to underſtand that it could not be him. His eyes expreſſed both Compaſſion and Confuſion: He was mov'd with pity at ſeeing me crawl along in that miſerable condition. The piercing cries and doleful ſhrieks, with which I made the ecchoing Shores reſound, melted his very Heart.

Being at ſome diſtance from him: O Stranger, ſaid I, what misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited Iſland? I know that *Greek* Habit, that Habit ſtill ſo dear to me. O how I long to hear thy Voice, and to find upon thy Lips that Language which I learnt from my infancy, and which I for ſo long a time have been debarr'd from talking my ſelf in this ſolitude; Be not affrighted to ſee ſo wretched a Creature, ſince thou oughteſt rather to pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* ſaid that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out: O ſweet word, after ſo many Years of ſilence and comfortleſs Pain! O my Son, what Diſaſter, what Tempeſt, or rather what propitious Wind has brought thee hither to put an end to my Miſery? He anſwer'd; I am of the Iſland of *Scyros*, thither I am returning; 'tis ſaid I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'ſt that beſt.

So

So ſhort an account did not ſatisfy my curioſity: Therefore I ſaid to him, O Son of a Father whom I ſo much lov'd: The dear charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'ſt thou hither? And from whence com'ſt thou? He anſwer'd me, that he came from the Siege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, ſaid I, in the firſt Expedition. And wert Thou there, reply'd he? I anſwer'd him; I ſee Thou art a ſtranger both to the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! How unhappy am I? My Perſecutors inſult over me in my affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I ſuffer, which heightens my grief: The *Atrides* have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them!

Afterwards I inform'd him how the *Greeks* had forſaken me. As ſoon as he had heard the relation of my Misfortunes, he began his own. After the death of *Achilles*, ſaid he —— Here I interrupted him; What! *Achilles* dead! Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your relation with the tears I owe your Father. *Neoptolemus* anſwer'd me, 'tis a comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable it is to me, to ſee *Philoctetes* bewail my Father!

Neoptolemus reſuming his diſcourſe, ſaid, after the death of *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes* and *Phœnix* ſought me out, affirming that the City of *Troy* could not be overthrown without me: I needed no great perſuaſion to go along

along with them, for my grief for the death *Achilles*, and a deſire to inherit his Glory in that renown'd War, were ſufficient inducements to follow them. I arrive at the Camp, the Army gathers round about me; every one ſwore they ſaw *Achilles* again, but alas! he was no more. Young and unexperienced as I was, I thought I might promiſe myſelf any thing from thoſe who prais'd me ſo highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Arms; to which they made me this barbarous reply; thou ſhalt have every thing elſe that belong'd to thy Father, but as for his Arms, they are deſtin'd for *Ulyſſes*.

With this I was mightily diſturb'd; I wept, I grew paſſionate; but *Ulyſſes*, without any concern, ſaid to me: Young Man, thou haſt had no ſhare in the Perils of this long Siege; thou haſt not therefore merited ſuch Arms, and thou beginneſt too ſoon to talk ſo big. Thou never ſhalt have the Arms. Thus being unjuſtly robb'd by *Ulyſſes*, I am now returning into the Iſland of *Scyros*, not ſo much incens'd againſt *Ulyſſes* as againſt the *Atrides*. May the Gods ever befriend their Enemies! O *Philoctetes*, I have ſaid all.

Hereupon I ask'd *Neoptolemus*, how it came to paſs, that *Telamonian Ajax* did not hinder ſuch a piece of Injuſtice. He is dead, anſwer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulyſſes* alive

iv e and proſperous in the Army? Then I ask'd him news of *Antilochus*, the wiſe *Neſtor*'s Son, and *Patroclus*, the favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too, ſaid he. Then cry'd I out again; Alas! what doſt thou tell me? Thus cruel War mows down the good, and ſpares the wicked. *Ulyſſes* ſtill lives, and ſo does *Therſites* no doubt! Theſe are the doings of the Gods; and yet we continue to praiſe them!

Whilſt I was in this rage againſt your Father, *Neoptolemus* carry'd on the Cheat, and added theſe melancholy words: I am going to live contented in the ſavage Iſle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good: Adieu, I am gone, may the Gods reſtore you to your health! Hereupon I ſaid to him: O my Son, I conjure thee by the *Manes* of thy Father, and by thy Mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the world, leave me not alone in this extremity of Pain and Sorrow. I am not ignorant how burthenſome I ſhall be to you; but it were a diſhonourable thing to forſake me: Take me into your Ship, and let me lye at the Prow, at the Stern, nay, in the very Sink, or where I ſhall leaſt incommode you. None but great Souls reliſh the pleaſure of doing good: Do not leave me in a deſart, where there is not the leaſt footſtep of a Man: Carry me into your own Country,

try, or into *Eubœa*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, nor from *Trachyne*, and the agreeable banks of the River *Sperchius*. Send me back to my Father: Alas! I fear he is dead; I ſent to him to deſire that he would diſpatch a Ship to me; either he is dead, or thoſe who promis'd to carry the Meſſage have not deliver'd it. O my Son, thou art the only Refuge I have: Remember the inſtability of humane Affairs; he that is in proſperity ought to be afraid of abuſing it, and to ſuccour the unfortunate.

This was what the exceſs of my grief made me ſay to *Neoptolemus*; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burſt into Exclamations again: O bleſſed Day! O lovely *Neoptolemus*, worthy of thy Father's Glory! Dear Companions of this Voyage, allow me to bid adieu to this melancholy Abode; ſee where I have liv'd, conſider what I have ſuffer'd; no other could have endur'd it; but Neceſſity has inſtructed me, and 'tis Neceſſity that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Thoſe that have never been in tribulation, know nothing; they cannot diſtinguiſh between Good and Evil, they are unacquainted with Mankind, and even with themſelves. After I had thus ſpoken, I took my Bow and my Arrows.

Neoptolemus deſir'd me to let him kiſs thoſe celebrated Arms, which had been conſecrated by

by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuſe thee nothing, ſaid I to him; 'tis thou, O my Son, who reſtoreſt to me the Light, my Country, my aged Father, my Friends, and my ſelf. You may freely touch theſe Arms, and boaſt that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deſerved that honour. With that *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to admire my Arms.

Mean while, I am ſeiz'd with an exceſſive Pain, I grow diſtracted, and know not what I do; I ask for a ſharp-edg'd Sword to cut off my Foot; I cry out, O Death, ſo much deſir'd, why comeſt thou not! O beloved Youth, burn me inſtantly as I burnt the Son of *Jupiter!* Receive, O Earth, a dying wretch, that cannot any more raiſe himſelf from thee! After this fit of exquiſite Pain, of a ſudden I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep ſwoon, and began to be eas'd by a plentiful ſweating; whilſt a black corrupted ſtream of Blood iſſued from my wound. While I was aſleep, it had been eaſy for *Neoptolemus* to have carried off my Arms and gone away; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and uncapable of Guile. When awaked, I perceiv'd the Confuſion he was in; he ſigh'd like one that knows not how to diſſemble, and who acts againſt his Conſcience. Wilt thou then ſurprize me, ſaid I to him? What is the matter? Thou muſt follow me, ſaid he, to the Siege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what

what ſay'ſt thou, my Son? Reſtore me my Bow; I am betray'd, rob me not of my Life. To this he made no return, but look'd on me calmly, and without any concern. O you Shores and Promontories of this Iſland! O you wild Beaſts and ſteep Rocks! 'Tis to you I complain; for to none other can I complain: You are accuſtom'd to my groanings: Muſt I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*, who robs me of the ſacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me to the Camp of the *Greeks* to triumph over me? He conſiders not that it is triumphing over a dead Corpſe, a Ghoſt, an empty Shadow! O had he attack'd me in my full Strength! But yet at preſent, 'tis only by ſurprize! What ſhall I do? My Son, reſtore me my Bow: Act like thy Father, like thy ſelf. What ſay'ſt thou? Nothing! O ſavage Rock, to thee I return; naked, miſerable, forſaken, famiſh'd; in this Cave muſt I pine away; being depriv'd of my Bow to kill the wild Beaſts, they will now devour me? No matter; but, my Son, thou haſt not the Look of an ill Man; ſure thou art put upon this Action; reſtore me my Arms, and get thee gone.

Neoptolemus, with tears in his Eyes, thus mutter'd to himſelf: Would to the Gods I had never parted from *Scyros!* Then I cry'd out: Alas! what is it I ſee! Is not that *Ulyſſes!* I immediately hear his Voice, and he

he reply'd, Yes, it is I. If *Pluto*'s dusky Realm had open'd itſelf, and I had ſeen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which the Gods themſelves are afraid to behold, I own I could not have been ſeiz'd with greater horror. Again I cry'd out, O Land of *Lemnos*, be thou my witneſs! O Sun, doſt thou behold this, and ſuffer it? *Ulyſſes*, without emotion, anſwer'd, *Jupiter* will have it ſo, and I but execute the Will of *Jupiter*: Dareſt thou, ſaid I, name *Jupiter*? Seeſt thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom it is a pain to execute what thou obligeſt him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, nor to hurt thee that we come hither; it is to deliver thee, to cure thy wounds, to give thee the Glory of overthrowing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own Country; it is your ſelf, and not *Ulyſſes*, that is *Philoctetes*'s enemy.

Hereupon I told your Father all that an extravagant Paſſion could ſuggeſt: Since thou didſt abandon me on this ſhore, ſaid I to him, Why doſt not thou ſuffer me to live here in Peace? Go, ſeek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Delights of Life; enjoy thy good Fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my Miſery and Pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead; haſt thou not the ſame reaſon now to believe, as thou had'ſt heretofore, that I am not in a condition

condition to go, and that my Cries, and the Infection of my Wound, will diſturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulyſſes*, Author of all my Affliction, may the Gods—— But the Gods no longer hear me; on the contrary they ſtir up my Enemy againſt me. O my native Land, which I ſhall never ſee again! O ye Gods, if there be yet any one amongſt you juſt enough to take Compaſſion on me; puniſh *Ulyſſes*, then I ſhall think my ſelf cur'd of all my Ailments.

Whilſt I thus ſpoke, your Father look'd on me with an Air of Compaſſion, like one, who far from being provoked, bears with and excuſes the Paſſion, and Diſorder of an unfortunate Wretch. He look'd like a Rock upon the top of a Mountain, which defies the fury of the Winds, and lets them ſpend their Rage whilſt it remains immoveable; ſo your Father waited in ſilence till my Wrath was exhauſted; well knowing that to bring Men to Reaſon, their Paſſions muſt not be attack'd till they begin to grow weak, and ſlacken as it were through wearineſs. Afterwards he ſaid theſe words to me; O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your Reaſon and Courage? Now is the occaſion to uſe it. If you refuſe to go along with us to accompliſh the great deſign of *Jupiter*, in reference to your ſelf, farewel; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of *Greece*, and the

De-

Deſtroyer of *Troy*. Continue at *Lemnos*: Theſe Arms that I carry off ſhall give me that Renown which was deſtin'd for you: Come, *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to ſpeak to him; our Compaſſion for one ſingle Man muſt not make us forego the Welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt my ſelf like a Lyoneſs that had been juſt rob'd of her Young; and who with her roaring makes the Foreſt tremble. O Cave, ſaid I, I will never quit thee, thou ſhalt be my Grave! O thou Manſion of Sorrow, I have now no longer means to ſubſiſt me, nor any Hope left; who will give me a Sword to ſtab my ſelf? O that the Birds of Prey would devour me! I ſhall hurt them no more with my Arrows! O precious Bow, conſecrated by the hands of the Son of *Jupiter!* O dear *Hercules*, if thou haſt ſtill any Sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with Indignation at this? Thy Bow is now no longer in the hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous hands of *Ulyſſes*. Birds of Prey; Wild Beaſts, fly no more from this Cave; my hands are no longer arm'd with Arrows! I can no longer hurt you: Come then and devour me, or rather may the Thunder of mercileſs *Jove* daſh me in pieces!

Your Father having try'd all other means of perſwaſion, at laſt thought it better to reſtore

ſtore me my Arms, and made a ſign to *Neoptolemus*, who reſtor'd them to me immediately. Then ſaid I to him, Now thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelf the Son of *Achilles*; but ſuffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. Then I was going to let fly an Arrow at your Father, but *Neoptolemus* ſtop'd me, ſaying, Anger clouds your Reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing the unworthineſs of the Action you are going to commit.

As for *Ulyſſes*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows, as at my Invectives. I was deeply affected with that Intrepidity and Patience: I was aſham'd of attempting, in the firſt tranſport of my Paſſion, to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be reſtor'd to me: But as my Reſentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I ſhould owe ſuch a Reſtitution to a Man whom I ſo much hated. In the mean time, *Neoptolemus* ſaid to me; Know that the divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having come out from the City of *Troy*, by the Order and Inſpiration of the Gods, hath unveil'd to us the Myſteries of Futurity. The unhappy *Troy*, ſaid he, ſhall fall, but not before it is attack'd by him who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*: Nor ſhall that Man be ever reſtor'd to Health, till he come before the Walls of *Troy*, where the Sons of *Æſculapius* ſhall cure him.

At this moment I was divided in my thoughts.

thoughts. I was mov'd with the ingenuouſneſs of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honeſty in reſtoring my Bow: But I could not tell how to ſubmit to *Ulyſſes*, and a miſtaken ſhame kept me in ſuſpence: Muſt I then be ſeen again, ſaid I to my ſelf, in the Company of *Ulyſſes* and the *Atrides*? What will People think of me?

Whilſt I was in this uncertainty, on a ſudden I heard a ſupernatural Voice: I ſaw *Hercules* in a ſhining Cloud, encircled with Rays of Glory: I preſently knew again his maſculine Features, his robuſt Limbs, and his plain Manner; but he appear'd with a Majeſty and a Loftineſs which he never us'd to wear when he was taming of Monſters upon the Earth. He ſaid to me:

'Tis *Hercules* whom thou heareſt and ſeeſt: I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare to thee the Orders of *Jupiter*: Thou know'ſt by what Labours I purchas'd Immortality: Thou muſt go with the Son of *Achilles* to trace my Steps in the Road of Glory: Thou ſhalt be cur'd, thou ſhalt pierce with my Arrows *Paris*, the Author of ſo much miſchief. After the taking of *Troy* thou ſhalt ſend the rich Spoils to *Pæan*, thy Father, upon Mount *Oeta*. Theſe Spoils ſhall be plac'd upon my Tomb, as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows. And thou, O Son of *Achilles*, I tell thee, that thou canſt

not

not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then, like two Lyons that ſeek their Prey together: I will ſend *Æſculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and obſerve Religion: All other things are periſhable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard theſe words, I cry'd out, O happy Day! O pleaſing Light, that after ſo many years doſt ſhew thy ſelf at laſt! I obey thee, I depart as ſoon as I have bid farewel to theſe places. Adieu, dear Cave, adieu thou Nymph of theſe watry Meadows. I ſhall no more hear the hollow noiſe of the Billows of this Sea. Adieu, thou Shore, where I have ſo often endur'd the Inclemencies of the Weather. Adieu, Promontories, where Eccho ſo often repeated my Groans! Adieu, ye Fountains, ſweet in your ſelves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*; let me depart propitiouſly, ſince I go whither I am call'd by the Gods and my Friends.

After this we departed, and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalyrius*, by the Divine Art of their Father *Æſculapius*, cur'd me, or at leaſt put me in the condition you now ſee me: I feel no more pain, I have recover'd my uſual vigour, but I am ſomewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my hand, as a fearful Fawn pierc'd with the Arrows of the Hunter. *Ilium* was ſoon reduc'd to aſhes:

You

You know the reſt. Nevertheleſs, I ſtill retain'd ſome Averſion to the ſage *Ulyſſes*, through the remembrance of my paſt Sufferings, and my Reſentment was beyond the power of his Virtue to appeaſe: But the ſight of a Son who reſembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderneſs in me even for the Father himſelf.

THE

Clark sc.

Telemachus *gets the better of* Hippias.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *quarrels with* Phalantus *about the property of ſome Priſoners: He fights and overcomes* Hippias, *who deſpiſing his Youth, boldly ſeized thoſe Priſoners for his Brother* Phalantus; *but being little ſatisfied with his Victory, he ſecretly bemoans his Raſhneſs and Fault, which he would fain retrieve. At the ſame time* Adraſtus *King of the* Daunians, *being inform'd that the Confederate Allies are wholly employ'd in making up the Quarrel between* Telemachus *and* Hippias, *goes and attacks them at unawares. After having ſurpriz'd an hundred of their Ships in order to tranſport his Troops into their Camp, he ſets them on fire; begins the Attack by* Phalantus's *Quarter, kills his Brother* Hippias, *and* Phalantus *himſelf receives many Wounds.*

WHILST *Philoctetes* was thus relating his Misfortunes, *Telemachus* continued as it were ſuſpended and motionleſs; his Eyes being wiſtfully fix'd upon the great Man that ſpoke. All the different Paſſions that had work'd the Souls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their turns, upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another repreſented to him. During the Narration, he would ſometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: Sometimes he would ſeem thoughtful, as a Man deeply intent on the Iſſue of ſome important Affair. Whilſt *Philoctetes* was deſcribing the Confuſion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of Diſſimulation, *Telemachus* ſeem'd to be under the ſame Confuſion, and in that moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus*.

Mean while, the Confederate Army was marching in good order againſt *Adraſtus*, King of the *Daunians*, a deſpiſer of the Gods, and a deceiver of Mankind. *Telemachus* found it no eaſy task to keep fair with ſo many Kings jealous of one another: It behoved him to give none of them any occaſion of ſuſpicion, but to make himſelf belov'd by them all: He was naturally of an open

open, well-meaning diſpoſition, but not over-courteous or endearing: He was not ſolicitous to oblige others: He was not fond of Riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honeſt heart, he ſeem'd neither obliging nor ſenſible of Friendſhip, nor liberal, nor mindful to make returns for the care others took of him, nor attentive to diſtinguiſh Merit. He follow'd his Humour without reflection: His Mother *Penelope* had, in ſpite of *Mentor*, brought him up in Pride and Haughtineſs of Temper, which tarniſh'd every thing that was amiable in him: He look'd upon himſelf as made of different Mould from the reſt of Mankind, who ſeem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other end but to pleaſe and ſerve him; nay, even to anticipate his very Deſires, and refer all things to him as a Deity. The happineſs of ſerving him was, he thought, a ſufficient recompence for ſo doing. Nothing was ever to be thought impoſſible when he was to be gratify'd; the leaſt delay irritated his ardent Temper.

Had any one ſeen him thus in his natural diſpoſition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and that he was affected with nothing but his own Vain-glory and Pleaſure: But this indifference for others, and continual regard for himſelf, proceeded from nothing but the

continual hurry and violence of his Paſſions. He had, from his Cradle, been indulg'd by his Mother, who humour'd him in every thing, and he was a remarkable Inſtance of the Unhappineſs of thoſe who are high born. The Severities of Fortune, which he felt in his greeneſt years, had not moderated that Impetuoſity and Haughtineſs of his Temper; though ſtript of every thing, abandon'd, expos'd to ſo many Miſeries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride: it would ſtill raiſe it ſelf like a Palm-Tree, after all the Attempts to preſs it down.

Theſe Faults did not ſhew themſelves in *Mentor*'s Company, but abated daily; juſt as a fiery Courſer ſcouring through the ſpacious Fields, whom neither Rocks, nor Precipices, nor Torrents can ſtop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him: So *Telemachus*, full of noble ardour, could be kept in by none but the wiſe *Mentor*: A Look from him was able to ſtop him in his moſt impetuous Career; he preſently knew the meaning of each glance; and at that moment would ſummon all his virtuous Sentiments. Wiſdom in an inſtant would render his Countenance cool and ſerene: *Neptune* does not more ſuddenly appeaſe the hideous Tempeſt, when with his lifted Trident he threatens the raging Billows.

When

When *Telemachus* found himſelf alone, all his Paſſions that had been ſuſpended like a torrent ſtop'd by a ſtrong Bank, would take their natural Courſe: He could not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedæmonians*, nor of *Phalantus* who was at their head. This Colony, which came to found the City of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men, born during the Siege of *Troy*, who had had no Education: The Illegitimacy of their Birth, the Incontinence of their Mothers, and the Licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, gave them a ſort of Wildneſs and Barbarity, reſembling rather a Gang of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony.

Phalantus was ever upon the catch to contradict *Telemachus*, and would often interrupt him in the publick Aſſemblies, deſpiſing his Counſels, as thoſe of a raw unexperienc'd Man: He was always joking upon him, treating him as if he had been puſillanimous and effeminate: He expos'd his ſmalleſt Failings to the Chief Officers of the Army, endeavouring to ſow Jealouſy every where, and to make the haughtineſs of *Telemachus* odious to all the Confederates.

One day *Telemachus* having taken ſome *Daunian* Priſoners, *Phalantus* pretended they belong'd to him, alledging it was he, who at the head of his *Lacedæmonians* had defeated that party of the Enemy, and that *Telemachus*

having found the *Daunians* already vanquiſh'd and put to flight, had no other trouble but that of giving them Quarter, and carrying them into the Camp. *Telemachus* affirm'd on the contrary, that he had ſav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and had obtain'd the Victory over the *Daunians*. They both pleaded their Cauſe in the Aſſembly of the Confederate Princes, where *Telemachus* was ſo tranſported with Paſſion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatening language, and they had immediately come to blows, if they had not been hinder'd.

Phalantus had a Brother, whoſe name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the Army for his Valour, Strength and Dexterity. *Pollux*, ſaid the *Tarentines*, was not a better Combatant at the *Caſtus*; nor could *Caſtor* outdo him in managing a Horſe. He had almoſt the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*; the whole Army fear'd him; for he was yet more Quarrelſome and Brutal, than Strong and Valiant.

Hippias, when he ſaw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, haſtens away to carry off the Priſoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Aſſembly. *Telemachus*, upon ſecret intimation of it, goes out in a rage, like a foaming Boar, that turns upon the Huntſman who had wounded him: You might ſee him roving up and down the Camp,

Camp, throwing his Eyes about to find out his Enemy, brandiſhing the Dart with which he reſolv'd to pierce him. At laſt meeting him, that ſight redoubled his Rage.

He now ceaſed to be the wiſe *Telemachus*, inſtructed by *Minerva* in the ſhape of *Mentor*: He was like a Madman, or a furious Lyon. He immediately cries out to *Hippias*: Stay, thou baſeſt of all Mortals! Stay, we'll ſee if thou dareſt rob us of the Spoils of our Victory. Thou ſhalt not carry them to *Tarentum*: Go, deſcend this moment to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. He ſpoke, and flung his Dart, but with ſo much fury that he could take no aim, and the Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his hand upon his Sword, whole Hilt was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. *Laertes* had us'd this Sword with great Glory while he was young, and it was ſtain'd with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn his Sword, when *Hippias*, reſolving to take the advantage of his own ſtrength, ruſh'd upon him, in order to force it from out of the hands of the young Son of *Ulyſſes*. The Sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they ſeiz'd each other and cloſed; and now behold them like two wild Beaſts ſeeking to

tear each other to pieces: Their Eyes ſtrike fire, they contract themſelves, then ſtretch their Limbs; they ſtoop, they riſe again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one another's blood. And now they come to Blows, foot to foot, hand to hand, with their bodies ſo twiſted together, that they ſeem'd but one: But *Hippias*, who was of a more advanc'd age, ſeem'd to be an overmatch for *Telemachus*, who, by reaſon of his tender youth, was not ſo brawny and ſinewy as the other. By this time *Telemachus* being out of breath, felt his Knees tremble; and *Hippias*, ſeeing him in a ſtaggering condition, redoubles his Efforts. There had been an end of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and he had ſuffer'd the puniſhment due to his temerity, if *Minerva*, who at a diſtance watch'd over him, and left him in this extremity of danger only for his Inſtruction, had not determin'd the Victory in his favour.

She did not quit the Palace of *Salentum*, but ſent *Iris*, the ſwift-wing'd Meſſenger of the Gods, who cutting the immenſe extent of the Air, and leaving behind her a long track of Light, which painted a Cloud of a thouſand different colours; ſhe reſted not her ſelf till ſhe came to the Shore, where was incamp'd the numberleſs Army of the Confederates. She at a diſtance beheld the Conflict, the ardour and ſtrugglings of the two Combatants;

batants; ſhe ſhiver'd at the ſight of the danger which threaten'd young *Telemachus*; ſhe draws near, wrapt in a bright Cloud form'd of ſubtle Vapours, at the very moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole force, believ'd himſelf victorious: She cover'd the young Pupil of *Minerva* with the Shield which the ſage Goddeſs had entruſted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whoſe ſtrength was quite ſpent, began to recover new Spirits; and as he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was diſorder'd: He felt ſomething, as it were Divine, that cruſh'd and amaz'd him. *Telemachus* bears hard upon him, attacks him, ſometimes in one poſture, ſometimes in another; he leaves him not a moment to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him to the Earth and falls upon him. A well grown Oak of Mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thouſand blows of the reſounding Ax, makes not a more terrible noiſe in falling; the Earth groan'd, and all things round about ſhook.

In the mean time *Telemachus* found himſelf repoſſeſs'd of Wiſdom as well as Strength. Scarce had *Hippias* touch'd the Earth, but the Son of *Ulyſſes* began to be ſenſible of the Fault he had committed, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to ſuccour. He call'd to mind with confuſion, the wiſe Counſels of *Mentor*; he was aſham'd of the Victory, and

was conſcious he rather deſerv'd to be vanquiſh'd. Mean while *Phalantus*, tranſported with Rage, ran to ſuccour his Brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a Dart, if he had not been afraid at the ſame time to have hurt *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept under him in the duſt. The Son of *Ulyſſes* might eaſily have taken his Enemy's Life, but his Wrath was aſſwag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by ſhewing his Moderation. Up he riſes, uttering theſe words: O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to deſpiſe my youth: Live, I admire thy Strength and Courage; the Gods have protected me, yield thou to their power, and now let us think of nothing but uniting our force againſt the *Daunians*. Whilſt *Telemachus* thus ſpoke, *Hippias* roſe up, beſmear'd with Dirt and Blood, and extremely enrag'd and aſham'd. *Phalantus*, not daring to take the Life of him who had ſo generouſly given it to his Brother, was quite beſide himſelf, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the place: On the one ſide they carry off *Telemachus*, and on the other ſide *Phalantus* and *Hippias*, who was now ſo diſpirited that he durſt not lift up his Eyes. The whole Army could not ſufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who, at ſo tender an age, before Men arrive at their full ſtrength, was able to throw down *Hippias*, a Man who

for

for ſtrength and bulk was like thoſe earth-born Giants, who in times of old attempted to expel the Immortal Powers from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulyſſes* was very far from enjoying the Pleaſure of his Victory: And whilſt others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his Tent, aſham'd of his fault; and being unable any longer to endure himſelf, he bemoan'd his raſhneſs: He was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his Paſſion; he found a certain Vanity, Weakneſs, and Ungenerouſneſs in that exceſſive Pride of his: He acknowledg'd that true Greatneſs was no where to be found but in Moderation, Juſtice, Modeſty and Humanity: All this he clearly ſaw, but he could not tell how to hope that he ſhould ever amend after ſo many relapſes: He was torn with inward Conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lyon.

Two Days he continued ſhut up by himſelf in his Tent, unable to go into any Company, and tormenting himſelf. Alas! ſaid he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face again? Am I the Son of *Ulyſſes*, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of Men? Did I come hither to bring diſſention and diſorder into the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood, or that of the *Daunians*, I ought to ſhed? I was raſh, I forgot how to lance my dart; I expos'd my

ſelf

ſelf to *Hippias* with unequal ſtrength, and I could expect nothing but Death, and the Shame of being overcome: But what then? I ſhould no longer have been that thoughtleſs *Telemachus*, that hare-brain'd Fool, that does not profit by any advice; then had my Diſgrace and my Life ended together. O could I but at leaſt hope that I ſhould never again commit the like Fault, I ſhould ſtill be happy, too, too happy! But perhaps before night I may run into the ſame Errors, which at this time fill me with ſo much Horror and Shame. O ſhameful Victory! O diſagreeable Applauſe! Which indeed is nothing but a bitter Reproach of my Folly.

Whilſt he was thus alone and comfortleſs, *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* came to him. *Neſtor* had purpos'd to remonſtrate to him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wiſe old Man, ſoon finding the diſconſolateneſs of *Telemachus*, changed his grave Reproof into Expreſſions of Tenderneſs, to allay his Grief.

The Progreſs of the Confederate Princes was retarded by this Quarrel, nor could they march towards the Enemy till they had firſt reconcil'd *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every moment afraid leſt the *Tarentine* Troops ſhould fall upon the hundred young *Cretans*, who follow'd *Telemachus* in this War: Every thing was in combuſtion

combuſtion through this ſingle overſight of *Telemachus*, who, being ſenſible that he was the Author of ſo many preſent Miſchiefs, and future Dangers, gave himſelf up entirely to bitter Sorrowings. All the Princes were under the greateſt perplexities: They durſt not march their Army, leſt *Telemachus*'s *Cretans* and *Phalantus*'s *Tarentines* ſhould fall foul on one another by the way: And it was not without great Difficulty they were reſtrain'd from attacking each other within the Camp, where a ſtrict Guard was kept over them. *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* went inceſſantly to and fro, between the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of the implacable *Phalantus*, who breathed nothing but Revenge. Neither *Neſtor*'s ſoft Eloquence, nor the Authority of the great *Philoctetes*, could prevail upon his fierce ſtubborn Heart, which was ſtill more incenſed by his Brother *Hippias*'s enrag'd Diſcourſe. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but overwhelm'd with a Grief which refuſed all manner of Conſolation.

Whilſt the Princes were in this diſorder, all the Troops were under an extream Conſternation: The whole Camp look'd like the Houſe of Mourning, that has juſt loſt the Father of the Family, the Support of all his Relations, and the dear Hopes of his little Children.

During

During this Agitation and Conſternation in the Army, there was heard, of a ſudden, the dreadful noiſe of ruſhing Chariots; clattering Arms, neighing Horſes, and cryings of Men; ſome as of Conquerors bent on ſlaughter, others as of Run-a-ways either dying or wounded. A whirling Cloud of Duſt cover'd the Sky, and invellop'd all the Camp: Preſently to this Duſt was joyn'd a thick ſmoke that obſcur'd the Air, and took away all reſpiration. There was heard a hollow Noiſe like that of the whirls of Flame which mount *Ætna* vomits from its burning Entrails, when *Vulcan*, with his *Cyclops*, forges there Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods. All Hearts were ſeiz'd with Terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adraſtus* had, it ſeems, ſurprized the Allies, having had intelligence of their March, and concealing his own. He had with incredible diligence march'd round an almoſt inacceſſible Mountain, of which the Allies had ſeiz'd moſt of the Paſſes, and being poſſeſs'd thereof, thought themſelves not only perfectly ſecure, but fanſy'd that when the other Troops, which they expected, were come up, they ſhould be able, by theſe Avenues, to fall on the Enemy on the other ſide the Mountain. *Adraſtus*, who ſpared no expence for Intelligence, had been adviſed of this their Reſolution: For *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*, though in other Things wiſe and

and experienc'd, were not cloſe enough in their Counſels. *Neſtor* being now in the decline of his Age, took too much delight in recounting his former Actions, thro' a fond deſire of Praiſe. *Philoctetes* was by nature more reſerv'd; but was paſſionate; and upon the leaſt provocation of his haſty Temper, he would blab out what he deſign'd to conceal. Cunning People by this means had found the Key to his Heart, whereby to come at all the moſt important Secrets. They needed but to ſet him in a Flame, then would he break out into threatening Language, bragging of infallible means to compaſs his Deſigns. If they ſeem'd in the leaſt to doubt of thoſe means, he would preſently, and without conſideration, fall to explaining them, and thus the neareſt and moſt intimate Secret eſcaped from his Heart, which was like a coſtly but leaky Veſſel, that lets go the moſt delicious Liquors.

The Traytors, that were corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s Gold, did not fail taking Advantage of the weakneſs of theſe two Princes. They would be inceſſantly flattering *Neſtor* with vain Praiſes, they repeated to him his paſt Victories, admir'd his forecaſt, and ever applauded him. On the other hand, they laid continual ſnares for the impatient humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Diſappointments, Dangers, Inconveniencies,

conveniencies, and irretrievable Overſights. As ſoon as his warm diſpoſition was once enflam'd, his Wiſdom deſerted him, and he was another Man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding the Faults we have mention'd, was far more cloſe and wary in keeping a Secret. He had been accuſtom'd to ſecrecy by his misfortunes, and by being neceſſitated, even in his Childhood, to hide his deſigns from *Penelope*'s Lovers. He knew how to keep a Secret, without telling any untruth; and yet could lay aſide that cloſe myſterious Air, which is ſo common to People who are reſerv'd: He did not ſeem oppreſs'd with the burthen of the Secret which he kept; he always ſeem'd eaſy, natural, open, as one that carry'd his Heart upon his Lips. But at the ſame time that he would tell you every thing that was of no conſequence, he knew how to ſtop juſt in the nick, and without proceeding to thoſe things which might raiſe ſome ſuſpicion, and give a hint of his Secret. By this means his Heart was impenetrable and inacceſſible; nay, he never communicated, even to his beſt Friends, but juſt ſo much as he thought was neceſſary, in order to have their good advice, and *Mentor* was the only Perſon with whom he acted without reſerve: He did indeed place a confidence in ſome other Friends, but then he obſerv'd different degrees of Confidence,

Confidence, according as he had met with proofs of their Friendſhip and Diſcretion.

Telemachus had often obſerv'd, that the Reſolutions of the Council were too ſoon and too much ſpread over the Camp. He hinted this to *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*; yet they, tho' Men of ſuch great experience, did not give ſufficient regard to ſo wholeſome an intimation. Old Age loſes all its ſuppleneſs, long habitude ties it down, as it were, in Chains; there is no longer any remedy againſt its Errors. Like full grown Trees, whoſe rough and knotty Trunk is harden'd by Years, and can never more be ſet ſtraight: So Men at a certain Age cannot any more unbend themſelves from thoſe Cuſtoms which have grown up with them, and are, as it were, enter'd into the very marrow of their Bones. Sometimes indeed they are conſcious of their Faults, but too late; they in vain lament and bemoan themſelves; and tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the power of correcting what is amiſs.

There was in the Army a *Dolopian* named *Eurymachus*, a wheedling inſinuating Sycophant, who could adapt himſelf to the ſeveral humours of the Princes, being ever ſtudious, and inventive of new ways to pleaſe them. To hear him ſpeak, nothing was ever hard to be compaſs'd; ask his Advice, he preſently hit upon that which he thought would

would be moſt agreeable: He was a pleaſant drolling Fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaiſant to thoſe he ſtood in awe of: He could ſo nicely ſeaſon his Flattery, as to make it grateful even to the moſt modeſt. He was grave with the grave, and ſprightly with the jovial. He could at any time, with all the eaſe in the world, aſſume whatever ſhape he pleaſed: Sincere and honeſt Men, who are always the ſame, and who confine themſelves to the ſtrict Rules of Virtue, can never be ſo acceptable to Princes, as thoſe who ſtrike in with their predominant Paſſions. *Eurymachus* underſtood the Art of War; had a talent for Buſineſs; was a Man who had reſolv'd to puſh his Fortune, and in order thereto had attach'd himſelf to *Neſtor*, and gain'd his confidence. He could pump out of his Heart, (which was ſomewhat vain, and fond of praiſe) whatever he had a mind to know.

Though *Philoctetes* did not truſt him, yet his cholerick and impatient temper had in him the ſame effect as *Neſtor*'s confidence in *Eurymachus*, who needed only to contradict him, and put him in a paſſion, and then he diſcover'd every thing. This fellow had receiv'd great Sums from *Adraſtus*, to inform him of all the deſigns of the Allies. This King of the *Daunians* had in the Army of the Allies a certain number of Deſerters, who

who were, one after another, to make off from their Camp, and return to his: And as often as any thing of importance happen'd, and ſuch as might be of Benefit to *Adraſtus* to be advertis'd of, *Eurymachus* us'd to diſpatch away to him one of theſe Deſerters. The Villany could not eaſily be diſcover'd, becauſe they carry'd no Letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* ſuſpected.

In the mean time, *Adraſtus* continually prevented all the enterprizes of the Confederates: For a reſolution was hardly taken in the Council, e're the *Daunians* did the very thing that was neceſſary to hinder the ſucceſs of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably induſtrious to find out the cauſe of this, and to awaken *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* to a diſtruſtfulneſs, but to no purpoſe: For they were blind.

The Council had reſolv'd to wait for the numerous Troops that were coming up, and they had ſent away privately in the night a hundred Ships to tranſport thoſe Troops with the greater expedition, from a very rugged Coaſt where they were to come, to the place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themſelves ſecure, becauſe their Troops were poſſeſs'd of the Avenues of a neighbouring Mountain, which is an almoſt inacceſſible ſide of the

Apennine.

Apennine. The Confederate Army was encamp'd on the River *Galeſus*, not far from the Sea, which is a very delicious part of the Country, abounding in Paſturage, and all things neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of an Army. *Adraſtus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckon'd he could not paſs: But he, underſtanding that the Confederates were weak, and expected a great reinforcement; that the Ships were waiting for their arrival, and that the Army was divided by the quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Phalantus*, with great expedition begins to march round about, which he did night and day, till he reach'd the Sea-Coaſt, and paſs'd through ways which till then had been thought impracticable. Thus Courage and Labour ſurmount the greateſt obſtacles; and nothing is impoſſible to thoſe who know how to dare and to ſuffer: Whereas thoſe who ſupinely fall aſleep, reckoning that what's difficult is impoſſible, deſerve to be ſurpriz'd and oppreſs'd.

Adraſtus, at break of day, ſurpriz'd the hundred Veſſels that belong'd to the Allies; and which being ill guarded, becauſe they thought themſelves ſafe, he ſeized upon them without much reſiſtance, and made uſe of them to tranſport his own Troops with incredible diligence, to the mouth of the River *Galeſus*: Afterwards ſailing up the River, the

the advanc'd Guards of the Confederate Camp taking theſe Ships to be fill'd with their own Troops, which they expected, immediately broke out into ſhouts of Joy. *Adraſtus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known: They fall on the Allies, who diſtruſt nothing, they find them ſcatter'd negligently up and down in an open Camp, without any order, without a commander, and unarm'd.

That part of the Camp which he firſt attack'd, was where the *Tarentines* were quarter'd under the Command of *Phalantus*; and which the *Daunians* enter'd with ſo much briskneſs, that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth, being ſurpriz'd, were not able to reſiſt: Whilſt they were looking for their Arms, and hinder'd one another in the confuſion, *Adraſtus* ſets fire to the Camp; and immediately the Flame flies from Tent to Tent, and aſcends to the Skies. Its noiſe reſembled that of a Torrent, which deluges a whole Country, and with its rapid force carries away the largeſt Oaks, with their deep Roots, the Corn, Barns, Stalls, and Flocks. The Wind impetuouſly drives the flame from Tent to Tent, and in an inſtant the whole Camp looks like an old dry Foreſt, which is ſet on fire by a ſmall ſpark.

Phalantus, though neareſt the danger, could not remedy it: He ſaw plainly that all the Troops muſt periſh in the fire, if they did not

not inſtantly abandon the Camp: But he likewiſe ſaw how dangerous ſuch a retreat might be before a victorious Enemy. He began to draw out his *Lacedæmonian* Youth, though with half their Arms; but *Adraſtus* gives them no reſpite: On one ſide a Troop of expert Archers diſcharge numberleſs Arrows upon *Phalantus*'s Soldiery, and on the other the Slingers hurl a Shower of large Stones. *Adraſtus* himſelf, Sword in hand, marching at the Head of a choſen Company of the boldeſt *Daunians*, by the light of the fire purſues the flying Troops: he mows down with the ſharp-edg'd Steel whatever had eſcap'd from the fire: He ſwims in blood, yet cannot be ſated with ſlaughter: His fury ſurpaſs'd that of Lyons and Tygers when they worry to death the Shepherds and their Flocks. *Phalantus*'s Troops faint, their Courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal Fury whoſe head briſtles with Adders, freezes their Blood in their Veins; their benumb'd Members grow ſtiff, and their tottering Knees leave them deſtitute even of the hope of flight. *Phalantus*, whoſe ſhame and deſpair ſtill ſupplies him with ſome ſmall remainder of Strength and Vigour, lifts up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and ſees his Brother *Hippias* fall at his feet, beneath the ſtrokes of *Adraſtus*'s thundering hand. *Hippias* ſtretch'd on the ground, grovels

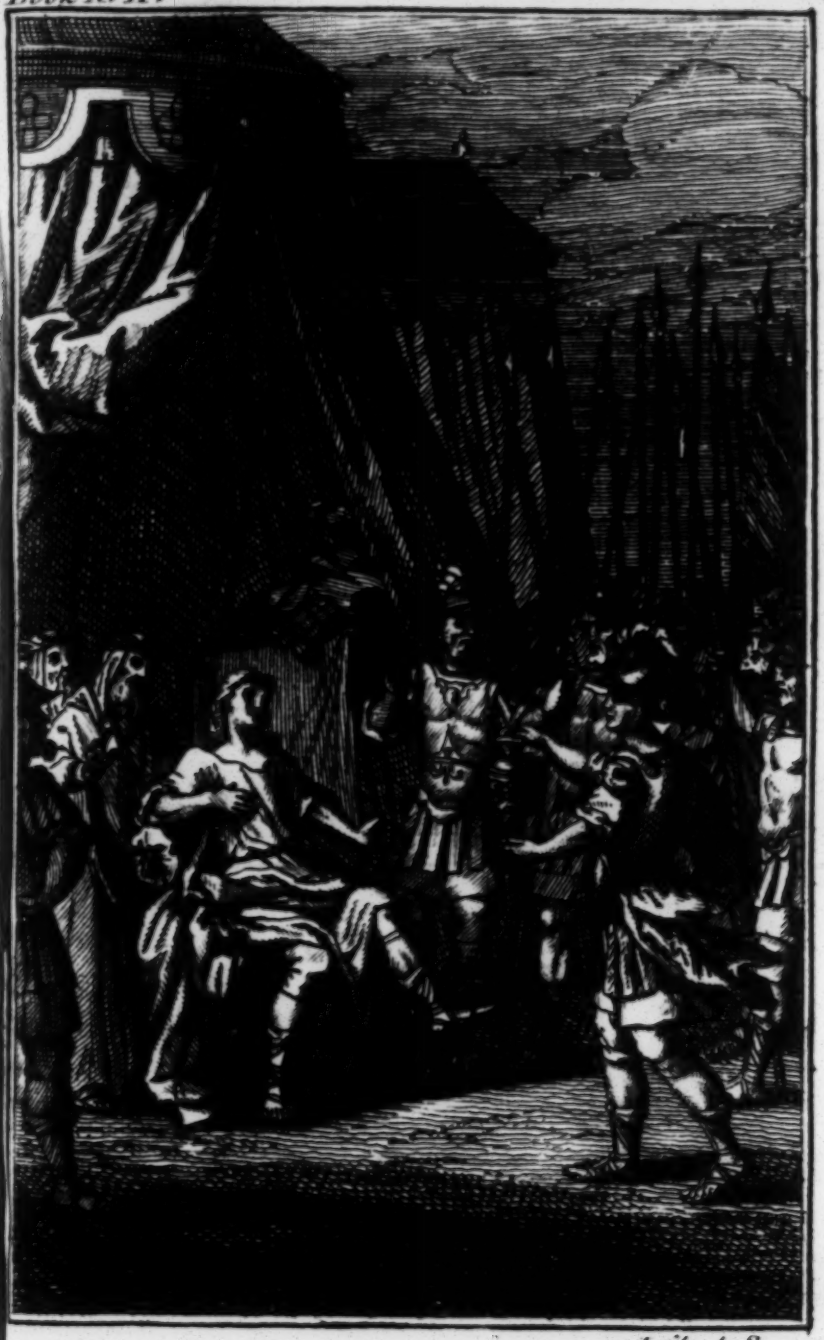
vels in the duſt, while a black boiling Stream iſſues from the deep Wound which had cleft his ſide: His Eyes refuſe the Light, and his furious Soul flies out with the laſt drop of his Blood. *Phalantus* himſelf, beſmear'd all over with his Brother's blood, and unable to help him, finds himſelf beſet with a Croud of his Enemies, endeavouring to overcome him: His Buckler is pierc'd with a thouſand Darts; he is wounded in ſeveral parts of his body; he can no longer rally his fugitive Troops; the Gods behold him, but vouchſafe not to pity him.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *having put on his Divine Armour, runs to the Relief of* Phalantus, *bears down, at firſt,* Iphicles, Adraſtus's *Son, repulſes the victorious Enemy, and would have gain'd a compleat Victory over them, but that a ſudden Storm puts an end to the Fight. Afterwards* Telemachus *cauſes the wounded to be carried off, takes care of them, and particularly of* Phalantus. *He is the chief Mourner in the obſequies of his Brother* Hippias, *whoſe Aſhes he preſents to him in a Golden Urn.*



J. Clark Sc.

Telemachus *takes care of* Phalantus *when wounded.*

Jupiter, amidſt the Celeſtial Deities, looks down from the top of *Olympus*, and beholds the ſlaughter of the Confederates: Then he conſulted the unchangeable Deſtinies, and ſaw all thoſe Captains whoſe thread was that day to be cut by the fatal Sciſſars. All the Gods were intent on *Jupiter*'s face, thereby to read his pleaſure. But the Father of the Gods and Men told them in a ſweet yet majeſtick Voice: You ſee to what extremity the Allies are reduc'd, you ſee *Adraſtus* bearing down all his enemies; but this ſpectacle is fallacious, the glory and proſperity of the Wicked is very ſhort-liv'd: The impious, perfidious *Adraſtus* ſhall not obtain a compleat Victory. This misfortune befalls the Allies only to teach them to grow wiſer, and to be more cautious in keeping their Councils ſecret: For now the ſage *Minerva* is preparing a new triumph for her darling, the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceas'd ſpeaking, and all the Gods in profound ſilence continu'd to behold the battle.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* by this time were advertis'd that part of the Camp was already conſumed; that the Flame, driven by the Winds, was continually advancing, that their Troops were in diſorder, and that *Phalantus*

could no longer ſuſtain the Enemy's efforts. Theſe fatal words had ſcarce reach'd their ears, but they run to Arms, aſſemble the Captains, and command them inſtantly to retire from the Camp, to avoid the ſpreading Conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and diſconſolate, now forgets his grief: He puts on his Armour, the precious gift of the wiſe *Minerva*, who, under the ſhape of *Mentor*, made as if ſhe had procur'd it from an excellent Artiſt of *Salentum*, but in reality ſhe had got *Vulcan* to make it in the ſmoaking Caverns of Mount *Ætna*.

The Shield was as ſmooth as Ice, and bright as the Sun-beams. Upon it were ingraved *Neptune* and *Pallas* contending for the Honour of giving a Name to a new City. *Neptune* with his Trident ſtruck the Earth, from whence a fiery Horſe was ſeen ſpringing. His Mane wanton'd with the wind; and his ſupple and nervous Legs bent with Vigour and Nimbleneſs. He did not walk, but by the Strength of his Back, skip'd with ſo much Swiftneſs, that he left no Track of his Foot. One would have thought he hear'd him neigh.

On the other ſide, *Minerva* gave to the Inhabitants of her new City, an Olive-Branch, with the Fruit of that Tree, which ſhe had planted, and which repreſented ſweet Peace

Peace with Plenty, preferable to the Troubles of War, of which that Horſe was the emblem. The Goddeſs gain'd the Victory by her plain and uſeful Gifts, and proud *Athens* bore her Name.

Minerva was alſo to be ſeen gathering about her all liberal Arts, which were repreſented by young, wing'd Boys. They fled for refuge to her, being frighted by the brutal Fury of *Mars*, who ravages all, juſt as the bleating Lambs take refuge near their Mothers, at the ſight of an hungry Wolf, who with an open fiery mouth, ruſhes on to devour them. *Minerva*, with a diſdainful and angry look, by the excellency of her work, confounded the fooliſh temerity of *Arachne*, who was ſo daring as to contend with her for perfection in Tapeſtry; and there was ſeen that wretched mortal, all whoſe extenuated members grew deformed, and turn'd into a Spider.

Near that place appear'd alſo *Minerva*, who in the war againſt the Giants adviſed *Jupiter* himſelf, and encourag'd all the other affrighted Gods. She was likewiſe repreſented with her Lance and *Ægis* on the banks of the *Xanthus* and *Simois*, leading *Ulyſſes* by the hand, reviving the Spirits of the flying *Greeks*; ſuſtaining the efforts of the braveſt *Trojan* Captains; and of the dreadful *Hector* himſelf: And in the laſt place, introducing *Ulyſſes* in-

to that fatal Machine, which, in one night, was to overthrow the Kingdom of *Priam*.

In another part of the Shield was repreſented *Ceres* in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might ſee that Goddeſs aſſembling together the Inhabitants who were ſcatter'd up and down in ſearch of ſomething to ſupport Nature, either by hunting, or by picking up the wild Fruit which had fallen from the Trees; ſhe taught thoſe ignorant Men the Art of cultivating the Earth, and to extract their Food from her fruitful boſom. She ſhew'd them the Plough, and taught them how to yoke the Oxen to it; and now you might ſee the Earth cleft in Furrows by the ſharp-edg'd Plough-ſhare, and then you might perceive the golden Harveſt covering the fruitful Plains. The Reaper with his Sickle crops the kindly Fruits of the Earth, and repays himſelf for all his pains. Iron, elſewhere the Inſtrument of Deſtruction, was employ'd in this place only to produce Plenty, and all ſorts of Pleaſures.

The Nymphs, crown'd with Garlands, dance together in a Meadow on the bank of a River near a Grove. While Pan plays on his Flute, the Fauns and wanton Satyrs friſk in a corner by themſelves. *Bacchus* was likewiſe repreſented crown'd with Ivy, leaning on his *Thyrſus*, and holding in his hand a Vine-

Vine-branch adorn'd with Leaves and Cluſters of Grapes: His Beauty was indolent and eaſie, with a mixture of ſomething noble, paſſionate and languiſhing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, and found her alone overwhelm'd with Grief for being deſerted on an unknown Shore.

In the laſt place, there were ſeen in all quarters vaſt Shoals of People; the old Men carrying the firſt Fruits of their Harveſts into the Temples; young Men, fatigu'd with the labour of the Day, returning to their Spouſes, who going out to meet them, lead by the hand their little Children, whom they fondle all the way as they go. There were likewiſe ſeveral Shepherds repreſented, ſome ſinging, others dancing to the ſound of the Reed; the whole was a Picture of Peace, Plenty and Pleaſure, every thing look'd ſmiling and happy. Nay, you might ſee the Wolves in the Paſtures playing among the Sheep; the Lyons and Tygers, having quitted their fierceneſs, were feeding among the tender Lambs, whilſt the young Shepherd, with his Crook, govern'd them all alike; and this lovely Picture recall'd to mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

Telemachus, having put on his divine Armour, inſtead of his own Shield took up the terrible *Ægis* which *Minerva* had ſent him,

and which *Iris* the ſwift Meſſenger of the Gods had left him. *Iris* had without his knowledge carry'd away his own Buckler, and given him inſtead of it this *Ægis*, formidable to the very Gods.

Thus arm'd he runs out of the Camp to avoid the Flames; he calls to him, with a ſtrong voice, all the Commanders of the Army, and his voice already began to inſpire freſh Courage into the diſmay'd Allies: A divine fire ſparkles in the eyes of the young Warrior. He ſtill appears mild free and ſedate, ſtill attentive to give the neceſſary orders, with as much caution as an old Man in ruling his Family, and inſtructing his Children; but in the execution, he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous River, which not only precipitates his frothy Billows, but carries along with it in its rapid courſe, the Veſſels of the greateſt burden that float upon it.

Philoctetes, *Neſtor*, and the Commanders of the *Mandurians*, and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulyſſes* a ſort of Authority which irreſiſtibly aw'd them all. And now the old Men no longer can truſt to their Experience: Counſel and Wiſdom forſake all the Commanders; even Jealouſy, a Paſſion ſo natural to all Men, is wholly extinguiſh'd in their Breaſts; all keep ſilence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his Commands implicitly, and

and as if it had been cuſtomary for them ſo to do. He comes forward, aſcends an eminence, from thence obſerves the Poſture of the Enemy, and forthwith judges it neceſſary to uſe the utmoſt expedition to ſurprize them in their preſent diſorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates. He fetches a compaſs with all poſſible diligence, and the moſt experienc'd Commanders follow him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their Rear, at a time when they thought the Confederate Army was involv'd in the flames of the Camp. This Surprize diſorders them: They fall beneath the hand of *Telemachus*, as the Leaves fall in the Foreſts in the latter days of *Autumn*, when the boiſterous North-wind, fraught with Winter, clatters all the Branches, and makes the aged Trunks to groan. The Earth is cover'd with the Bodies of thoſe whom *Telemachus* has overthrown. With his own Javelin he pierced the Heart of *Iphycles*, *Adraſtus*'s younger Son, who preſumed to offer him combat, to ſave his Father's Life, who was in danger of being ſurpriz'd by *Telemachus*. The Son of *Ulyſſes* and *Iphycles* were both beautiful, vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage, of the ſame Stature, the ſame Age, had the ſame ſweetneſs of temper, and were equally dear to their Parents: But *Iphycles* prov'd like an opening Flower in the Meadow, cut down

by the Mower's Scythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion* the moſt celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Hetruria*: Then his Sword pierces the new marry'd *Cleomenes*, who had promiſed his Spouſe to bring her the rich Spoils of his Enemies, but was deſtin'd never to return himſelf.

Adraſtus foam'd with rage to ſee the Death of his Son and of many other Commanders, and the Victory ſlipping out of his hands. *Phalantus*, almoſt cruſh'd at his Feet, is like a half-ſlain Victim, that ſhuns the edge of the Sacred Knife, and flies away far from the Altar. But one moment more and *Adraſtus* had compleated the Ruin of the *Lacedæmonian*.

Phalantus, drown'd in his own blood, and in that of the Soldiers who fought with him, hears the ſhouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his relief; in that moment he regains new Life, and the Cloud, that had already overſpread his Eyes, is diſpell'd. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this attack, leave *Phalantus*, in order to repulſe a more formidable Enemy. *Adraſtus* is like a Tyger, from whom an united Body of Shepherds ſnatches the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* ſeeks him out in the Croud, reſolving at once to put an end to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy.

But

But *Jupiter* refuſed to the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſo quick and ſo eaſy a Victory. *Minerva* too was willing he ſhould undergo more difficulties, that he might the better underſtand how to govern Men. The impious *Adraſtus* therefore was preſerv'd by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby gain more Glory and Virtue. A thick Cloud which *Jupiter* gather'd in the Air ſaved the *Daunians*; the Will of the Gods was declar'd in dreadful Thunder. One would have thought that the eternal Arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the heads of feeble Mortals; the Lightning ſplit the Clouds from Pole to Pole, and ſcarce had they dazzled the Eyes with their darting flame, but all relapſed again into Midnight darkneſs. In the ſame inſtant a mighty Shower of Rain falling, ſerv'd likewiſe to part the two Armies.

Adraſtus took advantage of the Succour of the Gods, without having any regard to their Power, and for this Ingratitude deſerved to be kept for a more ſevere Vengeance. He haſten'd to march his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Moraſs that reach'd as far as the River; which he did with ſo much expedition and dexterity, that this very Retreat was a demonſtration of his preſence of Mind and readineſs of Invention. The Allies, encouraged

by *Telemachus*, were for purſuing him; but by favour of the Storm he eſcap'd, as a ſwift-wing'd Bird out of the Nets of a Fowler. The Allies now think on nothing but returning to the Camp and repairing their Loſs. As they enter'd it, they ſaw the moſt lamentable effects of War: The Sick and Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, were conſequently unable to avoid the fury of the Fire: They appear'd half burnt, ſending up to Heaven their doleful Cries and dying Shrieks. *Telemachus*'s heart was pierc'd with it; he could not refrain weeping; he often turn'd away his Eyes, being ſeiz'd with Horror and Compaſſion; he could not without ſhuddering behold thoſe Bodies that were ſtill alive, and deſtin'd to a tedious and dreadful death: They look'd like the Fleſh of Victims that is burnt on the Altars, and whoſe Smell ſpreads it ſelf all around.

Alas! ſaid *Telemachus*, how miſchievous are the effects of War? What blind Fury puſhes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are few upon the Earth, and thoſe Days attended with ſo much Miſery! Why then will they haſten their Death, which is already ſo near? Why will they add ſo much dreadful Deſolation to the bitterneſs with which the Gods have fill'd this ſhort Life? Men are all Brethren, and yet they worry one another; the

the Savage Beaſts are leſs cruel than they are to each other: The Lyons never make War with Lyons, nor the Tygers with Tygers; nor do they fall upon any Creatures of their own Species: Man alone, in deſpight of his Reaſon, does that which Beaſts that are void of it never did. But once more, what need is there for theſe Wars? Is there not Land more than enough in the Univerſe, to employ the Labour of all Mankind? What vaſt prodigious Tracts lie deſart? Mankind can never repleniſh them. What then! an empty notion of Glory, a vain title of Conqueror, which a Prince is in purſuit of, kindles and ſpreads the flames of War over vaſt Tracts of Land! Thus one Man, ſent by the angry Gods into the world as a Scourge, brutally ſacrifices many others to his Vanity. Every thing muſt go rack, every thing ſwim in Blood, every thing be deſtroy'd by Fire, and thoſe who eſcape the Fire and Sword, muſt periſh by more cruel Famine, to gratify one ſingle Man who makes all human Nature his Sport, and finds his Pleaſure and Glory in this general Deſolation. What monſtrous ſort of Glory is this! Can we too much deteſt and deſpiſe ſuch Men as forego all ties of Humanity? No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly ſo much as Men: They ought to be held in execration by all ſucceeding Ages which they were in hopes

to

to be admired by. Ah! with how much Deliberation ought Princes to weigh every thing before they undertake a War! The Cauſes of it ought to be juſt; nor is that enough; they ought to be neceſſary for the publick Good. The Blood of the People ought not to be ſpilt, but for their own Preſervation in caſes of extremity: But the Counſels of Flatterers, a miſtaken notion of Glory, groundleſs Jealouſies, and unreaſonable Covetouſneſs, cover'd with ſpecious Pretences; in ſhort, inſenſible Engagements generally hurry Princes into Wars that make them unhappy; wherein they put their Whole to the venture without neceſſity, and which, in the end, prove no leſs fatal to their own Subjects than to the Enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reaſon: But he did not only confine himſelf to deplore the Miſeries of War, but endeavour'd to alleviate them; you might ſee him go from Tent to Tent, viſiting the ſick and dying Soldiers; he diſtributed Money and Medicines among them; he cheer'd them by his friendly Diſcourſes, and ſent others to viſit them, when he could not do it himſelf.

Among the *Cretans* that came with him there were two old Men, *Trauſmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*. The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the Sons of *Æſculapius* the divine Art of curing Wounds: He us'd to pour into the deepeſt

deepeſt and moſt invenom'd a fragrant Liquor, which ate away all the dead and putrified Fleſh, without being forc'd to make Inciſions, and which quickly cauſed new Fleſh to grow more ſound and better colour'd than the former. As for *Nozophugus* he had never ſeen the Sons of *Æſculapius*, but by the means of *Merione* he had got poſſeſſion of a ſacred and myſterious Book, which *Æſculapius* had given his Sons: Beſides this, *Nozophugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in honour of the Children of *Latona*, and us'd every day to ſacrifice a white unſpotted Sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inſpired. He no ſooner ſaw a ſick Perſon, but he could tell by his Eyes, the colour of his Skin, the conformation of his Body, and the manner of his breathing, what the Source of his Malady was. Sometimes he adminiſter'd Sudorificks, and by the ſucceſs of ſweatings, he ſhew'd how much the Mechaniſm of our Bodies is either help'd or hurt, diſorder'd or reſtor'd by Perſpiration. In lingring Diſeaſes he gave certain Drinks, which by degrees recover'd the noble Parts, and renew'd the Vigour of the Patients by ſweet'ning their Blood: But he would often declare, that it was for want of Virtue and Courage Men had ſo frequent occaſion for Phyſick. It is a ſhame, would he ſay, for Men to have ſo many Diſeaſes:

For

For a ſober Life produces ſound Health: Their Intemperance, ſaid he, changes into deadly Poyſon the Aliments which were deſtin'd to preſerve their Life. Immoderate Pleaſures ſhorten Mens days more than the beſt Medicaments can prolong them: The Poor are ſeldomer ſick for want of Food, than the Rich are by the exceſs of it. Meats that are too reliſhing, and which create an immoderate Appetite, are rather a Poyſon than a Nutriment. Medicines in themſelves are really miſchievous and deſtructive of Nature, and ought only to be us'd on preſſing occaſions; but the grand Medicament, which is always harmleſs, always uſeful, is Sobriety, Temperance in Pleaſures, Tranquility of Mind, and bodily Exerciſe; by this the Blood is ſweeten'd, and in good Temperament, and all ſuperfluous Humours are diſſipated. Thus was the wiſe *Nozophugus* leſs admir'd for his Medicines, than for the Regimen he preſcrib'd to prevent Diſeaſes, and to render Medicines unneceſſary.

Theſe two Men were ſent by *Telemachus* to viſit all the Sick in the Army. They cur'd many of them by their Medicaments, and many more by the care they took to have their Patients well tended; for they made it their buſineſs to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noiſom Air, and made them obſerve an exact and ſober Diet, during their

their Recovery. The Soldiers were all deeply affected with a Senſe of theſe Benefits, and gave thanks to the Gods, for ſending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army.

This is no Mortal, ſaid they, but doubtleſs ſome beneficent Deity under a human Shape; at leaſt, if he is a Man, he reſembles more the Gods than the reſt of Mankind, and is ſent to the earth only to do good; he is more amiable for his Sweetneſs and Good-nature than for his Valour. O that we could have him for our King! But the Gods reſerve him for ſome more happy Nation, whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the Golden Age.

Telemachus, while he went in the Night-time to viſit the ſeveral Quarters of the Camp, to prevent the Stratagems of *Adraſtus*, was an Ear-witneſs of theſe Commendations, which could not be ſuſpected of Adulation, as thoſe are which Flatterers beſtow on Princes to their very faces, upon a Suppoſition that they are void of Modeſty and Diſcernment, and that the ſure way to gain their Favour, is to praiſe them immoderately. The Son of *Ulyſſes* could reliſh nothing but truth; nor could he bear any other Commendations but ſuch as were given him in private, far from him, and which he had truly deſerv'd. As his Heart was not inſenſible of ſuch Commendations; he felt that ſweet, that pure delight

delight which the Gods have annex'd to Virtue alone, and which ill Men, for want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe; but he did not give a looſe to the enjoyment of this ſort of pleaſure. The Faults he had committed came crouding again into his mind; he did not forget his natural haughtineſs and indifference to other Men; he was ſecretly aſhamed that his natural diſpoſition ſhou'd be ſo harſh, and his looks ſo ſtern. He referr'd to the ſage *Minerva* all the Glory that was given him, and which he thought himſelf undeſerving of.

It is thou, O great Goddeſs, did he ſay, that beſtowedſt *Mentor* on me to inſtruct me, and correct my evil diſpoſition; it is thou that haſt bleſs'd me with Wiſdom, to make me improve by my Faults, and diſtruſt my ſelf; it is thou that checkeſt my impetuous Paſſions: It is thou that makeſt me feel the pleaſure of relieving the diſtreſſed; without thee I ſhould be hated, and juſtly too; without thee I ſhould commit irreparable faults, and be as a Child, who not being ſenſible of its own weakneſs, lets go the hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very firſt ſtep it makes.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to ſee *Telemachus* grown ſo gentle, ſo obliging, ſo officious, ſo helpful, ſo ingenuous to obviate

even

even all exigencies; they could not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another Man. What moſt ſurprized them, was the care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*; he went himſelf and fetch'd the bloody and disfigur'd body from the place where it lay bury'd under a heap of other dead Men. He bedew'd it with pious tears, and ſaid: O mighty ſhade, now thou knoweſt how much I eſteem thy Valour; 'tis true, thy haughtineſs did provoke me, but it proceeded from the heat of thy Youth, and I am not inſenſible how much that Age ſtands in need of pardon. We ſhould in time have been ſincerely united in the bonds of Friendſhip: The fault was wholly mine: O ye Gods! why have you taken him from me, before I cou'd force him to love me.

Telemachus afterwards caus'd the body to be waſh'd in odoriferous Liquors, and then gave orders concerning the Funeral Pile. The lofty Pines groaning beneath the ſtrokes of the Ax, come tumbling down from the tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, thoſe ancient Sons of the earth, that ſeem'd to threaten Heav'n; the tall Poplars, the Elms, with their verdant heads and thick-leav'd branches; the Beeches, the glory of the Foreſt, lay all fell'd along the bank of *Galeſus*. There was raiſed in exact ſymmetry a Funeral Pile, reſembling a regular building; the Flame begins

to

to appear, and a whirl of Smoke aſcends up to the Skies. The *Lacedæmonians* advance with a ſlow and mournful pace, trailing their Pikes, and with their eyes fix'd on the ground: bitter Sorrow ſtands imprinted in their fierce Looks; and the tears trickle down in abundance. Next came the aged *Pherecides*, not ſo much depreſs'd by the number of Years, as by his grief for ſurviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy. He rais'd towards Heaven his hands and his eyes, that were drown'd in Tears. After the Death of *Hippias* he refus'd all manner of Food, nor was it in the power of gentle ſleep to weigh down his eye-lids, or to ſuſpend the ſmartneſs of his grief for a moment. With a trembling pace he march'd after the croud, not knowing whither he went; not a word iſſued out of his mouth, his Heart was ſo wrung with grief; it was a ſilence of deſpair and dejection. But when he ſaw the Pile kindled, then he cry'd out in a fury; O *Hippias*, *Hippiæ*, I ſhall never ſee thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I ſtill live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occaſion'd thy death; 'twas I that taught thee to deſpiſe it; I believ'd thy hands would have clos'd my eyes, and that thou would'ſt have catch'd my lateſt breath: Cruel Gods, you prolong my life, only that I might ſee the death of *Hippias*: Oh! dear Child, whom I had

had brought up with ſo much care, I ſhall ſee thee no more, but I ſhall ſee thy Mother, whom grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I ſhall ſee thy young Spouſe beating her breaſt, tearing off her locks, and I all the while am the unhappy cauſe of it! O dear ſhade, call me to the banks of *Styx*; the light grows hateful to me; and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wiſh to ſee again. *Hippias*, *Hippias*, O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for, is to pay my laſt duty to thy Aſhes!

Mean while you might ſee the body of young *Hippias* ſtretch'd out on a Bier adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver; Death, that had put out the light of his eyes, was not able to deface all his beauty, and the Graces ſtill faintly appear'd in his pale face. Around his neck, which was whiter than ſnow, but now leaning on his ſhoulder, his long black hair hung looſe, finer than that of *Atis* and *Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to Aſhes. You might behold in his ſide the gaping wound whereat all his blood had iſſued out, and which had ſent him down to the melancholy Regions of *Pluto*.

Telemachus, ſad and dejected, followed the Corpſe cloſe, ſtrewing Flowers all the way. When they came to the pile, the Son of *Ulyſſes* could not, without ſhedding new floods of tears, behold the flame ſeize the Cloth in which the body was wrapt. Adieu, ſaid

he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee Friend; be appeaſed, O ſhade, who haſt merited ſo much Renown! If I did not love thee I ſhould envy thy happineſs; thou art freed from thoſe miſeries which ſtill incompaſs us Mortals; thou didſt retire from them by the moſt glorious path: Alas! how happy ſhould I be if my end were the ſame! May *Styx* never be able to ſtop thy Ghoſt; may the *Elyſian* fields be open to thee; may Fame preſerve thy renown throughout all Ages, and may thy Aſhes reſt in Peace!

Scarce had he ſaid theſe words, intermix'd with ſighs, when the whole Army ſet up a cry; they were mov'd with pity for *Hippias*, upon the recital of his great Actions; their grief for his Death brought to their minds all his good qualities, and made them forget all thoſe overſights which had been occaſion'd by heat of Youth, or a faulty Education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender Sentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, ſaid they, the young *Greek* that was ſo proud, ſo haughty, ſo diſdainful, ſo untractable? Behold, how humane, how kind, he is now become! Doubtleſs *Minerva*, who ſo much lov'd his Father, has the ſame affection for the Son! Doubtleſs ſhe has beſtow'd on him the moſt valuable Bleſſings that the Gods can give to Mortals, in conferring on him, together with

with Wiſdom, a Heart that is ſuſceptible of friendſhip.

The body being by this time conſumed by the Flame, *Telemachus* did himſelf beſprinkle the yet ſmoaking Aſhes with a perfum'd Liquor; then he put them into a golden Urn, which he crown'd with Flowers, and carry'd that Urn to *Phalantus*, who lay ſtretch'd out, wounded in ſeveral places, and who in the extremity of his weakneſs, already had a glimpſe of the melancholy Gates of Death.

Already had *Trauſmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*, whom the Son of *Ulyſſes* had ſent to attend him, uſed their utmoſt Skill for his Relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing Soul; freſh Spirits inſenſibly revived him; a gentle and a penetrating Vigour, a Balſam of Life, inſinuated it ſelf from Vein to Vein, even to the inmoſt receſſes of his heart; an agreeable warmth drew him from the frozen hands of Death; but in the very moment that his fainting left him, grief of mind ſucceeded: he began to be ſenſible of the loſs of his Brother, which 'till then he had not been in a condition to conſider. Alas! ſaid he, why all this care to ſave my Life? Had I not better die and follow my dear *Hippias?* I ſaw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I muſt now no longer ſee thee nor hear thee, nor

nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, enemies to Mankind, muſt *Hippias* be for ever loſt to me! Is it poſſible? But is it not a dream? No, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, I have loſt thee, I have ſeen thee dye, and I muſt live; ſo long at leaſt till I have reveng'd thee: I will ſacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adraſtus*, diſtain'd with thy blood.

Whilſt *Phalantus* was thus ſpeaking, the two divine Men us'd their utmoſt endeavours to aſſwage his grief, for fear it ſhould encreaſe his ailments, and hinder the effect of their Medicines. On a ſudden, perceiving *Telemachus* before him, his heart was at firſt agitated by two contrary paſſions: He had entertain'd a deep reſentment of what had paſs'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: And this reſentment was quicken'd by his grief for the loſs of *Hippias*. On the other hand, he could not be ignorant that he ow'd the preſervation of his own life to *Telemachus*, who reſcu'd him, all bloody and half dead, out of the hands of *Adraſtus*. But when he ſaw the golden Urn, which contained the beloved Aſhes of his Brother *Hippias*; he pour'd forth a flood of Tears, he embrac'd *Telemachus* without being able to ſpeak a word: At laſt with a languiſhing Voice, interrupted with ſobs, he ſaid:

O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, your Virtue compels

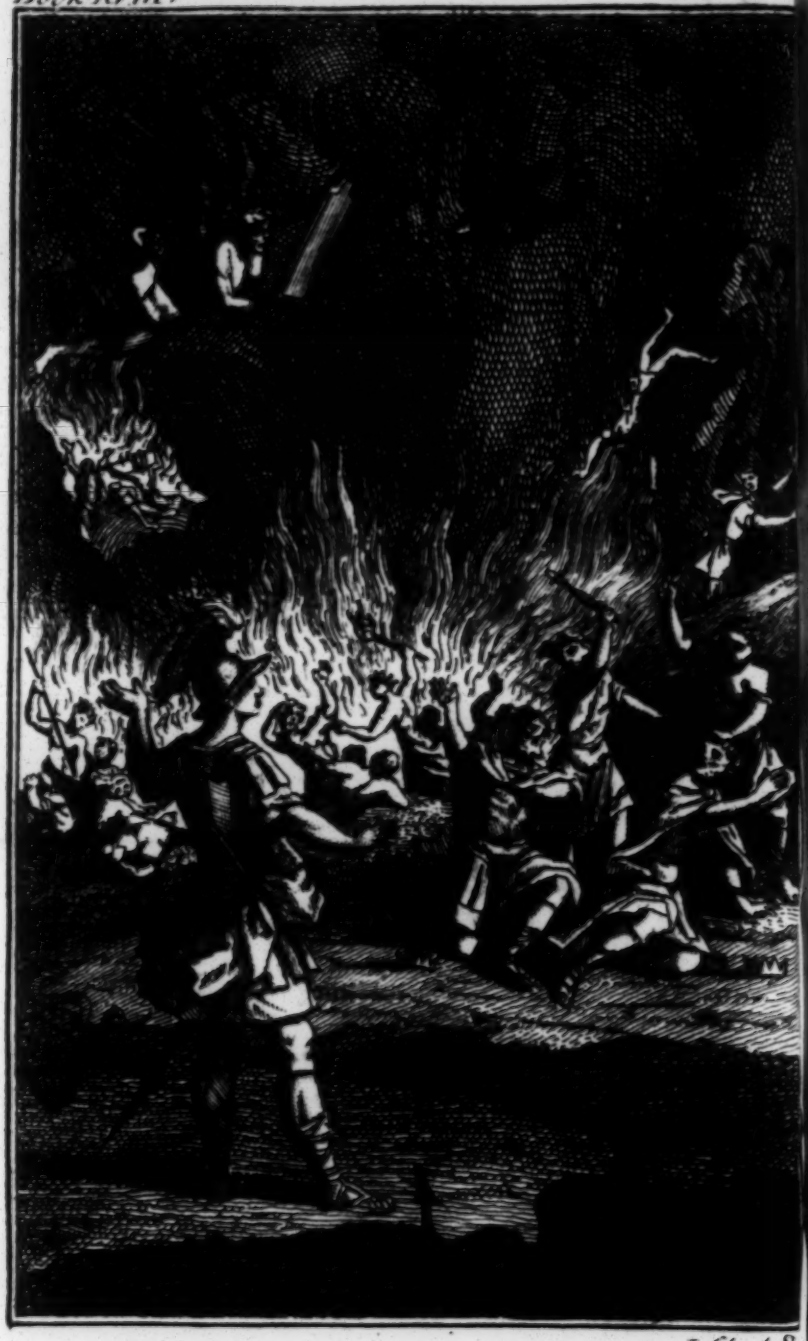
pels me to love you; to you I am beholden for this ſmall remainder of life, which is drawing towards its end: But I am ſtill beholden to you for what is far more dear to me; had you not hinder'd it, my Brother's Body had become a prey to Vultures; had it not been for you, his Ghoſt, depriv'd of Sepulture, had wander'd miſerable upon the Banks of the River *Styx*, continually repulſed by the pityleſs *Charon*. Muſt I be ſo deeply oblig'd to a Man whom I hated ſo much? Repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this load of life! And thou, *Telemachus*, perform for me the laſt duty which you performed for my Brother, that nothing may be wanting to make your Glory compleat.

At theſe words *Phalantus* was quite ſpent and overwhelm'd with exceſs of grief. *Telemachus* ſtay'd by him without daring to ſpeak, and waited till he had recover'd a little ſtrength. *Phalantus*, ſoon coming again to himſelf, takes the Urn out of *Telemachus*'s hand, kiſs'd it over and over, watering it with his tears, and ſaid: O dear, O precious Aſhes! When ſhall mine be enclos'd with you in the ſame Urn! O thou Ghoſt of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to the ſhades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us both.

Mean while *Phalantus* recover'd daily by the care of thoſe two Men endow'd with the Science of *Æſculapius*. *Telemachus* was always

ways by them, that they might uſe the more diligence in perfecting the cure; and the whole Army admir'd more his goodneſs in relieving his greateſt enemy, than the valour and conduct he had ſhew'd in Battle, when he ſav'd the Confederate Army. *Telemachus* at the ſame time was indefatigable in the moſt rugged hardſhips of War: He ſlept little, and his ſlumberings were often interrupted, either by the intelligence he receiv'd every hour, in the night as well as by day, or by viewing all parts of the Camp, which he never did twice together at the ſame hour, that he might the better ſurprize thoſe who were negligent. He would often return to his Tent cover'd o'er with ſweat and duſt: His Dyet was plain, he liv'd like the common Soldiers, that he might ſet them an example of ſobriety and patience. Proviſions growing ſcarce in that Incampment, he judg'd it neceſſary to ſtop the murmurings of the Soldiers, by voluntarily ſharing with them the ſame inconveniences they underwent. His Body, inſtead of being weaken'd by ſo painful a life, every day became ſtronger and more harden'd: He began to loſe thoſe tender Graces which are, as it were, the bloom of Youth: His complexion grew brown, and leſs delicate, and his limbs leſs ſoft, and more nervous.

THE



J. Clark S.

Telemachus *passes through* Tartarus.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *being, by various Dreams, perſwaded that his Father is no longer among the Living, reſolves to put in execution his Deſign of going to look for him in the Infernal Regions. Hereupon he ſteals away from the Camp, attended by two* Cretans *as far as a Temple near the famous Cavern of* Acherontia: *He goes through Darkneſs to the bottom of it; arrives on the Banks of the* Styx, *and* Charon *receives him into his Boat. He makes application to* Pluto, *who permits him to look for his Father. He croſſes the* Tartarus, *where he ſees the Torments inflicted on the ungrateful, perjur'd* Hypocrites, *and eſpecially on bad Kings.*

MEAN while, *Adraſtus*, whoſe Troops had been conſiderably diminiſh'd in the Battle, had poſted himſelf behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming up of ſeveral Reinforcements, and try once more to ſurprize the Enemy, like a famiſh'd Lyon, which having been repulſed from the Sheepfold, returns again into the ſhady Foreſts, and re-enters his Den, where he whets his teeth and claws, waiting for a favourable opportunity to deſtroy the whole Flock.

Telemachus, having taken care to eſtabliſh a ſtrict Diſcipline throughout the whole Army, apply'd himſelf now ſolely to execute a Deſign he had already form'd, and which he conceal'd from all the Commanders. He had been for a conſiderable time diſturb'd every night with Dreams that repreſented to him his Father *Ulyſſes*. His dear Image ever return'd towards the end of the night, before *Aurora* with her dawning Light began to chaſe from Heaven the wandering Stars, and from the Earth gentle Sleep, attended with fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he fanſy'd he ſaw *Ulyſſes* naked in one of the fortunate Iſlands, on a River's Bank, in a Meadow enamell'd with Flowers, and ſurrounded by Nymphs who threw Garments on him to cover

cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a Palace glittering with Gold and Ivory, where he was liſten'd to with Pleaſure and Admiration by Men crown'd with Garlands. At other times *Ulyſſes* appear'd to him of a ſudden, amidſt the bright Joy and Delights of a Feaſt; where he thought to hear the ſoft harmony of a Voice with a Harp more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muſes.

Telemachus awaking would grow melancholy upon the recollection of theſe agreeable Dreams. Oh my Father! Oh my dear Father *Ulyſſes!* cry'd he; the moſt frightful Dreams had been pleaſanter to me. Theſe Images of Felicity give me to underſtand, that you are already deſcended to the Manſion of bleſſed Souls, in which the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquility: Methinks I ſee the Elyſian Fields: O how uneaſy a thing it is to hope no more! Oh my deareſt Father, ſhall I never ſee you more! never again embrace him who lov'd me ſo tenderly, and whom I ſeek after with ſo much Pain and Toil! Shall I never again hear the Voice of that Mouth which us'd to pour forth Wiſdom! Shall I never again kiſs thoſe hands, thoſe precious, thoſe victorious Hands by which ſo many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never puniſh the fooliſh Lovers of *Penelope?* And muſt *Ithaca* never riſe again

from her Ruins? Oh ye Gods, who are Enemies to my Father, it is you who ſend me theſe fatal Dreams, to tear from my heart all hope, which is the ſame as if you tore Life it ſelf from me! No, I can no longer live in this Uncertainty: Alas! What ſay I? I am but too well aſſur'd that my Father is no more: I'll go even to the Infernal Shades to find out his Ghoſt. *Theſeus* went thither with good ſucceſs; the impious *Theſeus* who durſt offer violence to the infernal Deities, whereas I am led thither by a motive of Piety. *Hercules* deſcended thither: I am not *Hercules*, but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus*, by the recital of his Misfortunes, moved the heart of that God, who they ſay, is inexorable; he obtain'd leave for *Eurydice* to return to the Living. I have a juſter claim to compaſſion than *Orpheus*, for my Loſs is much greater. Who will compare a young Girl, who had nothing extraordinary, with the ſage *Ulyſſes* admir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let us dye, if it muſt be ſo: Why ſhould we fear Death, when we ſuffer ſo much in Life? O *Pluto*, O *Proſerpine*, I will ſoon try whether you are ſo pitileſs as you are reported to be! O my Father, after having in vain travell'd o'er land and ſea to find you out, I will go ſee whether you are in the melancholy abodes of the Dead: Though the Gods refuſe me the pleaſure of enjoying the

ſight

ſight of you upon Earth, and in the light of the Sun; perhaps they may not refuſe me the ſight of your Ghoſt in the Kingdom of Darkneſs.

As *Telemachus* was ſpeaking theſe words he bedew'd his bed with tears; then preſently he aroſe and endeavour'd by enjoyment of the Light to mitigate that ſharp Sorrow which his Dreams had occaſion'd; but it was an Arrow which had pierc'd his heart, and which he continually carry'd about with him. In this anguiſh he took a Reſolution to deſcend into the Lower Regions by a famous place not far from the Camp; it is called *Acherontia*, becauſe in this place there is a dreadful Cave which leads down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themſelves are cautious how they ſwear. The Town was plac'd on a Rock, like a Neſt on the top of a Tree: At the foot of the Rock was this Cavern, which fearful Mortals did not adventure to come near: The Shepherds were watchful to turn their Flocks from going that way: The ſulphureous Vapours of the *Stygian* Lake, inceſſantly exhaling through this Paſſage, tainted the ambient Air; around it grew neither Herb nor Flower: There none ever felt the gentle Fannings of the Zephyrs, or ſaw the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich Gifts of Autumn: The parch'd ground look'd languiſhing, and

nothing was to be ſeen but ſome few leafleſs Shrubs, and fatal Cypreſs-trees. Even at a diſtance from the place, *Ceres* deny'd her golden Harveſt to the Labourers. In vain did *Bacchus* ſeem to promiſe his delicious Fruits: The Grapes wither'd inſtead of ripening. The melancholy *Naides* could not conduct a limpid Stream; their Waves were bitter and muddy. No warbling Bird was heard in this Deſart o'ergrown with thorns and brambles; no Grove was there to ſhelter the feather'd Choriſters; they went and ſung their Loves beneath a milder Sky. Nothing was heard there but the croaking of the Ravens, and the Owl's hideous voice: The very Graſs was bitter, and the Flocks which fed thereon, did not feel that kindly joy which uſes to make them skip. The Bull flew from the Heifer, and the dejected Shepherd forgot his pipe and flute.

Out of this Cavern there frequently iſſued forth a black thick Smoke, which made a ſort of Night at Mid-day. At ſuch times the neighbouring People renew'd their Sacrifices to appeaſe the infernal Deities; but oftentimes Men, in the flower of their Age, and in the bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which theſe cruel Deities took pleaſure to ſacrifice by a fatal Contagion.

It was here that *Telemachus* reſolv'd to find out the way into the black Abode of *Pluto*.

Minerva,

Minerva, who never ceas'd watching over him, and who had cover'd him with her Ægis, had beſpoke *Pluto*'s favour in his behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the requeſt of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every day goes down to the Regions below, to deliver into *Charon*'s hands a certain number of Mortals) to deſire the King of the Shades, that he would permit the Son of *Ulyſſes* to come within his Dominions.

Telemachus, by favour of the night, ſteals away from the Camp; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who in the heavens appears the bright planet of the night, on earth is the chaſte *Diana*, and in Hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddeſs heard his prayers with a favourable ear, becauſe his heart was righteous, and becauſe he was led by the pious love of a dutiful Son.

Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the Cave, when he heard the Roarings of the ſubterranean Empire: The earth trembled under him, and the heavens arm'd themſelves with lightning and fire, which ſeem'd to fall on the earth. The young Son of *Ulyſſes* was ſurpriz'd and troubled, and his whole body was cover'd with a cold ſweat; but his Courage ſupported him; he lifted up his hands and eyes towards Heaven. Great Gods, cry'd he, I accept theſe happy Omens,

compleat your work. He ſpoke, and redoubling his pace, went boldly forward.

In an inſtant the thick ſmoke, which render'd the entry of the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that came near it, was diſſipated; the poyſonous ſmell ceaſed for a while; and *Telemachus* enter'd alone, for what other Mortal durſt follow him? Two *Cretans* who had accompany'd him to a certain diſtance from the Cave, and whom he had made privy to his deſign, ſtood trembling and half dead a great way from it, in a Temple, pouring forth Prayers, and never expecting to ſee *Telemachus* again.

Mean while, the Son of *Ulyſſes*, with his Sword in his hand, ruſhes into this horrible darkneſs; preſently he perceives a dim and faint light, ſuch as we ſee in the night-time on earth. He obſerves the nimble Ghoſts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his Sword: Not long after he eſpies the melancholy banks of the marſhy River, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh Waters turn in a continual Whirl-pool: He diſcovers upon the banks of it an innumerable croud of departed Souls, who being deſtitute of burial, appear in vain before the unrelenting *Charon*. This Deity, who through eternal old Age is peeviſh and fretful, tho' ſtill vigorous, anſwers them with nothing but threats and repulſes; but at firſt ſight admits into his Boat

Boat the young *Greek*. *Telemachus* had no ſooner enter'd it, than he heard the mournful groanings of a certain diſconſolate Ghoſt.

What is the cauſe, ſaid he, of your miſery? What were you upon earth? I was, reply'd the Ghoſt, *Nabopharzar*, King of proud *Babylon*: All the People in the eaſt trembled at the very ſound of my name. I made the *Babylonians* worſhip me in a Temple of Marble, where I was repreſented by a Statue of Gold, before which they burn'd night and day the moſt precious perfumes of *Æthiopia*: None ever durſt to contradict me, but he was immediately puniſh'd for it: Freſh diverſions were every day invented, to render life more delightful to me. I was yet young and vigorous: O what ſatisfaction, what luſcious enjoyments I had yet to taſte in that exalted condition! But a Woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me ſenſible that I was not a God. She poyſon'd me, and now I am nothing. Yeſterday my Aſhes were with great ſolemnity put into a golden Urn. The People wept, they tore their hair, and ſeem'd as if they would throw themſelves into the flames of my funeral Pile, and ſhare my fate: Some are ſtill going to mourn at the foot of the magnificent Tomb, where my Aſhes are laid; but no Body does really lament the loſs of me; even my own Family have my memory in abhorrence, and

here below I begin already to ſuffer the moſt outragious abuſes.

Telemachus, mov'd at this ſight, ſaid to him: Were you truly happy during your Reign? Did you feel that kindly Peace without which the heart remains always ſhrunk and blaſted, as it were, amidſt the greateſt pleaſures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*, I don't ſo much as know what you mean: The *Sages* extol this Peace as the only good; but for my part I never felt it. My heart was inceſſantly ruffled with freſh deſires, with fear and with hope. I endeavour'd to ſtupify my ſelf by the violent agitation of my Paſſions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating frenzy to make it laſting: The leaſt Interval of calm reaſon had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the Peace which I enjoy'd; all other I took to be a meer Fable and a Dream: Theſe are the Bleſſings which I regret.

In ſpeaking this, the *Babylonian* wept like a puſillanimous poor-ſpirited Wretch, enervated by proſperity, and unaccuſtom'd to bear misfortunes with reſolution. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been ſlain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them into *Charon*'s hands, together with their King, and had given them abſolute power over him, who, when on earth, was their maſter. The Ghoſts of theſe Slaves now no more ſtood in awe of the Ghoſt of

Nabopharzan:

Nabopharzan: They kept him in chains, and offer'd him the moſt cruel Indignities. One would ſay to him, were we not Men as well as Thee? How cameſt thou to be ſo ſenſeleſs as to fanſy thy ſelf a God? Ought'ſt thou not to have remember'd that thou wert but fleſh and blood like other Men? Another, in an inſulting manner ſaid to him, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a Man, for thou wert a Monſter void of all humanity. Another would ſay to him, Well, what is now become of thy flatterers? Thou haſt now nothing to beſtow, poor wretch! 'Tis out of thy power to do any more miſchief; thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves; the Gods are ſure, tho' ſlow, in executing Juſtice.

At theſe harſh expreſſions *Nabopharzan* flung himſelf flat on his face, tearing his hair thro' exceſs of Rage and Deſperation; but *Charon* ſaid to the Slaves, pull him by his chain, raiſe him up in ſpite of his teeth; he ſhall not have ſo much as the ſatisfaction to conceal his ſhame; it muſt be ſeen by all the Ghoſts about *Styx*, that they may bear witneſs of it, and abſolve the Gods, who ſo long ſuffer'd this impious wretch to reign upon the earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy ſorrow: Prepare thyſelf for thy tryal before the inflexible *Minos*, Judge of the Infernal Regions.

While

While the dreadful *Charon* was thus ſpeaking, his Boat reach'd the ſhore of *Pluto*'s Empire. All the Ghoſts came thronging to view this living Man, that appear'd in the Boat among the dead: But ſcarce had *Telemachus* landed, 'ere they all fled away like the ſhades of night, which are diſſipated by the firſt glimpſe of the day. *Charon*, with a brow leſs wrinkled, and eyes leſs fierce than uſual, ſaid to the young *Greek*: O Mortal, favourite of the Gods, ſince it is given thee to enter into the Kingdom of Night, inacceſſible to other living Men, make haſte and go where the Deſtinies call thee; go thro' this gloomy path to the Palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his Throne: He will permit thee to enter into thoſe Places, the Secrets of which I am not allow'd to diſcover.

Upon this *Telemachus* advances with a quick pace; he ſees on all ſides of him multitudes of hovering Ghoſts, more numerous than the Sands that cover the Sea-ſhore. Amidſt the hurry of this infinite croud; he is ſeiz'd with a divine horror, obſerving the profound ſilence of theſe vaſt Regions. His hair ſtood an end ſo ſoon as he reach'd the melancholy Manſion of the pityleſs *Pluto*; his Knees tremble, his Voice fails him, and it was not without great difficulty he pronounc'd theſe words to the God: You ſee, O terrible Deity, the Son of the unhappy *Ulyſſes*:

Ulyſſes: I come to enquire of you whether my Father is deſcended into your Dominions, or whether he is ſtill wandering upon the earth?

Pluto was ſeated on a Throne of Ebony; his complexion was pale and ſevere; his eyes hollow, but ſparkling with fire; his face wrinkled and menacing. The ſight of a living Man was as odious to him, as the light is offenſive to the eyes of thoſe Creatures, that are accuſtom'd to keep within their receſſes till the approach of night. By his ſide appear'd *Proſerpine*, who alone commanded his affections, and who ſeem'd in ſome meaſure to ſoften his heart. She enjoy'd an ever-blooming Beauty; but her divine graces ſeem'd to be ſomewhat tarniſh'd by a certain harſh and ſtern air, which ſhe had contracted from her Conſort.

At the foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his ſharp-edged Scythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black cares, cruel jealouſies, revenges glutted with blood and full of wounds; unjuſt hatred, covetouſneſs gnawing it ſelf, deſpair tearing itſelf with its own hands, wild ambition that puts every thing in combuſtion, treaſon that feeds upon blood, and cannot enjoy the fruits of its wickedneſs; envy that pours forth her deadly venom all around her, and who grows outragiouſly mad when

when ſhe is unable to do any hurt, impiety digging a bottomleſs pit, and deſperately throwing herſelf into it, hideous Spectres, Phantoms that aſſume the ſhapes of the dead to frighten the living, dreadful wakings no leſs tormenting than ſad dreams: With all theſe direful Images was the fierce *Pluto* ſurrounded, and with theſe were his Palace fill'd: He anſwer'd *Telemachus* with a hollow voice that made the bottom of *Erebus* to roar: Young mortal, Deſtiny has made thee violate this ſacred ſanctuary of the Ghoſts: follow thy high Deſtiny: I will not tell thee where thy Father is; 'tis enough, thou art free to go look for him; ſince he has been a King upon earth, thou haſt no more to do but to traverſe, on the one hand, that part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked Kings are puniſhed; and, on the other, the *Elyſian* fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'ſt not paſs from hence into the *Elyſian* fields, till thou haſt gone through *Tartarus*; make haſte thither, and get you out of my Dominions.

With this *Telemachus* ſeems to fly through thoſe void and immenſe ſpaces, ſo impatient was he to ſeek his Father, and to avoid the preſence of that horrible Tyrant, dreaded both by the living and the dead. He preſently finds himſelf on the borders of the melancholy *Tartarus*, from whence there aroſe

roſe a black and thick ſmoke, whoſe peſtilential ſtench would have brought preſent death with it, if it had reach'd the abodes of the living: This ſmoke ſate upon a river of flaming Fire, the noiſe whereof, like that of the moſt impetuous Cataracts falling from ſome ſteep Rock into a bottomleſs Pit, ſtruck thoſe almoſt deaf that enter'd into thoſe diſmal places.

Telemachus, ſecretly encourag'd by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this Gulph. At firſt he perceiv'd a great number of Men, who had liv'd in the meaneſt condition, and who were puniſh'd for having heap'd up riches by fraud, treachery and cruelty. He obſerv'd great numbers of impious Hypocrites, who, making as if they had lov'd Religion, employ'd it as a fair pretext to cover their ambition, and to impoſe upon the credulous: Theſe Men, who had abus'd Virtue itſelf (the greateſt gift the Gods have to give) were puniſh'd as the moſt villainous of all Mankind. The Children who had kill'd their Fathers or Mothers, Wives who had imbru'd their hands in the blood of their Husbands; Traytors who had ſacrificed their Country after they had violated all the moſt ſolemn Oaths, were leſs ſeverely puniſh'd than theſe hypocrites. Such was the ſentence of the three Infernal Judges, which was grounded upon this; becauſe, the hypocrites not thinking

ing it enough to be ill, like the reſt of the wicked, would paſs for good Men, and ſo by their counterfeit virtue they make others ſhy of truſting thoſe who are really virtuous. The Gods, whom they mock'd, and whom they make deſpicable in the eyes of Men, take delight in exerciſing their whole power to revenge ſuch inſults.

Near to theſe appear'd another ſort of Men, whom the vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine vengeance puniſhes without mercy. Theſe are the ungrateful, the lyars, the flatterers, who commend vice; the malicious cenſurers, who endeavour to ſully the brighteſt virtue; in fine, thoſe who have raſhly paſs'd Sentence without thorowly conſidering things, and thereby have prejudiced the reputation of the innocent. But of all ingratitudes, that which was puniſh'd as the blackeſt, is that which is committed againſt the Gods: What, ſaid *Minos*, ſhall a Man be reputed a Monſter that fails in his acknowledgments to his Father, or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd aſſiſtance, and ſhall Men glory in their ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold life, and all the benefits belonging to it? Do they not owe their Being to them more than to the Parents of whom they are born? The more ſuch crimes are excuſed upon earth, the more they become objects of

venge-

vengeance here below, where nothing can eſcape the Teſt.

Telemachus ſeeing the three Judges paſſing Sentence upon a Man, took the liberty to ask them, what were his crimes? The criminal immediately taking upon himſelf to anſwer, cry'd out: I never did the leaſt evil; on the contrary, I plac'd my greateſt happineſs in doing good: I ever was generous, liberal, juſt, compaſſionate; what have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* anſwer'd: We have nothing to accuſe thee of with reſpect to Men, but didſt thou not owe to them far leſs than to the Gods? Where is then that Juſtice thou ſo much bragg'ſt of? Thou haſt fail'd in nothing towards Men, who are nothing; thou haſt been virtuous; but thou haſt referr'd all thy virtue to thy ſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee. Thou hadſt a mind to enjoy the fruits of thy own proper virtue, and made it center in thy ſelf: Thou haſt been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who were the creators of all things, and who have made nothing but for themſelves, cannot renounce their right. As thou didſt forget them, ſo they will forget thee, and ſurrender thee up to thy ſelf; ſince for thy ſelf thou liv'dſt, and not for them. Find now (if thou canſt) conſolation in thy own heart. Thou art now for ever ſeparated from the company of Men, whom thou didſt

ſtudy

ſtudy ſo much to pleaſe; thou art now alone with thy ſelf, thy own idol: Know that there is no true virtue without the reverence and love of the Gods, to whom every thing is due: Thy ſham goodneſs, which has ſo long dazzled the eyes of credulous Mankind, ſhall now be put to confuſion. Men who judge of Virtue and Vice only with reſpect to their own Conveniency, or Inconveniency, are blind both as to Good and Evil; but in this place a divine Light overthrows all their ſuperficial Opinions, condemning what they admire, and juſtifying what they condemn.

At theſe words the Philoſopher, as if he had been thunderſtruck, could no longer endure himſelf; the Complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own Moderation, Courage and Generoſity, were now turn'd into Deſpair; the review of his own heart, which had been ſo falſe to the Gods, became his Puniſhment. He ſees himſelf, and ſpight of all he can do, is not able to turn his Eyes from the hateful Object: He now ſees the Vanity of the Opinions of Men, whom, in all his Actions, he had ſtudy'd to pleaſe. There is an univerſal Revolution of every thing within him, as if all his Entrails were turn'd up-ſide down; he is no more the ſame Man; his Heart no longer gives him Support or Comfort; his Conſcience, whoſe Teſtimony was formerly ſo pleaſing

pleaſing to him, flies in his face, and terribly upbraids him with the Deceit and Illuſion of all his Virtues, which had not the worſhip of the Gods either for their Principle or their Object. He is troubled, diſorder'd, fill'd with Shame, Remorſe and Deſpair: The Furies, indeed, do not torment him; becauſe they thought it enough to have deliver'd him up to himſelf; and his own heart ſufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had deſpis'd: Since he cannot hide himſelf from himſelf, he ſeeks the darkeſt places to hide himſelf from others: He courts darkneſs, but cannot find it; a troubleſome light purſues him every where; every where the piercing rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly now becomes loathſome to him, as being the Source of his Miſeries which are never to have an end. He ſays to himſelf: Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods, nor Mankind, nor my ſelf: No, I have been ignorant of every thing, ſince I never lov'd the only and true Good: Every ſtep I took was wrong; my Wiſdom was nothing but Folly, and my Virtue nothing but impious and fooliſh Pride; for I idoliz'd nothing but my ſelf.

At laſt *Telemachus* eſpy'd thoſe Kings that were puniſh'd for having abus'd their power. On one hand, a vindictive Fury held up to them, a Mirror which repreſented to them all

all their Vices in their full deformity: There they ſaw, in ſpite of themſelves, their fulſome Vanity that greedily ſwallow'd down the groſſeſt Flattery; their hard-heartedneſs towards Men, for whoſe benefit they were born; their Inſenſibility of Virtue; their Dread to hear the Truth; their Love of baſe Men and Flatterers; their Inapplication, their Effeminacy, their Sloth, their Jealouſy, their Pride, their exceſſive Pomp built upon the Ruin of their People; their Ambition to purchaſe a little vain Glory with the Blood of their Subjects: In fine, their Cruelty, which every day hunts out for new Pleaſures amidſt the Tears and Diſtreſſes of ſo many unhappy Wretches. In this Mirror they inceſſantly behold themſelves under Images more dreadful and monſtrous than the Chimera that was vanquiſh'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lernæan* Hydra, which was deſtroy'd by *Hercules*, or than *Cerberus* himſelf, though he diſgorges from his three-gaping Throats a black and venomous Gore, capable to infect the whole Race of Mankind with poyſonous Exhalations.

At the ſame time, on the other hand, another Fury did inſultingly repeat to them the Encomiums which their Flatterers had beſtow'd on them while alive, and preſented another Mirror, wherein they ſaw themſelves under the ſame Repreſentations as Flattery had deſcribed them. The oppoſition of theſe

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ſo contrary Portraits, was the puniſhment of their Vanity. It was obſervable, that the moſt wicked of theſe Kings were ſuch, as during their lives, had receiv'd the moſt exalted Praiſes; becauſe the Evil are more dreaded than the Good, and ſhameleſsly exact the ſordid and nauſeous Flatteries of the Poets and Orators of their Time.

You might hear them groan in this profound darkneſs, where they can ſee nothing but the Mockings and Inſults which they are oblig'd to ſuffer. They have none about them but ſuch as repulſe, contradict and oppoſe them; whereas on Earth they ſported themſelves with the Lives of Men, and pretended that all things were made for them alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious humours of certain Slaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the ſeverities of a cruel Bondage; their Slavery is painful, nor have they the leaſt hopes of being ever able to mitigate their Captivity. Under the laſh of thoſe Slaves, now become their Tyrants, they ſeem like the Anvil beneath the hammers of the Cyclops, when *Vulcan* preſſes them on to work in the glowing Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous, and melancholy Countenances, occaſion'd by gnawing Grief, which the Criminals feel within themſelves, nor can they any more deliver

deliver themſelves from this Horror, than from their own very Nature. They need no other Puniſhment for their Crimes than their Crimes themſelves, which inceſſantly ſtare them in the face, with all their moſt aggravating Circumſtances: They preſent themſelves to them like horrible Apparitions, they purſue them, whilſt thoſe who are purſu'd, in order to ſecure themſelves, call for a Death more powerful than that which ſeparated them from their Bodies. In the height of their Deſpair they court a Death that may extinguiſh in them all Senſe and Thought: They call upon the Deep to ſwallow them up, that they may be reſcu'd from the avenging Beams of Truth, which perſecutes them; but they are reſerv'd for a Vengeance which diſtils upon them drop by drop, and will never be dry'd up. The Truth, which they dreaded to ſee, now becomes their Puniſhment; they ſee it, but whilſt it flies in their face, the ſight of it pierces them, tears them to pieces, and puts them beſides themſelves; 'tis like the Lightning, which, without deſtroying the outſide, penetrates to the inmoſt parts of the Bowels. Like to Metal in a flaming Furnace, the Soul is as it were liquify'd in this avenging Fire; its texture is deſtroy'd, and yet there is nothing conſum'd; it diſſolves even the very firſt Principles of Life, and yet it is impoſſible for it to dye: They are torn

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from themſelves, and can find neither eaſe nor comfort for the leaſt minute: They ſubſiſt only by their Rage againſt themſelves, and by a Deſpair which makes them furious.

Among the many Objects which made *Telemachus*'s hair ſtand erect, he ſaw ſeveral of the ancient Kings of *Lydia* puniſh'd, for having preferr'd a lazy, to a laborious Life, which ought to be inſeparable from Royalty, for the eaſe of the People.

Theſe Kings reproach'd each other for their Follies: One of them ſaid to another, who had been his Son, did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and ſinking to my Grave, to take care to redreſs thoſe Miſchiefs which I had committed through negligence? O unhappy Father, reply'd the Son, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your example that inſpired me with Pride, Arrogance, and Cruelty to Mankind. While I ſaw you reign in ſo indolent a manner, and ſurrounded with ſo many baſe Flatterers, I grew fond of Flattery and Pleaſure: I thought the reſt of Men were, in reſpect of Kings, what Horſes and other Beaſts of burden are in regard to Men; that is to ſay, Beaſts, which are no otherwiſe eſteem'd, than as they are ſerviceable and miniſter to our conveniency: This was my opinion; it was from you I deriv'd it, and now I endure all theſe Miſeries for imitating your example.

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From theſe Reproaches, they proceeded to the moſt dreadful Curſes; and were ſo enraged, that they ſeem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal.

Around theſe Kings there likewiſe hover'd, like Owls in the night-time, cruel Suſpicions, vain Allarms, Diffidences which revenge Subjects upon their inhuman Kings, inſatiable thirſt of Riches, a falſe Glory that is ever tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy, which doubles all the Evils one ſuffers, without ever being able to afford any ſolid Pleaſure. Many of theſe Kings were ſeverely puniſh'd, not for the Ill they had done, but for the Good they ought to have done: All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from remiſſneſs in executing the Laws, were imputed to the Kings, who ought to reign for no other end, but to make the Laws reign thro' their Miniſtry. They were likewiſe charg'd with all the Diſorders, which ariſe from Pride, Luxury, and all other Exceſſes which throw Men into a ſtate of Violence, and tempt them to tranſgreſs the Laws to acquire Wealth. Above all, thoſe Kings were treated with great rigour, who inſtead of being good and vigilant Shepherds over the People, thought of nothing but how to worry their Flocks like ſo many voracious Wolves.

But that which moſt troubled and ſurpriz'd *Telemachus* was, to ſee in this Abyſs of Darkneſs

neſs and Miſery, a great many Kings, who had paſs'd on Earth for tolerably good Princes, now condemn'd to the pains of *Tartarus*, for ſuffering themſelves to be overrul'd by wicked and deſigning Men: Theſe were puniſh'd for the Evils which they had ſuffer'd to be committed by their Authority: Moſt of theſe Kings were neither good nor wicked, their Weakneſs was ſo great; they never had dreaded being kept in ignorance of the Truth; they never had a reliſh for Virtue, nor plac'd their Glory in doing Good.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *enters the Elyſian Fields, where he is known again by* Arceſius, *his Great-Grand-Father, who aſſures him, That* Ulyſſes *is among the living; that he will ſee him again in* Ithaca; *and that he will reign there after his Father.* Arceſius *deſcribes to him the Felicity which juſt Men enjoy, particularly good Kings, who during their Lives have worſhipped the Gods, and conſulted the Happineſs of their Subjects. He makes him take notice, that the Heroes who excelled only in the Art of making War, are far leſs happy in a ſeparate Place. He gives Inſtructions to* Telemachus; *after which the latter goes back to rejoyn with ſpeed the Confederate Camp.*

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Telemachus *arrives at ye Elysian Fields.*

NO ſooner had *Telemachus* got out of this Place, but he felt himſelf as much eaſed as if a huge Mountain had been remov'd off his Breaſt: By this he was convinced of the Miſery of thoſe who are ſhut up there, without hope of being ever releaſed. He ſhiver'd with horror, in obſerving how much Kings were more grievouſly tormented than other Criminals. What, ſaid he, ſo many Duties, ſo many Perils, ſo many Snares, ſo many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, to guard againſt others, and againſt one's ſelf too, and at laſt ſo many horrible tortures in Hell, after having been ſo envy'd, ſo worry'd, and ſo thwarted in a ſhort courſe of Life! Oh how void of Senſe is the Man who courts a Crown! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable manner of Life, wherein he may with more eaſe be virtuous!

In making theſe Reflections, his Mind was troubled and diſorder'd; he was brought under a Conſternation which made him feel ſomething of that Deſpair thoſe miſerable Princes ſuffer'd, whoſe wretched condition he had been conſidering. But the further he made off from theſe Territories of Darkneſs, Horror and Deſpair, his Courage began gra-

dually to revive; he breathed anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a diſtance that kindly and pure Light, which ſtream'd from the Manſions of the Heroes.

Here reſided all thoſe virtuous Kings, who till that time had govern'd Mankind, being ſeparated from other good Men. As wicked Princes were infinitely more ſeverely puniſh'd in *Tartarus* than thoſe of inferior condition; ſo theſe good Kings enjoy'd, in the *Elyſian* Fields, a happineſs infinitely exceeding that of the reſt of Mankind, who had devoted themſelves to Virtue, when upon earth.

Telemachus advances towards theſe Kings, who were in odoriferous Groves on the ever freſh and flowery Green: A thouſand little Rivulets water'd this beauteous place with a Cryſtal Stream, which imparted a delicious freſhneſs all around: An infinite number of Birds made thoſe Groves reſound with their melodious chirping and ſinging: Here were ſeen at once the Flowers of the Spring growing up beneath one's feet, and the rich Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees over head: Here was never felt the ſcorching heat of the Dog-Star, nor durſt the bleak North Winds dare to breathe forth the rigours of Winter. Neither War that thirſts after Blood, nor cruel Envy that bites with an invenom'd Tooth, and carries twiſted Vipers

pers in her boſom, and wreath'd about her Arms; nor Jealouſies, Diſtruſts, Fears, nor vain deſires did ever approach this bleſſed Manſion of Peace: Here the Day knows no end, and the Night with her ſable Veil is utterly unknown; a pure, agreeable Light ſpreads it ſelf round the Bodies of theſe righteous Men, and ſurrounds them with its rays like a Garment: It is not like that which lightens the eyes of miſerable Mortals, and which compar'd to this, is no better than Darkneſs: It is rather a Celeſtial Glory than a Light, for it penetrates more ſubtilly the thickeſt body, than the Beams of the Sun can pierce the pureſt Cryſtal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, ſtrengthens the Eyes, and produces in the inmoſt receſſes of the Soul, an inexpreſſible Serenity. It is this alone that nouriſhes thoſe bleſſed Men; it comes out of them, and goes back into them; it penetrates into them, and incorporates it ſelf with them, as Food with us; they ſee it, they feel it, they breathe it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible Fountain of Peace and Joy to ſpring up in their Souls: They plunge into this Abyſs of Joy as Fiſhes into the Sea; they deſire nothing; they have all things without having any thing, for the reliſh of this pure Light ſatisfies the hunger of their Souls; their utmoſt Wiſhes are gratified, and their plenitude raiſes them above all that

empty hungry Minds court upon Earth: All the Pleaſures that ſurround them do not affect them, becauſe their conſummate happineſs, which proceeds from within them, admits no Senſe of any Delights to enter from without: Juſt as the Gods, who ſatisfied with *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, would reject and nauſeate thoſe groſs Meats, which the moſt exquiſite Table of Mortals could ſet before them. All Evils fly away from theſe calm Abodes: Death, Sickneſs, Poverty, Pain, Lamentation, Remorſe, Fear, and Hope too, (which often is as painful to us as Fear) Diviſions, Diſguſts and Vexations can find no acceſs there.

The lofty Mountains of *Thrace*, which with their Brows, cover'd with everlaſting Snow, do ſplit the Clouds, might ſooner be overturn'd from their foundations, which are fix'd in the center of the Earth, than the hearts of theſe righteous Men be mov'd in the leaſt degree; only they compaſſionate the Inhabitants of the earth for the Miſeries that oppreſs them; but then it is ſuch a ſweet and calm kind of Compaſſion, as alters not in the leaſt their unchangeable Felicity. Eternal Youth, endleſs Happineſs, and all-divine Glory are impreſs'd on their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is wanton or indecent: It is a noble, majeſtick Joy; it is a ſublime taſte of Truth and Virtue

Virtue that tranſports them; they are every moment, without interruption, ſeiz'd with ſuch an elevation of heart, as is felt by a tender Mother at the ſight of her beloved Son whom ſhe had given over for dead: But this Rapture, which ſoon withdraws from ſuch a Mother's heart, never forſakes the Souls of theſe Men; it never decays in the leaſt, it is always freſh and new; they have the tranſports of Inebriation, without the diſorder and ſtupefaction of it: They diſcourſe together of what they ſee and taſte, they trample under foot the fond Delights and vain Pomps of their former Conditions, which they deplore; they with pleaſure reflect on thoſe ſad but ſhort years, wherein they were oblig'd to ſtruggle againſt their own Inclinations, and the torrent of corrupt Men, to become virtuous: They admire the aſſiſtance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the hand, in the paths of Virtue, thro' a multitude of Perils; ſomething unſpeakably Divine runs inceſſantly through their hearts, like a flood of the Divine Nature it ſelf, which unites it ſelf to them: They ſee, they feel that they are happy, and are ſenſible they ſhall always be ſo; they all ſing the Praiſes of the Gods, and all of them together make but one Voice, one Thought, one Heart, one Felicity, which is like a flux and reflux in theſe united Souls: While they enjoy theſe divine Raptures,

whole Ages glide away more ſwiftly than hours do with Mortals here on earth; and yet a thouſand and a thouſand Ages, when elapſed, do not in the leaſt diminiſh their felicity, which is always new, and alway entire: They all reign together, not on ſuch thrones as the hand of Man can overturn, but in themſelves with a power that can never be ſhaken; for now they have no more need to make themſelves formidable, by a power borrow'd from a vile and miſerable People; nor do they any longer wear thoſe vain Diadems, beneath whoſe dazzling luſtre lurk ſo many fears and melancholy cares: The Gods themſelves have placed on their heads ſuch Crowns, whoſe glory nothing can ever tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was in queſt of his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in theſe Regions, was ſo raviſh'd with this taſte of peace and felicity, that he could have wiſh'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd, that he himſelf ſhould be forc'd to return again into the Society of Mortals: Here it is, ſaid he, that true life is to be found, and what on earth is call'd Life is nothing but Death: But what ſurpriz'd him was, his ſeeing ſo many Kings puniſh'd in *Tartarus*, and ſo few bleſs'd in the Elyſian Fields. This convinc'd him that there are but few Kings who are firm and couragious enough

enough to withſtand their own power, and to reject the Flattery of ſo many Men who ſtudy to excite all their Paſſions; ſo that good Kings muſt needs be very rare, and the greateſt part are ſo wicked, that the Gods would not be juſt, if, when they have ſuffered them to abuſe their power during their life, they ſhould not chaſtiſe them after their death.

Telemachus, not finding his Father among theſe Kings, look'd about him to ſee if he could find at leaſt his Grandfather the divine *Laertes*. Whilſt he was looking for him in vain, a venerable majeſtick old Man made up to him. He did not look like one that was depreſs'd with Age: One might perceive only that he was old before he dy'd: His old Age was only a mixture of all the Gravity of numerous years, with all the graces of Youth; for thoſe graces revive, even in the moſt decrepid old men, the moment they enter into the Elyſian Fields. This Man advanc'd eagerly towards *Telemachus*, and look'd upon him with all the complacency imaginable, as on a perſon who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, was both in pain and in ſuſpence.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear Son, ſaid the old Man to him: I am *Arceſius*, Father of *Laertes*; I reſign'd my laſt breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandſon ſet out for

the Siege of *Troy:* Thou wert then an Infant in thy Nurſe's arms; I even then conceiv'd great hopes of thee, nor was I miſtaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto*'s Kingdoms to ſeek thy Father, and ſince the Gods are thy ſupport in this Enterprize. O happy Child! thou art favour'd by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a Glory equal to thy Father's! O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more thy Father in theſe Regions; he is yet alive, reſerv'd to reſtore the grandeur of our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca.* Even *Laertes*, though he bends beneath the weight of years, yet ſtill enjoys the light, and waits for his Son's coming to cloſe his eyes. Thus Mortals paſs away like flowers that blow in the morning, and in the evening are wither'd and trampled under foot: The Generations of Men ſlide away like the Waves of a rapid River; nothing can ſtop the courſe of time, which ſweeps away even ſuch things as ſeem to be the moſt immoveable. Thou, O my Son, my dear Son, thou, who now enjoy'ſt ſo lively and ſo pleaſurable a youth, forget not that this bright part of thy youth is nothing but a flower, that is almoſt as ſoon wither'd as blown. Thou wilt ſee thy ſelf inſenſibly chang'd; the ſmiling Graces, the gentle Joys, Strength, Health, and Jollity will vaniſh like a delightful Dream, and will leave behind them nothing but

but the ſad remembrance. Languid old Age, an enemy to pleaſure, will wrinkle thy brow, bend thy body, weaken thy trembling limbs, dry up in thy heart the ſource of joy, make thee diſreliſh what is preſent, and dread what is to come, and render thee inſenſible of every thing but pain and ſorrow. This time to thee ſeems diſtant and remote; but alas, my Son, thou art deceiv'd; it haſtens towards thee, and will ſoon reach thee: That which advances with ſo much rapidity cannot be far from thee; Time is always upon the wing; nay the preſent time is already gone far away, ſince it is annihilated in the moment we are ſpeaking, and can come near us no more. Therefore, O my Son, never rely on the preſent, but let the proſpect of futurity ſupport thee in the rough uneven path of Virtue: Prepare for thy ſelf, by a virtuous courſe of life, a place in the happy Seat of Peace: In a ſhort time thou ſhalt ſee thy Father reſume the Government of *Ithaca*. Thou art born to reign after him; but alas, O my Son, how deceitful a thing is Royalty! If you look on it afar off, you ſee nothing but Authority, Grandeur and Pleaſure: But if you approach near to it, it is full of thorns and difficulties. A private Man, may, without diſgrace, lead a calm obſcure life; but a King cannot, without reproach, prefer an eaſy, unactive life, to the painful offices of

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Government; he owes himſelf to the Nation he governs, and is not allow'd to be his own Man: His leaſt ſlips are of infinite conſequence, becauſe they occaſion National Miſeries, and that ſometimes for ſeveral Ages. He ought to check the audaciouſneſs of wicked Men, ſupport Innocence, and diſcountenance Calumny. It is not enough for him to do no Ill; he muſt do all the poſſible Good that his people ſtands in need of. It is not enough for him to do good for his own part; but he muſt likewiſe prevent all the Miſchiefs others would do, were they not reſtrain'd. Fear therefore, O my Son, fear ſo perillous a condition, be arm'd with courage againſt thy ſelf, againſt thy Paſſions, and againſt Flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe words, ſeem'd poſſeſſed with a Divine Flame, and carry'd a Countenance full of compaſſion for the Miſeries that accompany a Royal State. A Crown, ſaid he, if aſſum'd for the gratifying a Man's own ſelf, is a monſtrous tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous people, as a Father guides his Children, it is a laborious Servitude that requires Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other hand, it is certain that thoſe who have reign'd with an untainted Virtue, are here in poſſeſſion of all that the Gods can poſſibly give to compleat their happineſs. While

While *Arceſius* ſpoke in this manner, his words ſunk deep into *Telemachus*'s heart, and were impreſſed therein like thoſe indelible figures which an able Artiſt graves in braſs, in order to tranſmit them to the moſt remote poſterity. His ſage diſcourſe was like a ſubtle flame that pierc'd into the very bowels of the young *Telemachus*, who felt himſelf mov'd and inflam'd, and whoſe heart ſeem'd to melt through a ſuper-natural operation. That which lodg'd in the moſt intimate receſſes of his ſoul, ſecretly conſum'd him; he could neither contain it, nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an impreſſion; it was a quick and bewitching kind of pain, a lively and delightful ſentiment, mix'd with a ſort of torment, capable of depriving one of life.

At length *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the countenance of *Arceſius* a great reſemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too that he remember'd, though imperfectly, in his Father *Ulyſſes* the ſame kind of lineaments, when he ſet out for *Troy*. This reſemblance melted his heart, ſo that tears of joy gently trickled down from his eyes. He would needs embrace a perſon ſo dear to him, and ſeveral times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty ſhadow ſtill mock'd his ſtraining arms, juſt as a deluſive dream flies from a Man when he thinks he has it faſt: One while his thirſty mouth purſues a fugitive

Stream

Stream; another while his lips move themſelves to form words which his benumn'd tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratify his tenderneſs; he ſees *Arceſius*, hears him, ſpeaks to him, but cannot touch him: At length, he asks him, who thoſe Men are that ſtand round him?

They are, my Son, ſaid the grave old Man, ſuch Perſons as have been the ornament of the Age they liv'd in, the glory and happineſs of Mankind: Thou ſeeſt the few Kings who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully diſcharged the function of Gods upon earth. Thoſe others whom thou ſeeſt not far from them, but parted by that ſmall Cloud, enjoy a leſs degree of glory; theſe indeed are Heroes, but the recompence of their valour and military expeditions is not to be compar'd with that of wiſe, juſt, and beneficent Princes.

Among thoſe Heroes thou beholdeſt *Theſeus*, who wears a ſort of ſadneſs on his brow. He was ſo unhappy as to rely too much upon an artful Wife, and is ſtill afflicted for having ſo unjuſtly begg'd of *Neptune* the death of his Son *Hippolytus*: Happy had it been for him if he had not been ſo paſſionate, and ſo eaſily provok'd! Thou alſo ſeeſt *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, by reaſon of the wound which

which the baſe *Paris* gave him on his heel, and which was the cauſe of his death. Had he been as wiſe and moderate as he was fearleſs, the Gods would have granted him a long Reign; but they were compaſſionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whoſe King he was to have been, had he, according to the courſe of nature, ſurviv'd his Father *Peleus*. The Gods were unwilling to deliver ſo many People to the mercy of a hot-brain'd Man, more eaſily provok'd than the moſt ſtormy Sea. The fatal Siſters have ſhorten'd his thread of life, and he was like a half-blown flower mow'd down by a Plough-ſhare, and which dies before the end of the day which gave it birth. The Gods were willing to uſe him only as they do Torrents and Tempeſts, to puniſh Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to demoliſh the Walls of *Troy*, revenge the perjury of *Laomedon*, and chaſtiſe the unjuſt Amours of *Paris*: After having thus made uſe of him as the inſtrument of their vengeance, they were appeas'd; and, unmov'd by the tears of *Thetis*, they refus'd to ſuffer that young Hero any longer on the earth, who was fit for nothing but to diſturb mankind, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms. But doſt thou obſerve that other perſon who looks ſo fiercely? 'Tis *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, and Couſin of *Achilles*: Doubtleſs, you are not ignorant what glory

glory he acquired in battle: After the death of *Achilles*, he pretended that his Armour ought not to be beſtow'd on any but himſelf: Thy Father did not think fit to yield him up that advantage, and the *Greeks* adjudg'd them to *Ulyſſes*. *Ajax*, upon this, kill'd himſelf in deſpair: Rage and Indignation are ſtill legible in his face: Do not go near him, my Son, for he would think that you had a mind to inſult him on account of his misfortune, for which he ought juſtly to be pity'd. Doſt thou not obſerve that he looks at us with uneaſineſs, and is juſt now hurrying away into the gloomy Grove, becauſe he hates to ſee us. On the other ſide, thou ſeeſt *Hector*, who had been invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not, at the ſame time, been in the world. But take notice there of *Agamemnon*, who ſtill carries upon him the marks of *Clytemneſtra*'s perfidy: O my Son, I tremble to think of the misfortunes of the impious *Tantalus*'s family. The diviſion of the two Brothers *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes* fill'd that houſe with horror and blood. Alas! how many crimes does but one Crime draw after it! *Agamemnon*, when he return'd at the head of the *Greeks* from the Siege of *Troy*, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he acquir'd in war: And this is the common deſtiny of almoſt all conquerors. All the Men whom thou ſeeſt yonder, have been formidable

midable in war, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the ſecond Manſion of the *Elyſian* fields.

As for thoſe others who have reign'd with Juſtice, and have had a tender love for their people, they are the favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their quarrels and battles, do ſtill, even here, retain their unquiet diſpoſition, and natural infirmities, while they in vain regret the life they have loſt, and teaze themſelves with the thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain ſhadows. Theſe juſt Kings, being purify'd by the divine light which feeds them, have nothing more to deſire to make them happy; with eyes of compaſſion they behold the reſtleſſneſs of Mortals; and the great deſigns, which diſtract the thoughts of ambitious Men, appear to them like the ſports of Children; their hearts are repleniſh'd with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain-head: They have nothing more to ſuffer either from themſelves or from others; no more appetites, no more neceſſities, no more fears. Every thing is at an end with them, except their Joy, which is endleſs.

Conſider, my Son, that ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*: Thou ſeeſt how full of ſweetneſs and majeſty his old Age appears: Flowers grow beneath his

his feet, and his light tread ſeems to reſemble the flight of a Bird : He holds in his hand an ivory harp, and with eternal raptures ſings the wonderful works of the Gods: From his heart and his mouth breathe exquiſite perfumes ; the melody of his lyre and voice were enough to raviſh the Gods as well as Men; he is thus rewarded for the tender affection he bore to the People, whom he aſſembled within the compaſs of his new walls, and to whom he gave Laws.

On the other ſide, you may ſee, among thoſe myrtles, the *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the firſt King of *Athens*, a City conſecrated to that wiſe Goddeſs, whoſe name it bears. *Cecrops* having brought beneficial Laws from *Ægypt*, (a Country which has been to *Greece* the ſource both of Literature and Morality,) he ſoften'd the rough tempers of the inhabitants of the Villages of *Attica*, and united them by the bands of ſociety. He was conſpicuous for juſtice, humanity, and a ſympathizing compaſſionateneſs: He left his People in great proſperity and affluence, and his own Family but indifferently provided for. He was not willing his Children ſhould ſucceed him in his authority, becauſe he judged there were others more deſerving of it.

I muſt not omit to ſhew thee *Erychthon* in that little Valley ; he invented the uſe of Silver for Money ; he did it with a deſign to facilitate

facilitate Commerce among the Iſlands of *Greece*; but he foreſaw the inconveniency attending this invention. Apply your ſelves, ſaid he to all the people, to multiply among you natural riches, which are the true riches. Cultivate and improve the earth, that you may have plenty of Corn, Wine, Oyl and Fruit: Get innumerable flocks, that may feed you with their Milk, and cloath you with their Wooll; and by this means you need never fear falling into poverty. The more Children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to labour and induſtry; for the earth is inexhauſtible, and her fruitfulneſs encreaſes in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, who are diligent to manure her: She bountifully rewards the labour of them all, whereas ſhe is niggard and barren to them who are negligent in her culture: Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true wealth, which is ſufficient to anſwer all the real neceſſities of mankind. As for coyn'd Money, it ought not to be valued any further, than it is ſubſervient to the carrying on ſuch Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the way of Commerce, for purchaſing ſuch neceſſary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country; and it were to be wiſh'd, that there were no longer in the world any trafficking for ſuch things as ſerve only to keep up luxury, vanity,

vanity, and effeminacy. The ſage *Erycthon* would often ſay to them; My dear Children, I fear I have made you a fatal preſent, in imparting to you the invention of Money: I fear it will excite Avarice, Ambition, and Pomp; that it will encourage an infinite number of pernicious Arts, whoſe tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good manners; that it will put you out of conceit with that happy ſimplicity, which makes your lives ſo very quiet and ſecure; in fine, that it will breed in you a contempt for Agriculture, which is the baſis of human life, and the ſource of all ſubſtantial riches: But the Gods are my witneſſes, that my heart was upright, when I beſtow'd this invention on you, which in itſelf is uſeful. But at length, when *Erycthon* found that Money corrupted the People, as he had foreſeen, he, for grief, retired into a ſolitary Mountain, where he lived in poverty, and ſequeſter'd from Men, to an extream old Age; nor would he concern himſelf in the government of Cities.

Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the art of tilling the ground, and covering it every year with golden harveſts. Not but that Men were before this acquainted with the method of multiplying Corn by ſowing it; but they knew not the art of huſbandry to that perfection, till *Triptolemus*, ſent

ſent by *Ceres*, came with a Plough in his hand to offer the Goddeſs's favour to all people, who had courage enough to overcome their natural lazineſs, and addict themſelves to aſſiduous labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the earth, and to fertilize her by tearing up her boſom. Soon did the ardent indefatigable reapers make the yellow ears that cover'd the fields fall under their ſharp ſickles; even the wild and barbarous people, that wander'd here and there in the foreſts of *Epirus* and *Etolia*, ſeeking acorns for their food, ſoften'd their rugged manners, and ſubmitted to laws, when they had learn'd the way of making Corn to grow, and baking of Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* ſenſible of the pleaſure of owing their riches to nothing but their own labour; and of finding in their own fields whatever was neceſſary to render their lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent affluence, inſeparable from Agriculture, brought to their minds the ſage counſels of *Erychthon*; ſo that they contemn'd Money, and all artificial riches, which are no otherwiſe riches, than as they become ſo by Men's fancy, tempting them to ſeek for dangerous pleaſures, and diverting them from labour, wherein they would find all that is ſubſtantially good, together with purity of manners, in the full enjoyment of liberty. They then were fully convinc'd that

a fruitful and well till'd Field is the true treaſure of a Family, that is wiſe enough to be content to live frugally as their Fathers did before them. And happy had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued firm to theſe maxims, ſo adapted to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be ſo by a ſolid virtue. But, alas! they begin to admire falſe riches, gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from that admirable ſimplicity. O my Son! thou ſhalt one day fill a Throne; then remember to bring Men back to the exerciſe of husbandry, to honour that Art, to eaſe thoſe who apply themſelves to it, and neither to ſuffer the people to live idle, nor to ſpend their time in thoſe deſtructive Arts which foment luxury and ſloth. Thoſe two Men who were ſo wiſe, when upon earth, are here the favourites of the Gods: Take notice, O my Son, that their glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles*, and the other Heroes who have only been eminent in war, as the agreeable Spring is preferable to the frozen Winter, or as the light of the Sun is brighter than that of the Moon.

While *Arceſius* was thus ſpeaking, he obſerv'd *Telemachus*'s eyes were continually fix'd towards a little Grove of Lawrel, planted near a rivulet, whoſe banks were enamell'd with Violets, Roſes, Lillies, and other odoriferous flowers, whoſe lively hues reſembled

thoſe of *Iris* when ſhe deſcends from Heaven to Earth, to bring ſome meſſage from the Gods to mortal Men. It was the great King *Seſoſtris* whom *Telemachus* diſcern'd in that lovely place; and who was infinitely more majeſtick than when he ſat on the Throne of *Ægypt*. Gentle Rays of light ſtream'd from his eyes, which dazzled thoſe of *Telemachus*: Had you ſeen him, you would have thought him inebriated with *Nectar*, ſo much had the divine Spirit tranſported him above human reaſon, as a reward for his virtues.

Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*; O my Father, I know this to be *Soſoſtris*, the wiſe King of *Ægypt*, whom I not long ago ſaw on earth. It is true, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous Princes! But know, that all this felicity is nothing in compariſon of what was deſign'd for him, if too great proſperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and juſtice. His inordinate appetite to humble the inſolent *Tyrians*, prompted him to take their City. This Conqueſt created in him a deſire to make others; he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduced by the vain glory of Conquerors; he ſubdu'd, or rather ravag'd all *Aſia*. At his return into *Ægypt*, he found his Brother had ſeiz'd his Throne, and, by an unjuſt Government, had alter'd the moſt wholeſome Laws of the Country. But what render'd him more inexcuſable,

excuſable, was his being intoxicated with his own glory, and cauſing the moſt haughty Kings he had ſubdu'd, to draw, like Horſes, his triumphal Chariot. He afterwards acknowledg'd his fault, and was aſham'd of having been ſo inhuman: And this was the fruit of his victories. Theſe are the miſchiefs Conquerors bring on their States, and on themſelves, while they go about to uſurp thoſe of their neighbours: This is what eclipſed the glory of a King, otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and it is this that diminiſh'd the happineſs which the Gods had prepared for him.

Doſt thou not ſee, O my Son, that other Perſon, whoſe wound appears ſo glorious? It is a King of *Caria*, *Dioclides* by name, who ſacrific'd himſelf, for his People's good, in battle; becauſe the Oracle had declar'd, that in the War between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that Nation whoſe King ſhould fall ſhould be victorious.

There is likewiſe another whom I would have you take notice of; it is a wiſe Legiſlator, who having, for the benefit of his Country, fram'd ſuch Laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them ſwear they would never violate any of thoſe Laws during his abſence; after which he left them, exiling himſelf voluntarily from his Country, and dy'd poor in a ſtrange land,

to

to oblige his People, according to their Oath, for ever to obſerve thoſe wholſome Laws.

That other Prince thou ſeeſt, is *Euneſymus* King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Anceſtors of the ſage *Neſtor*. When the earth was ravaged by a Peſtilence, which ſent down to the banks of *Acheron* multitudes of crouding Ghoſts, he begg'd of the Gods that he might appeaſe their wrath, and redeem by his own death that of ſo many thouſand innocent Men. The Gods heard his prayer, and gave him here the true Royal Grandeur, in compariſon of which, all the pomps of the earth are but ſo many vain ſhadows.

That old Man, whom thou ſeeſt crown'd with Garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Ægypt*, and married *Anchynoe*, the daughter of the God *Nilus*, who conceals the ſource of his ſtream, and enriches a mighty tract of Land by his Inundations. He had two Sons, *Danaus*, whoſe Hiſtory thou art no ſtranger to, and *Ægyptus*, who imparts his name to that fine Country. *Belus* thought himſelf richer by the plenty he procur'd to his people, and the love his Subjects bore to him, than by all the tributes he could have impos'd on them. Theſe Men, whom you think dead, my Son, are alive, and that life which Men miſerably drag upon earth, is the only death: The names of

things are indeed changed, that's all. May it pleaſe the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy life, which nothing can ever extinguiſh or diſturb! Haſte thee away; 'tis time for thee to go and ſeek thy Father: Before thou findeſt him, alas, how much bloodſhed ſhalt thou ſee! But then, what Glory waits for thee in the fields of *Heſperia!* Let not the Counſels of the ſage *Mentor* ever be out of thy mind; and if thou follow'ſt them, thy name ſhall be great among all Nations, and in all Ages.

He ſpoke, and preſently conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, which leads out of the gloomy Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, with tears in his eyes, parted from him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of thoſe dark Regions, he haſten'd to the Camp of the Confederates, after having again join'd company with the two young *Cretans*, who went with him almoſt as far as the Cavern, and who deſpair'd of ever ſeeing him more.

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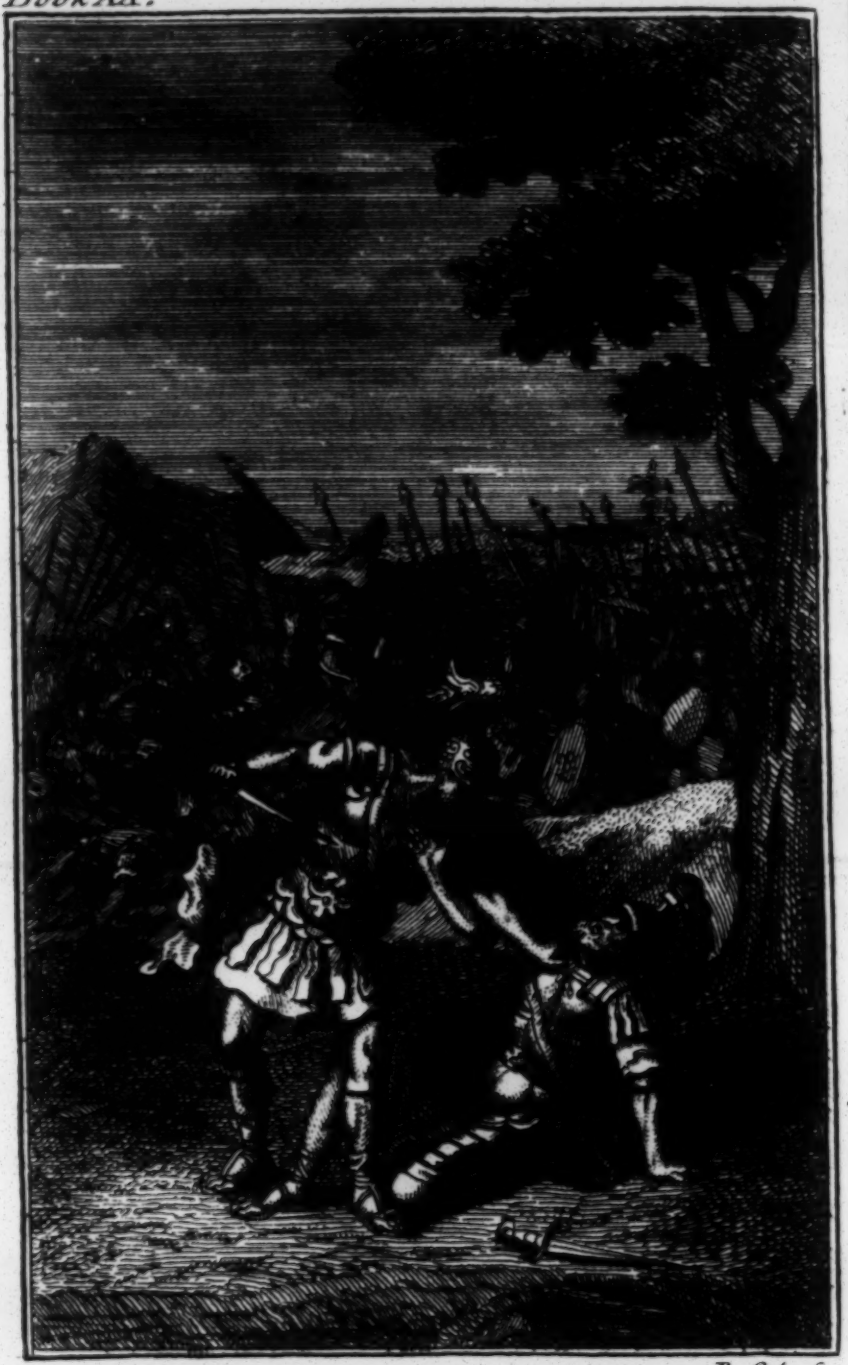

B. Cole Sc.

Telemachus *slays* Adraſtus.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

In an Aſſembly of the Chiefs of the Army, Telemachus *prevails with them not to ſurpriſe the Town of* Venuſium, *which both Parties had depoſited into the hands of the* Lucanians. *He ſhews his wiſdom with reſpect to two Deſerters, one of whom, named* Acanthus, *had undertaken to poyſon him; the other, named* Dioſcorus, *offer'd to the Allies to kill* Adraſtus. *In the enſuing engagement,* Telemachus *carries Death where-ever he goes, in order to find out* Adraſtus; *and this King, who likewiſe ſeeks* Telemachus, *meets with, and kills* Piſiſtratus, Neſtor's *Son.* Philoctetes *comes to his aſſiſtance, and as he was going to pierce* Adraſtus, *he is himſelf wounded, and obliged to leave the Combat.* Telemachus *runs to the Cries of his*

Allies, among whom Adraſtus *makes a terrible havock. He engages that Enemy, and gives him his life, upon conditions which he preſcribes to him.* Adraſtus, *being got up again, attempts to ſurprize* Telemachus, *who ſeizes on him a ſecond time, and takes away his life.*

MEAN while the Commanders met together, to deliberate, Whether they ſhould poſſeſs themſelves of *Venuſium*, a ſtrong Town, which *Adraſtus* had formerly uſurp'd from his Neighbours, the *Peuceti Apulians*, who were enter'd into the Confederacy againſt him for this Act of Perfidiouſneſs. *Adraſtus*, to appeaſe them, had put this Town, by way of Truſt, into the hands of the *Lucanians:* But he had by Money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* Garriſon and the Governor; ſo that, in reality, *Adraſtus* had more Power in *Venuſium* than the *Lucanians* themſelves; and the *Apulians*, who had conſented that the *Lucanian* Garriſon ſhould keep *Venuſium*, were trick'd in this Negotiation.

A certain Citizen of *Venuſium*, *Demophantes* by name, had under-hand made an offer to the Allies to deliver up to them one of the Gates of the City by night. This advantage was ſo much the greater, in that *Adraſtus* had lodg'd all his warlike Stores and Proviſions

viſions in a Caſtle near *Venuſium*, which could not defend it ſelf, if *Venuſium* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* had already given their opinion, that they ought not to let ſlip ſuch a lucky opportunity. All the Commanders, ſway'd by their authority, and dazzled by the advantagious proſpect of ſo eaſy an enterprize, applauded their Sentiment. But *Telemachus*, at his return, uſed his utmoſt endeavours to divert them from it.

I am not ignorant, ſaid he, that if ever any Man deſerv'd to be trick'd and deceiv'd, it is *Adraſtus*; becauſe it has been his common practice to deceive and circumvent every body. I plainly ſee, that in ſurprizing *Venuſium* you only put your ſelves in poſſeſſion of a Town that belongs to you, ſince it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederates: I confeſs too, that you might do it with the better colour of Juſtice, in regard that *Adraſtus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garriſon, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venuſium*, you will the very next day be Maſters of the Caſtle where all *Adraſtus*'s Proviſions are laid up, and ſo in two days more you will put an end to this dreadful War. But is it not better to periſh than to conquer by ſuch methods? Is Fraud to be

repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be ſaid, that ſo many Kings, who enter'd into a League to puniſh the impious *Adraſtus* for his Deceitfulneſs, are become deceitful like him? If we may lawfully do as *Adraſtus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to puniſh him. What! has *Heſperia*, that *Heſperia* which is ſupported by ſo many *Greek* Colonies, and by ſo many Heroes return'd from the Siege of *Troy:* Has ſhe, I ſay, no other Arms againſt *Adraſtus*'s Treachery and Perjury, than the practice of the ſame Vices? You have ſworn by the moſt ſacred things that you would leave *Venuſium* in truſt in the hands of the *Lucanians.* The *Lucanian* Garriſon, you ſay, is corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s money. I believe it; but this Garriſon is ſtill in the *Lucanian* pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at leaſt in appearance, a Neutrality; neither has *Adraſtus*, nor any of his Men enter'd into *Venuſium*; the Treaty ſtill ſubſiſts, and the Gods have not forgot your Oath. Shall we not obſerve our Promiſes, but juſt ſo long as we are without a plauſible pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our Oaths, but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no concern for Virtue, nor are mov'd by the fear of the Gods, at leaſt have a regard for your Reputation and Intereſt. If you ſet this

per-

pernicious example of violating your Faith, that you may terminate a War; what Wars will you not kindle by ſo wicked a Conduct? Will not your Neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all occaſions, and utterly deteſt you? Who for the future will truſt you in the moſt preſſing exigencies? What Security would you be able to give, ſhould you have a mind to be ſincere, and at a time when it may be of the greateſt importance to you to perſuade your Neighbours of your Sincerity? Shall it be a ſolemn Treaty? Such things you have trampled under foot. Shall it be an Oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make ſlight of the Gods, when you hope to get ſome private advantage from Perjury? At this rate, Peace will afford no more ſecurity with you than War? All that comes from you will be receiv'd as War, either diſſembled or declar'd: You will be look'd on as the perpetual Enemy of all who ſhall be ſo unfortunate as to be your Neighbours: All Affairs that require Reputation, Probity, Confidence, will become impoſſible to you: You will have no means left to make your Promiſes find credit.

Beſides this, added *Telemachus*, there is a more preſſing Intereſt that ought to affect you very much, if you have any remains of ſenſe or foreſight; and that is, that ſo deceitful a conduct attacks the very Vitals of your whole

Confederacy, and will ſoon ruin it: And thus your Perjury will furniſh *Adraſtus* with an opportunity to triumph over you.

At theſe words the whole Aſſembly, as it were in an uproar, ask'd him how he could take upon him to ſay, That an Action, which would give the Confederates a certain Victory, could ruin the Confederacy? *Telemachus* anſwer'd them; how will you be able to truſt one another, if you once break the only band of Society and Confidence, namely, Sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, that the rules of Probity and Fidelity may be broken where there is a proſpect of a great advantage; how can any one of you repoſe a Confidence in another, when that other ſhall find it convenient for his Intereſt to falſify his word, and impoſe on him? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by tricks of his own? And what will be the Fate of a Confederacy of ſo many People, when, after a full debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a Neighbour, and to violate the moſt ſolemn Engagements? How great will be your mutual Diſtruſt, your Animoſities, your Warmth to deſtroy each other! *Adraſtus* will then have no need to deſtroy you; you your ſelves will do that for him; you will juſtify his Perfidiouſneſs. O wiſe and magnanimous

nanimous Princes! O you who command with ſo much prudence ſuch innumerable multitudes of people, do not diſdain to hearken to the Counſels of a young Man: If you ſhould fall into the moſt calamitous Circumſtances, into which Men are ſometimes precipitated by War, you ought to ſupport your ſelves by your vigilance, and virtuous efforts; for true Virtue never ſuffers it ſelf to be caſt down; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Integrity, your loſs will then become irreparable; you will never be able either to re-eſtabliſh that Confidence which is neceſſary to the ſucceſs of all important Affairs, or to reclaim Men to the Principles of Virtue, after you have once taught them to deſpiſe them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not Bravery enough to overcome your Enemies without Fraud? Is not your Virtue, in conjunction with the Forces of ſo many Nations, ſufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay dye, if it muſt be ſo, rather than conquer by ſuch vile methods: *Adraſtus*, the impious *Adraſtus*, is at our mercy, provided we abhor to imitate his baſeneſs and diſhoneſty.

When *Telemachus* had made an end of this Diſcourſe, he found that ſoft perſuaſion had flow'd from his lips, and penetrated to their very Souls. He obſerv'd a deep ſilence in

the whole Aſſembly: Every one's thoughts were engag'd in conſidering, not ſo much his Perſon, and the graces of his Elocution, as the force of Truth that ſhone throughout his whole Speech: Aſtoniſhment was legible in their Countenances; at laſt a hollow murmuring was heard ſpreading it ſelf by little and little among them. They all look'd on one another, every one being ſhy to be the firſt that ſpoke: It was expected that the prime Commanders of the Army would declare themſelves, and each of them found himſelf under great difficulties to forbear. After a while, the grave *Neſtor* pronounc'd theſe words:

Worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, the Gods have taught you to ſpeak, and *Minerva*, who ſo often inſpir'd your Father, did put into your heart that wiſe and generous advice you have given us. I look not on your Youth; I only conſider *Minerva* in all that you have been ſaying: You have pleaded the Cauſe of Virtue; without her, the greateſt Advantages are real Loſſes; without her, Men draw ſuddenly on themſelves the vengeance of their Enemies, the diffidence of their Allies, the deteſtation of all good Men, and the juſt reſentment of the Gods: Let us therefore leave *Venuſium* in the hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of no other way to conquer *Adraſtus*, but by our courage.

He

He ſpoke, and the whole Aſſembly applauded the wiſdom of his words: But in giving this applauſe, every one turn'd his eyes with amazement on the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and they all thought they ſaw ſparkling in him the wiſdom of *Minerva*, who inſpir'd him.

There ſoon aroſe in the Council of the Kings another Queſtion, which gave him an opportunity of acquiring no leſs Glory. *Adraſtus*, ſtill cruel and treacherous, had ſent into the Camp a Deſerter named *Acanthus*, who was to poyſon the moſt celebrated Chiefs of the Army: He had particular orders to leave nothing uneſſay'd to effect the death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much courage and candor to be enclin'd to diffidence, gave the Wretch a free and eaſy reception: He had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in *Sicily*, and recounted that Hero's Adventures to *Telemachus*, who ſubſiſted him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great Abuſes and Indignities, that he had receiv'd from *Adraſtus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cheriſhing and warning in his boſom a venomous Viper, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Deſerter was taken, named *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was ſending back to *Adraſtus*, to acquaint him with the ſtate

of

of the Confederate Camp, and to aſſure him that the following day he would poyſon the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confeſs'd his treaſon: He was ſuſpected to be in intelligence with *Acanthus*, becauſe they were intimate friends; but *Acanthus*, who was a deep diſſembler, and of an undaunted nature, made his defence with ſo much art, that there was no convicting him, or diſcovering the bottom of the Conſpiracy.

Divers of the Kings were for ſacrificing *Acanthus*, at a venture, for the publick ſafety: He ought, ſaid they, to be put to death; one Man's life ought not to weigh againſt the ſecurity of ſo many Kings: What if one Man periſh, when the point is to preſerve thoſe who repreſent the Gods among Men?

What inhumane maxim, what barbarous policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus?* Are you then ſo laviſh of human blood, you that are appointed over mankind to be their ſhepherds, and are only to rule over them for their preſervation, as a Shepherd preſerves his Flock? But inſtead of that, you are become blood-thirſty Wolves; at leaſt, you are Shepherds only to ſhear, and cut the throats of your Sheep, inſtead of leading them into good paſture. According to you, the moment

ment a Man is accuſed, he becomes guilty, and if he is but ſuſpected, he deſerves to dye. Thus do the innocent lye at the mercy of envy and calumny; and according as this tyrannical diſtruſt gathers ſtrength in your Breaſts, we muſt have more ſuch Victims ſacrificed.

Telemachus ſpoke theſe words with ſuch authority and vehemence, as captivated the hearts, and cover'd with ſhame the Authors of ſo baſe an advice. Afterwards, in a milder tone he told them: For my part, I am not ſo much in love with life as to purchaſe it at that price; I had rather *Acanthus* ſhould be wicked than my ſelf, and would ſooner chuſe that he ſhould deprive me of life by his treachery, than I unjuſtly put him to death on an uncertainty. But have a little patience, O you, who being eſtabliſh'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People, ſhould diſcharge your function with juſtice, prudence and moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your preſence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his correſpondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite number of Circumſtances; and ſometimes made as if he would remand him to *Adraſtus*, as a deſerter that deſerv'd to be puniſh'd, the better to make his obſervation, whether he was afraid to be ſent back or no; but the countenance and voice of

Acanthus

Acanthus ſtill remain'd calm and unmov'd. At length, ſeeing that he could not draw him to a confeſſion, he ſaid to him, give me your Ring, for I will ſend it to *Adraſtus*. Upon this *Acanthus* preſently turn'd pale, and was in the utmoſt confuſion. *Telemachus*, whoſe eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it: He takes the Ring; this will I immediately ſend to *Adraſtus*, ſaid he, by the hand of a *Lucanian* named *Polytropus*, your acquaintance, who ſhall pretend he comes ſecretly from you: If, by this means, we can diſcover your intelligence with *Adraſtus*, you ſhall, without mercy, be put to death by the moſt exquiſite torments: If, on the contrary, you now confeſs your faults, you ſhall be pardon'd, and we will content our ſelves with only ſending you into an Iſland, and you ſhall want for nothing. Upon which *Acanthus* confeſs'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings that his life might be ſpar'd, becauſe he had given him the promiſe of it: And he was ſent into one of the Iſlands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in peace.

Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of obſcure birth, but of a violent and daring ſpirit, named *Dioſcorus*, came by night into the Confederate Camp, and made an offer to them to kill King *Adraſtus* in his Tent: This he was capable of doing, becauſe whoever deſpiſes

ſpiſes his own life, is at any time the maſter of another's. This Perſon breathed nothing but revenge, becauſe *Adraſtus* had taken away his Wife, whom he loved moſt paſſionately, and whoſe beauty was not inferior to that of *Venus*'s ſelf. He had ſecret intelligence, whereby he had contrived a way to enter into the King's Tent by night, and was to be favour'd in his enterprize by ſeveral *Daunian* Captains; but he thought it neceſſary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adraſtus*'s Camp at the ſame time, to the end that during the hurry and diſorder he might the more eaſily eſcape and carry off his Wife; and if he could not carry her off, after he had kill'd the King, he was content to dye. As ſoon as *Dioſcorus* had open'd his deſign to the Princes, they all turn'd their eyes towards *Telemachus*, thereby ſignifying they deſired him to determine what was proper to be done. The Gods, anſwer'd he, who have preſerv'd us from Traytors, forbid us to make uſe of them; and even though we had not virtue enough to deteſt the Treaſon, our intereſt alone were a ſufficient motive to make us reject it: When once we have authorized it by our own example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turn'd againſt us; and what Man among us will after that be ſafe? It is not impoſſible but *Adraſtus* may eſcape the blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the Con-

federate

federate Kings. War will then ceaſe to be War; Wiſdom and Virtue will be quite out of doors, and nothing will be ſeen but Frauds, Treaſons, and Aſſaſſinations. We ſhould our ſelves feel the ſad conſequences, and not undeſervedly, for we ſhould authorize the greateſt evil. I am therefore for ſending back this Traytor to *Adraſtus*: I own that King does not deſerve it; but all *Heſperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their eyes on us, merit ſuch a conduct from us as may deſerve their eſteem; we owe to our ſelves, and, in ſhort, we owe to the juſt Gods ſuch an inſtance of abhorrence of treachery.

Dioſcorus was preſently ſent to *Adraſtus*, who trembled to think of the danger he had eſcap'd, and was fill'd with wonder at the generoſity of his enemies; for wicked Men have no notion of pure virtue. *Adraſtus*, in ſpite of himſelf, admired the thing, but durſt not commend it: This noble action of the Confederates, did, to his ſhame, remind him of all his treacheries and cruelties. He look'd about for reaſons to extenuate his enemies generoſity; yet bluſh'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his life; but corrupt Men ſoon harden themſelves againſt every thing that might move them. *Adraſtus*, perceiving that the reputation of the Confederates encreas'd more and more every day, thought himſelf under a neceſſity to perform againſt

againſt them ſome great and ſignal Action. And ſince it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing, at leaſt, to obtain ſome great advantage over them by Arms, and therefore made all the haſte he could to fight.

The day of battle being come, ſcarce had *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Gates of the eaſt in a path ſtrew'd with Roſes, when the young *Telemachus*, outſtripping the vigilance of the oldeſt Captains, ſhook off the ſoft embraces of balmy ſleep, and put all the Officers in motion. His Helmet, cover'd with a Creſt of waving hair, already glitter'd on his head, and his Armour dazzled the eyes of the whole Army; for *Vulcan*'s work had, beſides its natural beauty, the luſtre of the *Ægis* that lay conceal'd in it. In one hand he held a Spear, and with the other pointed to ſeveral Poſts which 'twas neceſſary to take poſſeſſion of. *Minerva* had fill'd his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a majeſtick awfulneſs that already promis'd victory. He march'd, and all the Kings, forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themſelves hurry'd on by a ſuperior power, that made them follow his ſteps. Impotent jealouſy could enter their breaſts no more: Every thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* leads inſenſibly by the hand. His action betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate;

cipitate: He was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others, and improve by their advice; but active, provident, extending his views to the moſt remote exigencies, diſpoſing every thing to the beſt advantage, without hurrying and perplexing himſelf or others; excuſing faults, rectifying miſtakes, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inſpiring freedom and confidence: If he gave an order, it was in the plaineſt and cleareſt terms; he repeated it for the better inſtructing him that was to execute it; he obſerv'd by his eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he underſtood his words, and what was the main drift of his enterprize. When he had thus try'd the judgment of the Perſon he employ'd, and entirely let him into his deſign, he never diſpatch'd him away, till he had given him ſome mark of his eſteem and confidence, for his encouragement: So that all he ſent from him were full of ardor to pleaſe him, and to compaſs the buſineſſes they went about: But they were not reſtrain'd with fear, leſt he ſhould impute to them their ill ſucceſs; for he would excuſe all faults that did not proceed from an evil diſpoſition of mind.

The Horizon look'd ruddy with the Sun's earlieſt rays, and the Sea was brighten'd with the

the flames of the riſing day. All the Coaſt was fill'd with Men, Arms, Horſes and Chariots, which being in motion made a confuſed noiſe, like that of the angry waves, when *Neptune*, from the bottom of his deep receſſes, raiſes a black ſtorm. Thus *Mars* began, with the clatter of Arms, and the dreadful preparations of War, to kindle rage in every heart. The Field was crouded with briſtling Pikes, thick ſet like ears of Corn that cover the fertile balks at the time of the harveſt: There ſoon aroſe a cloud of Duſt which ſtole away both Heaven and Earth from the eyes of Men; darkneſs, horror, bloodſhed and inexorable death advanced apace.

Scarce were the firſt arrows ſhot, when *Telemachus*, lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, pronounced theſe words:

O *Jupiter!* father of Gods and Men, thou ſeeſt on our ſide Juſtice and Peace, which we were not aſhamed to purſue; 'tis with regret we fight; we would willingly prevent the effuſion of blood, we bear no hatred even to this enemy, tho' he is cruel, perfidious, and ſacrilegious. Behold thou, and determine between him and us: If we muſt dye, our lives are in thy hand; if *Heſperia* is to be reſcued, and the Tyrant oppreſs'd, it will be thy power, and the wiſdom of thy daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the victory; the glory of it will be due

to

to thee: It is thou that holdeſt the balance, and regulateſt the fate of battles; it is for thee we fight, and, ſince thou art the judge, *Adraſtus* is more thy enemy than our's: If we prove victorious before the end of the day, the blood of a whole Hecatomb ſhall flow upon thy Altars.

He ſpoke: And inſtantly drove his fiery foaming Courſers into the thickeſt ranks of his enemies. The firſt he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the skin of a Lyon he had kill'd in *Cilicia*, when he travell'd thro' that Country. He was, like *Hercules*, arm'd with a huge Club; and in ſtrength and ſtature he reſembled the ancient Gyants. When he ſaw *Telemachus*, he deſpiſed his youth, and the delicacy of his countenance. It becomes thee well, ſaid he, effeminate Boy, to vye with us in point of martial atchievements. Go, Child, get thee among the ſhades below to look for thy Father. At the ſame time he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of knots, and ſtuck thick with Iron ſpikes: It look'd like a Ship-maſt, and every one near was afraid of being cruſh'd with the fall of it. It threaten'd the head of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, but he avoids the blow, and flies upon *Periander* with the rapidity of an Eagle cutting the air: The Club, in falling, daſh'd to pieces the wheel of a Chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while, the young *Greek* ſtruck

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a dart into *Periander*'s throat: The bubbling blood that ſtream'd from the wide wound ſoon ſtifles his voice; his fiery Horſes, no longer feeling the controul of their Maſter's hand, ran wildly up and down with the reins hanging looſe on their necks: he falls from his Chariot, his eyes already cloſed to the light, and ghaſtly death ſate on his disfigur'd face. *Telemachus*, pitying his fate, immediately gave his Body to his Domeſticks, but kept the Lyon's skin and his Club as a token of his victory.

After this, he ſeeks *Adraſtus* in the thickeſt of the fight, and in his way ſends headlong to hell a multitude of Combatants: *Hileus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two courſers like thoſe of the Sun, and which were bred in the ſpacious Meadows which are water'd by the river *Aufidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almoſt been a match for *Eryx* in combats of the *Ceſtus*: *Crantor* who had entertain'd in his houſe, and been a friend to *Hercules*, when that Son of *Jupiter*, in paſſing through *Heſperia*, ſlew the infamous *Cacus*; *Menecrates*, who was ſaid to come near *Pollux* for wreſtling: *Hippocoon* the *Salapian*, who imitated the graceful skill and addreſs of *Caſtor* in the management of a horſe: the famous hunter *Eurymedes*, who was always ſmear'd with the blood of Bears and wild Boars, which he uſed to kill on the ſnowy ridges of

of the cold *Apennine*, and who is ſaid to have been ſo well beloved by *Diana*, that ſhe her ſelf taught him how to ſhoot with the Bow: *Nicoſtratus*, who had conquer'd a Gyant that vomited fire in the Rocks of Mount *Garganus*: *Eleanthus*, who was to marry the young *Pholoe*, daughter of the river *Lyris*; her Father had promis'd her to the Man that ſhould deliver her from a winged Serpent, that was bred on the banks of the River, and was to have devour'd her in a few days, according to the Oracle's prediction. This young Man, out of an exceſs of Love made a vow either to kill this Monſter, or die in the attempt: he was proſperous, but could not taſte the fruit of his Victory; for while *Pholoe* was preparing herſelf for the ceremonies of a happy marriage, and impatiently expected *Eleanthus*, ſhe was inform'd that he had follow'd *Adraſtus* to the War, and that the Deſtinies had cruelly cut him off. She fill'd with her lamentations the Woods and Mountains near the River; ſhe drown'd her eyes with tears, tore off her lovely hair, forgot the garlands of flowers which ſhe uſed to gather, and accuſed the Heavens of injuſtice. As ſhe wept inceſſantly night and day, the Gods mov'd with her complaints, and the requeſt of the River, put an end to her ſorrow; for ſhe pour'd forth ſuch abundance of tears, that ſhe was preſently changed

into

into a Fountain, which, gliding into the middle of the River, ſeeks to join her waters to thoſe of the God her Father; but the water of this Fountain is ſtill bitter; the Graſs on its Banks never brings forth flowers; nor does it afford any ſhady Tree but the ſad *Cypreſs*.

Mean while, *Adraſtus*, underſtanding that *Telemachus* ſpread terror all around him, ſought him out with the greateſt eagerneſs, hoping to make an eaſy Conqueſt of ſo raw a Youth. He was ſurrounded with thirty *Daunians* of uncommon ſtrength, dexterity, and boldneſs, to whom he promis'd very large rewards, if they could deſtroy *Telemachus* by any manner of means; and had they met him in this nice moment, doubtleſs theſe thirty Men, by ſurrounding *Telemachus*'s Chariot, while *Adraſtus* had fallen upon him in front, would have found no difficulty to have diſpatch'd him; but *Minerva* turn'd them another way.

Adraſtus thought he ſaw and heard *Telemachus* lower down in the Plain at the foot of a Hill, where there was a croud of Combatants in cloſe engagement; he runs, he flies, he reſolves to ſatiate himſelf with blood; but inſtead of *Telemachus* he finds the aged *Neſtor*, who with his trembling hand was throwing at a venture ſome faint harmleſs Darts. *Adraſtus*, in his rage, would have run him through:

through, but a Band of *Pylians* flew about *Neſtor*.

Hereupon a thick cloud of Darts and Arrows darken'd the air, and cover'd all the Combatants: Nothing could be heard but the doleful cries of the Dying, and the clattering of Arms of thoſe who fell in the Fray; the Earth groan'd beneath large heaps of dead bodies; ſtreams of blood ran on every ſide; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal Furies cloath'd in Robes reeking with gore, glutted their mercileſs eyes with this ſpectacle, and inceſſantly renew'd the drooping rage of the Combatants. Theſe Deities, who are enemies of Mankind, chaſed far away from both Parties generous Pity, moderate Valour, ſoft Humanity: There appear'd no longer among this confus'd Medley any thing but Slaughter, Revenge, Deſpair, and brutal Fury. The wiſe and invincible *Pallas* her ſelf trembled at the ſight, and ſtarted back with horror.

Mean while, *Philoctetes*, with a ſlow pace, and holding the Arrows of *Hercules* in his hand, endeavours to come up to the relief of *Neſtor*. *Adraſtus*, not being able to reach the divine old Man, had lanced his Darts on ſeveral *Pylians*, and made them bite the duſt. He had already overthrown *Euſilas*, who was ſo ſwift-footed that he ſcarce left the print of his feet on the ſand, and who in his own Country

Country left the rapid ſtreams of *Eurotas* and *Alpheus* far behind: At his feet fell *Eutiphron*, who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a hunter as *Hippolytus*: *Pterilas*, who had follow'd *Neſtor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and who was belov'd by *Achilles* on account of his Courage and Strength: *Ariſtogyton*, who, by bathing in the waters of the river *Achelous*, had ſecretly receiv'd from that God the power of transforming himſelf into all ſorts of ſhapes; and indeed ſo ſlippery and nimble was he in all his motions, that he ſlipt away from the ſtrongeſt hands: But *Adraſtus*, with one thruſt of his Spear, render'd him motionleſs, and his Soul immediately guſh'd out with his Blood.

Neſtor, ſeeing his braveſt Captains fall thus beneath the blows of the cruel *Adraſtus*, juſt as the gilded ears of Corn in Harveſt-time fall under the ſharp-edg'd Sickle of the unweary'd Reaper, forgot what danger he in vain expos'd himſelf to. He ſhook off his old Age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his eye his Son *Piſiſtratus*, who, on his ſide, was warmly engaged to keep off danger from his Father; but the fatal moment was come, wherein *Piſiſtratus* was to make *Neſtor* feel, how unfortunate a thing it ſometimes proves for a Man to live to a great Age.

Piſiſtratus ſtruck his Spear with that violence againſt *Adraſtus*, that the *Daunian* Prince muſt needs have fallen, had he not avoided the ſtroke, and whilſt *Piſiſtratus*, who was diſadvantag'd by making a falſe thruſt, was recovering his Spear, *Adraſtus* pierc'd him with a Javelin into the middle of his Belly. His Bowels began immediately to iſſue out with a torrent of blood; his Complexion faded like a flower that the hand of ſome Nymph has crop'd in the Meadows: His eyes were now almoſt extinguiſh'd, and his Speech began to falter. *Alceus*, his Governor, who was near him, receiv'd him in his arms juſt as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his Father. There he would fain have ſpoken, but as he open'd his mouth, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him Slaughter and Deſtruction, and repelling the efforts of *Adraſtus*, *Neſtor* graſp'd his Son's body in his arms; he fill'd the air with his cries, and began to hate the light: Unfortunate Wretch that I am, ſaid he, to have been a Father, and to live to ſee this: Alas, ye cruel Deſtinies, why did you not put a period to my life, when I was in chaſe of the *Calydonian* Boar, or in the Voyage to *Colchus*, or at the firſt Siege of *Troy*? Then I had dy'd with glory, and without bitterneſs and ſorrow; now I drag a miſerable, deſpis'd, impotent old Age: I now live only to ſuffer affliction,

affliction, nor have I any other ſenſe left, but that of ſorrow. O my Son, my Son, my dear Son *Piſiſtratus!* when I loſt thy Brother *Antilochus*, I ſtill had thee to comfort me; but now thou art gone, nothing can comfort me; all is at an end with me. Hope, the ſole aſſwager of human pains, is a bleſſing which no longer concerns me. *Antilochus*, *Piſiſtratus*, O my dear Children, methinks I loſe you both at once, in one and the ſame day; the death of the one makes the old wound, which the other had caus'd, to bleed afreſh within my heart! I am never more to ſee either of you! Who will cloſe my eyes? Who will gather up my Aſhes? O my dear *Piſiſtratus*, thou, as well as thy Brother, dyedſt like a valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot dye.

At this he was going to pierce himſelf with a Dart; but thoſe about him ſtaid his hand, and afterwards forc'd him from his Son's body; and this unfortunate old Man falling into a Swoon, they carry'd him into his Tent, where, after he had a little recover'd himſelf, he would needs return to the Battle, but they with-held him by force.

And now *Adraſtus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: Their eyes flaſh'd fire, like thoſe of a Lyon and a Leopard going to tear each other to pieces in thoſe fields which *Cayſtrus* waters. Menaces, martial rage, and cruel revenge ſparkle in their fierce eyes. They

carry certain Death whitherſoever they fling their Darts. All the Combatants look upon them with terror and affright: And now they come within ſight of each other, *Philoctetes* bears in his hand one of thoſe dreadful Arrows, which never miſs'd their aim, and whoſe Wounds were incurable: But *Mars*, favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adraſtus*, would not ſuffer him to periſh ſo ſoon, but was willing to make uſe of him as an Inſtrument to lengthen out the Horrors of the War, and multiply blood-ſhed and ſlaughter. *Adraſtus* was yet due to the Juſtice of the Gods for a Puniſhment of Mankind.

The very moment *Philoctetes* deſign'd to attack him, he himſelf receives a wound from the Spear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, who was handſomer than the fam'd *Nireus*, whoſe Beauty was inferior to none of all the *Greeks* that fought at the Siege of *Troy*, except *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel the wound, but he ſhot an Arrow at *Amphimachus*, and pierc'd him to the heart. In an inſtant his fine black eyes loſt their luſtre, and were clouded with the ſhades of Death; his lips, more ruddy than the roſes with which *Aurora* ſtrews the Hemiſphere at her riſing, turn'd pale, and a frightful wanneſs tarniſh'd his cheeks, his tender and delicate face was, on a ſudden, diſfigur'd. *Philoctetes* himſelf was mov'd with pity towards him; and the Sol-

Soldiers fetch'd deep ſighs at ſeeing this young Man welt'ring in his own blood, and his fine head of hair, as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all diſorder'd and trailing in the duſt. *Philoctetes*, having overcome *Amphimachus*, was forc'd to retire from the fight: He had loſt a great deal of Blood and Strength; and even his old wound, in the heat of Action, was going to open again, and renew his pains; for the Sons of *Æſculapius*, with their divine skill, could not entirely heal it. And now he was juſt ready to fall among a Heap of bleeding Bodies that were round about him, when *Archidamas*, the boldeſt and moſt dextrous of all the *Oebalians*, whom he had brought with him to lay the Foundation of *Petilia*, carries him out of the Battel, in the very moment that *Adraſtus* might with the greateſt eaſe have laid him ſprawling at his feet. And now *Adraſtus* meets with nothing that either dares oppoſe him, or retard his Victory. All either fall or fly before him; and he is like a torrent, which having over-flow'd its Banks, ſweeps away with its outragious waves the Corn, the Cattel, the Shepherds and their whole Villages.

Telemachus hears at a diſtance the Conqueror's ſhouts, and ſees the diſorder of his Men flying before *Adraſtus*, as a herd of timorous Deer traverſing the vaſt Plains, the Woods, the Mountains, and even the moſt

rapid Rivers, when purſu'd by the Huntſmen. *Telemachus* groans; Indignation ſparkles in his eyes; he quits the place where he had long been fighting with ſo much danger and glory; he runs to the ſupport of his ſhatter'd Troops; he advances, beſmear'd all over with the blood of a multitude of his Enemies, whom he had extended on the duſt: He gives a ſhout at a diſtance, that was heard by both Armies.

Minerva had infus'd ſomething dreadful in his voice, with which the neighbouring Mountains reſounded. *Mars* never makes his own harſh voice ſound louder in *Thrace*, when he calls together the infernal Furies, Death and War, to attend him. This ſhout of *Telemachus* fills his Soldiers hearts with courage and boldneſs, and chills his Enemies Souls with fear. Even *Adraſtus* ſelf is aſham'd to find himſelf diſorder'd. A world of fatal preſages fill him with terror, and that which animates him, is rather Deſpair than a ſedate Valour: Thrice did his trembling knees begin to ſlip from under him; thrice he ſtarted back, without knowing what he did. A fainting paleneſs and a cold damp ſweat ſpread all over his limbs, his hoarſe and faltering voice could not make an end of any word; his eyes ſparkling with a gloomy fire, look'd as if they were going to ſtart out of his head; he was like *Oreſtes* agitated by

by the Furies; all his motions were convulsive. And now he begins to believe that there are Gods: He thought he saw them angry, and that he heard a hollow voice from Hell calling him to dark *Tartarus*. Every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible hand hovering over his head, which was going to sink him down by its intollerable weight. All hope was extinguish'd in his heart; his Courage and Resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the day-light, when *Phœbus* sinking down to the bosom of *Thetis*, leaves the earth mantled in the shades of night.

The impious *Adrastus*, who was too long suffer'd to live, but that Mankind stood in need of so dreadful a scourge; the impious *Adrastus* does at length draw near his last hour: Like one distracted he runs to meet his inevitable Fate; Horror, gnawing Remorse, Consternation, Fury, Rage, Despair, accompany him in his march. No sooner does he set eye on *Telemachus*, but he fansy'd he saw *Avernus* open its Jaws, and whirling flames issuing from the black *Phlegeton*, ready to swallow him up: He cries out, and his mouth continues open, without being able to utter a word: Like a Man asleep, who in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and strives to speak; but still utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling

and impatient hand *Adraſtus* flings his dart at *Telemachus*, while the latter undaunted and calm like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himſelf with his Buckler. It ſeem'd as if Victory, covering him with her wings, did already hold a Crown over his head; a gentle and undiſturb'd courage ſparkled in his eyes: One would have taken him for *Minerva* her ſelf, ſo compoſed and unconcern'd was he in the midſt of the greateſt dangers. *Adraſtus*'s Dart being repell'd by *Telemachus*'s Buckler, he haſtens to draw his Sword, to deprive the Son of *Ulyſſes* of the advantage of throwing his Dart in his turn. *Telemachus*, ſeeing *Adraſtus*'s Sword in his hand, immediately draws his own, and relinquiſhes his Dart.

When they were ſeen thus fighting hand to hand, all the other Combatants, in ſilence, laid down their Arms to gaze on them, and waited for the iſſue of the War from their ſingle engagement. The two bright Swords, like the flaſhes of Lightning that bring on claps of Thunder, croſs each other ſeveral times, and deal fruitleſs blows on the burniſh'd Armour, which reſounds with their heavy ſtrokes. The two Combatants ſtretch themſelves out, contract themſelves, bow themſelves down, ſtart up in an inſtant, and after a while, grapple together. The Ivy that grows at the foot of an Elm, does not more

more cloſely graſp the hard and knotty trunk with its wreathing branches, till it reaches the higheſt boughs, than theſe two Combatants claſp and lock one another. *Adraſtus* had not yet loſt any thing of his native ſtrength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arriv'd to the full increaſe of his. *Adraſtus* made ſeveral attempts to ſurprize his Enemy, and overſet him; he endeavours to ſeize the Sword of the young *Greek*, but in vain; while he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the ground, and throws him proſtrate on the ſand. Then did that impious Wretch, who always contemn'd the Gods, betray a vile fear of Death; he is aſham'd to beg his Life, and yet cannot help manifeſting that he deſires it; he endeavours to move *Telemachus*'s compaſſion: O thou Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid he to him, I now at laſt acknowledge that the Gods are juſt; they puniſh me as I have deſerv'd; nothing but diſtreſs can open the eyes of Men to ſee the truth; I ſee it, and ſtand condemn'd by it; but let an unfortunate King put you in mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the thoughts of this affect your heart!

Telemachus, who held him faſt under him, and had already lifted up his Sword to pierce his throat, inſtantly made this anſwer; I had no other aim but Victory, and the Peace of the Nation to whoſe ſuccour I am come; I

delight not in bloodſhed; live therefore, O *Adraſtus*, but live to repair your faults; reſtore all that you have uſurp'd; re-eſtabliſh Tranquility and Juſtice on the Coaſt of the great *Heſperia*, which you have ſullied with ſo many Maſſacres and Treacheries; live, and become a new Man; let your fall teach you that the Gods are juſt; that wicked Men are miſerable; that they deceive themſelves in ſeeking happineſs by Violence, Inhumanity and Guile; in ſhort, that nothing is ſo happy or delightful, as a plain and ſteddy Virtue. Give us for Hoſtages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime Nobility.

At theſe words *Telemachus* ſuffers *Adraſtus* to riſe, and lends him his hand, without in the leaſt diſtruſting his Villainy; but *Adraſtus* immediately threw at him a ſecond ſhort Dart which he had kept conceal'd. It was ſo ſharp-pointed, and flung with ſo great dexterity, that had not *Telemachus*'s Armour been of a ſupernatural make, it had certainly pierc'd it. At the ſame time *Adraſtus* runs behind a tree to avoid the purſuit of *Telemachus*, who cry'd out: You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, the Victory is our's; this wicked Man ſaves himſelf only by his Treachery. He who fears not the Gods, is afraid of Death: On the contrary, he who fears the Gods, has nothing elſe to fear. Speaking theſe words, he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a ſign to his Men,

Men, who were on the other ſide of the tree, to cut off the retreat of the perfidious *Adraſtus*. *Adraſtus* fearing he ſhould be taken, makes as if he would return the ſame way he came, and reſolves to break through the *Cretans*, who ſtood to oppoſe his paſſage; but on a ſudden, *Telemachus*, ſwift as the thunder which is hurl'd by the father of the Gods upon guilty mortals, flies upon his enemy; he ſeizes him with his victorious hand, lays him proſtrate on the ground, as the bleak North-wind beats down the tender ears of Corn, and will now hear no more, though the impious wretch attempts again to abuſe his generous temper: He buries his Sword in his heart, and precipitates him to the flames of dark *Tartarus*; a juſt puniſhment of his demerits.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus *being kill'd, the* Daunians *lift up their hands to the Allies, in token of Peace, and demand of them a King of their own Nation.* Neſtor *being inconſolable for the death of his Son, keeps from the Aſſembly of the Chiefs, ſome of whom give their Opinions for dividing the Country of the vanquiſh'd, and giving to* Telemachus *the Territory of* Arpi. *Far from accepting this offer,* Telemachus *ſhews, that 'tis the common Intereſt of the Confederates to chuſe* Polydamas *King of the* Daunians, *and to leave them their Lands. He afterwards perſuades that People to beſtow the Country of* Arpi *on* Diomedes, *who happen'd to come there. The Trouble being thus at an end, they ſeparate in order to return to their reſpective Countries.*

NO

B. Cole sc.

Telemachus's *Counsel follow'd by ye Confederate Princes.*

NO ſooner was *Adraſtus* dead, than all the *Daunians*, inſtead of deploring their defeat, and the loſs of their King, rejoyced for their deliverance, and ſtretch'd out their hands to the Allies, in token of peace and reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the Son of *Adraſtus*, whom his Father had brought up in maxims of diſſimulation, injuſtice, and inhumanity, betook himſelf to flight like a Coward; but a Slave, that was an accomplice in all his cruelties and infamous actions, whom he had made free, and loaded with favours, and to whoſe fidelity alone he committed his flight, caſt about how he might betray him, for his own advantage: He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a wound in his back; then, cutting off his head, brought it to the Camp of the Confederates, in expectation of ſome mighty reward for a crime that put an end to the War. But the Confederates abhorr'd the Villain, and cauſed him to be put to death. *Telemachus*, ſeeing the head of *Metrodorus*, who was a youth of marvellous beauty, of an excellent diſpoſition, which had been ſpoil'd by pleaſures and bad examples, could not reſtrain his tears. Alas! ſaid he, here are the effects of the bane of proſperity in a young Prince! The higher his condition is,

and

and the more ſprightly his temper, the more he wanders out of the true way, and departs from the ſentiments of virtue; I my ſelf might perhaps have done the ſame, had not the misfortunes in which I was train'd up (thanks to the Gods and *Mentor*'s inſtructions) taught me moderation.

The *Daunians* being aſſembled, demanded, as the only condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to ſet up a King of their own Nation, who might, by his virtues, wipe out the reproach which the impious *Adraſtus* had brought upon the Crown. They thank'd the Gods for having deſtroy'd the Tyrant, and crouded to kiſs the hand of *Telemachus*, who was the inſtrument in cutting off that monſter; ſo that their defeat was to them in the nature of a triumph. Thus in a moment fell, beyond retrieve, that power which threaten'd all others in *Heſperia*, and which made ſo many Nations tremble; like thoſe huge banks of earth that ſeem firm and immoveable, but which are by little and little ſapp'd and undermin'd. For a great while the feeble toil, us'd in attacking the foundations of them, is derided; they ſeem not in the leaſt weaken'd, all is ſmooth and plain, nothing ſo much as ſhakes; mean while, all the ſubterranean props are gradually deſtroy'd down to the foundation, and then at once the mound ſinks, and o-

pens

pens a prodigious gap. Thus an unjuſt and tricking power, whatever proſperity it may ſeem to acquire through its violences, is all the while digging a precipice under its own feet. Guile and inhumanity do, by degrees, ſap the moſt ſolid foundations of legal authority; Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the moment it vaniſhes; it ſinks under its own weight, and nothing can raiſe it again, becauſe it has with its own hands deſtroy'd the true ſupports of ſincerity and juſtice, which alone beget love and confidence.

The Commanders of the Army met the next day, to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a delightful thing to ſee the two Camps confounded together by ſo unlook'd for a friendſhip, ſo that the two Armies now made but one. The wiſe *Neſtor* could not be preſent in Council, becauſe grief of mind, added to his great Age, had wither'd his heart juſt as a ſhower of Rain beats down a flower, and makes it droop in the evening, which in the morning, while *Aurora* was riſing, was the glory and ornament of the verdant Fields. His eyes were become two fountains of tears that could not be dry'd up; kindly ſleep, that charms the acuteſt pains, fled far away from him: Hope, the life of a Man's heart, was extinct in him; all food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; even the light

was

was odious to him; his Soul wiſh'd for nothing but to part from his body, and to ſink into the everlaſting night of *Pluto*'s Empire: In vain did his friends talk to him; his diſtemper'd mind nauſeated all friendſhip, as a ſick Man diſreliſhes the moſt wholſome meats. To all that they could ſay to move him, he return'd nothing but ſighs and groans. From time to time he was heard to ſay, O *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, my Son, thou call'ſt me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render death ſweet to me! O my dear Son, all the happineſs I now deſire, is to ſee thee again on the banks of *Styx*. Then would he continue whole hours without ſpeaking the leaſt word; but would lament, and lift up his hands, and his eyes drown'd in tears, to Heaven. In the mean time, the Princes being aſſembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Piſiſtratus*'s body, on which he ſtrew'd handfuls of flowers, with exquiſite perfumes, and ſhed a flood of bitter tears. O my dear companion, ſaid he, I ſhall never forget how I ſaw thee at *Pylos*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the Coaſt of the great *Heſperia*: I owe thee a thouſand and a thouſand kind offices; I loved thee, and was beloved by thee: I was acquainted with thy valour; which would have ſurpaſs'd that of many renown'd *Greeks*. Alas! It has made thee die honourably;

ably; but it has robb'd the World of a blooming Virtue which would have equall'd that of thy father! Yes; thy wiſdom and thy eloquence, in a riper Age, would have come up to the perfections of that Hero who was admir'd by all *Greece!* Thou waſt already maſter of that ſweet inſinuation which was irreſiſtible when thou ſpakeſt. Thoſe natural and ingenuous ways of recounting a ſtory, that ſage moderation which is a prevailing charm to pacify angry ſpirits; that authority which flows from prudence and the energy of good Counſels: When thou ſpakeſt, every ear was attentive; all were prepoſſeſs'd in thy favour, all were deſirous to find you in the right. Thy ſpeech, that was plain and without flouriſhes, gently ſtole into Men's hearts, like Dew upon the ſpringing Graſs. But alas! all thoſe bleſſings, which we enjoy'd but a few hours ago, are now ſnatch'd from us for ever! *Piſiſtratus*, whom I hugg'd in my Arms this morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a ſad remembrance of him: Ah! if thou hadſt clos'd the eyes of *Neſtor*, and not we thine, then had he not ſeen what he now is forc'd to ſee, nor would he have been the moſt unhappy father in the world.

After this, *Telemachus* cauſed the bloody wound in *Piſiſtratus*'s ſide, to be waſh'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a bed of Purple, where

where, with his head leaning upon his ſhoulder, o'erſpread with the paleneſs of death, he reſembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the earth with its ſhade, and ſhot its flouriſhing boughs to Heaven, is wounded by the ſharp edge of a Woodman's Axe; it no longer holds by its own root, nor by the earth, that fruitful Mother who nouriſhes her Plants in her boſom; it ſickens, it droops, it loſes its verdure, it can no longer ſupport it ſelf, and down it falls; its branches, that us'd to hide the ſky from Men's eyes, are dragg'd in the duſt, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare Trunk, deſpoil'd of all its ornament. Thus *Piſiſtratus*, now a prey to death, was carry'd away by thoſe who were to lay him on the fatal Pile. Already the flame mounts up to Heaven. A band of *Pylians* attended him with dejected watry eyes, Arms reverſed and trailing, and with a ſlow pace. The body is ſoon conſumed; the aſhes are put into a golden Urn: And *Telemachus*, who took upon him the care of the whole ceremony, commits this Urn, as a moſt valuable treaſure to *Callimachus*, who had been *Piſiſtratus*'s Governor: Take, ſaid he, theſe aſhes, the ſad but precious remains of him whom you ſo much lov'd; keep them for his Father, but wait till he has recover'd ſtrength enough to ask for them, and then, and not till then, deliver

deliver them: That which excites ſorrow at one time, allays it at another.

After this, *Telemachus* repairs to the aſſembly of the Confederate Kings. As ſoon as they eſpy'd him, they were all huſh'd, in expectation to hear him diſcourſe: This made him bluſh, and he could not be prevail'd upon to ſpeak. The praiſes that were given him by publick acclamations, on account of his late Action, added to his baſhfulneſs; ſo that he would gladly have hid himſelf: This was the firſt time he appeared confuſed and irreſolute. At length, he deſired, as a favour, that they would deſiſt from commending him: Not but that I am a lover of praiſe, ſaid he, eſpecially when it comes from ſuch good Judges of Virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much. Praiſes are apt to corrupt Men; they fill them full of themſelves, and render them vain and preſumptuous: We ought equally to merit and decline them: There is no great unlikeneſs between the juſteſt and the falſeſt praiſes. The wickedeſt of all Men, namely Tyrants, are thoſe who have procured themſelves to be moſt praiſed by their flatterers: What pleaſure is there in being commended like them? Juſt praiſes are ſuch as you will give me in my abſence, if I am ſo happy as to deſerve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought alſo to believe that I am willing to be modeſt, and

would

would fear Vanity: Spare me therefore, if you have any eſteem for me, and do not praiſe me as if I were a Man fond of ſuch things.

After *Telemachus* had thus expreſs'd himſelf, he return'd not a word more to thoſe who continued extolling him to the ſky: And by an air of indifference, he cut ſhort the encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they ſhould diſpleaſe him in good earneſt by praiſing him; but their admiration ſtill encreaſed; every one knowing the tenderneſs he had ſhewn to *Piſiſtratus*, and the care he took to pay him the laſt offices. The whole Army was more affected with theſe marks of his good nature, than with all thoſe prodigies of Wiſdom and Valour which lately ſhone in him. He is wiſe, he is valiant, whiſper'd they one to another; he is the favourite of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age. He is more than human: But all this is only matter of wonder, it does nothing more than fill us with amazement. He has humanity and goodneſs; he is a faithful, tender-hearted Friend; he is compaſſionate and ſympathizing, generous, beneficent, and wholly at the ſervice of them whom he ought to love; he is the delight of them who live with him; he has laid aſide all his former haughtineſs, indifference, and fierceneſs. This is what makes him

him uſeful in life; this is what comes home to each Man's heart; this is what endears him to us, and makes us ſenſible of all his Virtues: This is what makes us all ready to ſacrifice our lives for him.

Theſe Diſcourſes were ſcarce finiſh'd, when they proceeded to the point in hand, namely, the buſineſs of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Moſt of the Princes were of opinion, that it was beſt to divide that Country among the Confederates, as a conquer'd land; and offered to *Telemachus*, for his ſhare, the fertile Country of *Arpi*, which, twice a year, bears the rich gifts of *Ceres*, the bounteous bleſſings of *Bacchus*, and the ever-green fruits of the Olive Tree, ſacred to *Minerva*. This land, ſaid they to him, ought to make you forget the poor Cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild Foreſts of *Zacynthus*. Give over the ſearch of your Father, who muſt have periſh'd in the waves, near the Promontory of *Caphareus*, thro' the revenge of *Nauplius*, and the wrath of *Neptune*. Think no more of your Mother, who is long ſince in the poſſeſſion of her lovers; nor of your Country, whoſe Soyl is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Theſſaly* are not more deaf and inſenſible of the Complaints of deſpairing lovers, than *Telemachus* of theſe Propoſals.

For

For my part, ſays he, I am not fond either of riches or pleaſures: What ſignifies the poſſeſſing a greater compaſs of land, and commanding a great number of Men? It occaſions but the more perplexity, and the leſs liberty to the maſter. Life is full enough of miſeries, even to the wiſeſt and moſt moderate ſort of Men, without the additional trouble of governing others, who are untractable, reſtleſs, unjuſt, deceitful, and ungrateful. If a Man aims at the maſtery over others for his own ſake alone, with an eye to nothing but his own authority, pleaſure, and glory; he is impious, he is a tyrant, he is the ſcourge of mankind: If, on the contrary, his deſign, in aiming at the dominion over them, be to conduct them aright, for their own good, he is not ſo much their maſter as their guardian; he has nothing but the trouble of it, which is endleſs, and he is far from having any thoughts or deſires to enlarge the bounds of his authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his flock, but, with the hazard of his own life, guards it againſt the Wolves, and watches over it night and day, and takes care to lead it into fat Paſtures, has no mind to encreaſe the number of his Sheep by ſeizing upon thoſe of his neighbours, becauſe it would but encreaſe his trouble. Altho' I never ſway'd a Scepter, added *Telemachus*; yet do I underſtand, from the

the Laws, and from thoſe wiſe Men who made them, how painful and laborious a thing it is to ſteer the Government of Cities and Kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*. As little, and as poor as it is, I ſhall have Glory enough, provided I reign there with Juſtice, Piety, and Courage: And indeed, I ſhall reign there but too ſoon. Heaven grant that my Father, ſafe from the fury of the Waves, may govern there to an extream old Age, and that I may long learn under him how to overcome my own Paſſions, and thereby to regulate thoſe of a whole Nation.

Afterwards he thus proceeded: Hear, O ye Princes, who are here aſſembled, what I think my ſelf obliged to ſay to you for your own Intereſt. If you give the *Daunians* a juſt King, he will rule them with juſtice, he will ſhew them how much it is for their advantage to adhere to good Faith and Sincerity, and never to encroach upon their Neighbours: And this is what they could never underſtand while they were govern'd by the impious *Adraſtus*. As long as they ſhall be under the ſway of a wiſe and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them; they will be beholden to you for this good King, whom you ſhall have beſtow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for the Peace and Proſperity they ſhall enjoy under him. They will be ſo far from

attacking you, that they will inceſſantly bleſs you, and both King and People will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their Country among you, pray obſerve the Miſchiefs which I foretel you: Theſe People, driven by deſpair, will begin a new War; they will have Juſtice on their ſide in contending for their Liberty; the Gods, who are Enemies of Tyranny, will fight for them: And if the Gods take their part, you will certainly, ſooner or later, be confounded, and all your Proſperity vaniſh like ſmoke. Wiſdom and Counſel will be taken away from your Commanders, Courage from your Soldiers, and Fertility from your Lands: You will flatter your ſelves with vain expectations, you will be raſh and unadviſed in your undertakings, you will ſilence honeſt Men that ſhall offer to tell you the truth, your Fall will be ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you: Are theſe the flouriſhing Nations that were to give Laws to all the World? See how they fly before their Enemies, and are the ſport of others who trample them under their feet? This is the work of the Gods, this is what ſuch unjuſt, proud, inhuman People deſerve! Again conſider, that if you offer to divide this Conqueſt among you, you unite all the neighbouring Nations againſt you: Your League, form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Heſperia*

ſperia againſt the Uſurper *Adraſtus*, will become hateful; and 'tis you that all the World will, with good reaſon, accuſe of aiming at a univerſal Tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all others: even that will be your Deſtruction; I'll tell you how.

Conſider that this attempt will diſunite you all, becauſe, not being founded upon Juſtice, you will have no rule among you to ſquare out each other's pretenſions by; every one will urge that his ſhare of the Conqueſt ſhould be proportionate to his power; none of you will have authority enough over the Nations to make the partition peaceably, and this will be the ſource of a War, which your Great-Grand-Children will never ſee an end of. Is it not much better to be juſt and moderate, than to follow one's ambition with ſo much danger and through ſo many inevitable Miſchiefs? Are not profound Peace, the calm and innocent pleaſures that accompany it, the bleſſings of Plenty, the friendſhip of one's Neighbours, the glory that is inſeparable from Juſtice, the authority that is acquir'd in rendering one's ſelf, by one's Sincerity, the Arbiter of all foreign Nations; are not theſe, I ſay, much more deſirable things than the fooliſh vanity of an unwarrantable Conqueſt? O Princes, O Kings, you ſee I ſpeak to you without any Byaſs or Self-intereſt; hearken

therefore to one who loves you ſo well as to contradict you, nay even to diſpleaſe you by ſetting the Truth before your eyes.

While *Telemachus* deliver'd himſelf thus, with an air of Authority which they had never ſeen in any other, and while all the Princes with aſtoniſhment and rapture attended to the Wiſdom of his Counſels, there was heard a confus'd noiſe which ſpread throughout the Camp, and reach'd to the very place where the Aſſembly was held. A Stranger, ſaid they, is landed on theſe Coaſts, with a Company of arm'd Men. This unknown perſon is of a lofty Mein; every thing in him appears Heroick; it is eaſy to diſcern that he has been long under the frowns of Fortune, and that his high Courage has made him ſuperior to all his Calamities. At firſt, the People of the Country, who guard the Coaſt, would have repulſed him as an Enemy that was coming to make an Invaſion; but after having drawn his Sword, with an air of Intrepidity, he told them that he knew how to defend himſelf, if he were attack'd, but that all he deſir'd of them was Peace and Hoſpitality. He immediately held forth an Olive-branch as a Supplicant: Upon this he is heard; he deſires to be brought to thoſe who govern in this part of *Heſperia*, and ſo he is conducted hither, to ſpeak to the aſſembled Kings.

Scarce

Scarce was this diſcourſe finiſh'd, when this Stranger was ſeen entering with a Majeſty that ſurpriz'd the whole Aſſembly: One might eaſily have taken him for *Mars*, when he aſſembles, in the Mountains of *Thrace*, his blood-thirſty Troops. He beſpeaks the Aſſembly in theſe terms.

O ye Shepherds of the People, who are doubtleſs met together here to defend your Country againſt its Enemies, or to enact the moſt righteous Laws; hearken to a Man that has been perſecuted by Fortune: Heaven grant you never feel the like Calamities! I am *Diomedes*, King of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*: The Revenge of that Goddeſs purſues me throughout the Univerſe. *Neptune*, who can refuſe nothing to the divine daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the fury of the Winds and Waves, which have ſeveral times daſh'd my Ships in pieces againſt Rocks. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all hope of ever ſeeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the delicious light of that Country where I firſt ſaw the day at my Birth: No, I ſhall never more ſee what I hold moſt dear in the world. I now am come, after numerous Shipwrecks, to ſeek on this unknown Shore a little repoſe, and a ſecure retreat. If you fear the Gods, eſpecially *Jupiter*, who has the care of Strangers; if you have any ſenſe

of Pity, do not refuſe me, in theſe vaſt Regions, ſome corner, though it be of barren Ground, ſome diſmal Deſart, or ſome ſharp craggy Rock, that I, with my Companions, may found a City there, which may be at leaſt a melancholy Image of our loſt Country. We ask but a ſmall Tract in ſome waſte place: We will live peaceably with you in a ſtrict Alliance: Your Enemies ſhall be our's; we will eſpouſe all your Intereſts; we only deſire the liberty of living according to our own Laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was ſpeaking this, *Telemachus*, with his eyes fix'd on him, ſhew'd in his own Countenance all the different paſſions which the human Soul is capable of. When *Diomedes* firſt ſpoke of his tedious Misfortunes, he was in hopes it might be his Father. As ſoon as he had declared himſelf to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus*'s Countenance languiſh'd like a beauteous flower which the cruel North-wind had juſt blaſted with its pernicious breath. Afterwards, *Diomedes*, complaining of the implacable anger of a Deity, begot in him a compaſſionate and tender remembrance of the like Misfortunes ſuffer'd by his Father and himſelf: His Cheeks ran down with tears mix'd with Grief and Joy, and he inſtantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, ſaid he, the Son of *Ulyſſes*, whom you once

once knew, and who was not unuſeful to you, when you took the famous Horſes of *Rheſus*: The Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully: If there be any truth in the Oracles of *Eurebus*, he is ſtill alive: But alas! he is not alive to me: I left *Ithaca* to ſeek him, and now I can neither ſee him nor *Ithaca* again: Judge by my Misfortunes what Compaſſion I have for others. The advantage that Misfortunes bring along with them, is to teach us to ſympathize with others in their troubles: Though I am but a Stranger here, yet am I able, O great *Diomedes*, (for notwithſtanding the Miſery that overwhelm'd my Country when I was a Child, I have not been ſo ill educated, as to be ignorant of your glorious feats in War) I am able, O moſt invincible of all the *Greeks* next *Achilles*, to procure you ſome relief. Theſe Princes, whom you here ſee, are Perſons of Humanity, without which they very well know there is neither Virtue, nor true Courage, nor ſolid Glory. Misfortunes add a new luſtre to the Glory of great Men. There is ſomething wanting in them, before they have been in adverſity. There muſt be in their Lives examples of patience and firmneſs of Mind; diſtreſs'd Virtue melts all hearts that have any reliſh for Virtue; leave to us, therefore, the care of comforting you; ſince the Gods have ſent you to us, we look upon you as a

Preſent they intended us, and ought to eſteem our ſelves happy that we are able to mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was thus ſpeaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with wonder and amazement, and felt his heart leap within him. They hugg'd one another as if they had long been united in the cloſeſt bands of Friendſhip. O worthy Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Diomedes*, I find in you the ſweetneſs of his Countenance, the gracefulneſs of his Diſcourſe, his commanding Eloquence, his noble Sentiments, and his wiſe Thoughts.

Mean while, *Philoctetes* likewiſe embrac'd the Son of *Tydeus*: They related to each other their melancholy Adventures: Then ſaid *Philoctetes* to him, I doubt not but you will be glad to ſee the wiſe *Neſtor*; he has juſt loſt *Piſiſtratus*, the laſt of his Children, and now there remains nothing for him but a way moiſten'd with tears, that loads him to his Tomb. Come then and try to comfort him; a Friend under affliction is fitter than another to eaſe his troubled heart. They immediately repair'd to the Tent of *Neſtor*, who ſcarce knew *Diomedes* again; Grief had ſo depreſs'd his Spirit, and diſorder'd his Senſes. At firſt they wept with him, and this Interview encreaſed the old Man's ſorrow; but after a while, the preſence of this Friend aſſwag'd his heart; and one might eaſily

eaſily diſcern, that his affliction was, in ſome meaſure, ſuſpended by the ſecret pleaſure of relating what he himſelf had ſuffer'd, and of hearing, on the other ſide, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

Whilſt they were thus converſing, the Kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what courſe to take? *Telemachus* adviſed them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpi*, and to chuſe *Polydamas* for King of the *Daunians*, he being of their own Nation. This Man was a famous Captain, whom *Adraſtus*, through Jealouſy, would never employ, leſt the world ſhould aſcribe to that able Commander the ſucceſs, of which he hoped to reap himſelf all the Glory. *Polydamas* had often, in private, repreſented to him, that he too much expoſed his own Life and the welfare of his Country in this War, againſt ſo many Confederate Nations: He would often have advis'd him to have obſerv'd a more upright and moderate Conduct towards his Neighbours; but thoſe who hate Truth, do alſo hate ſuch as are ſo bold as to declare it to them: They make no manner of account either of their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Diſintereſtedneſs: A bewitching proſperity harden'd *Adraſtus*'s heart againſt the moſt wholeſome advice, and yet, notwithſtanding all this, he ſtill obtain'd the Victory over his Enemies. Haughtineſs, Fraud,

and Violence, were ſtill the Inſtruments of Triumph to him. None of the Misfortunes which *Polydamas* ſo often threaten'd him with, befel him: *Adraſtus* laugh'd at that timorous prudence which is always foreſeeing inconveniencies. He could no longer endure the ſight of *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all Employments of Honour and Truſt, and left him to languiſh in Solitude and Indigence.

Polydamas was at firſt deeply affected with this diſgrace, but it ſoon procur'd him what he wanted, in opening his eyes to ſee the vanity of high Fortunes; he became wiſe at his own coſt; he began to rejoyce that he had been unfortunate; he by degrees learnt how to ſuffer; to be ſatisfy'd with a little; calmly to feed his Soul with Truth; to cheriſh and entertain within him ſecret Virtues, which are far more valuable than the noiſy and glittering ones: In fine, to know how to live without the Society of Men. He dwelt at the foot of Mount *Garganus* in a Deſart, where a half-arch'd Rock ſerv'd him for a houſe; a Brook that ran from a Mountain allay'd his thirſt, and ſome adjoyning Trees afforded him their Fruits for food. He had two Slaves that cultivated a little ſpot of ground for him, in which he wrought likewiſe with his own hands; the ground repay'd his Toyl with great increaſe, not ſuffering him to want any thing: He had not only Fruit

Fruit and Pulſe in abundance, but all ſorts of fragrant Flowers beſides. There he bewail'd the unhappineſs of thoſe People who are hurried on to their deſtruction by the ſenſeleſs ambition of a Tyrannical Prince; there he every day expected that the juſt Gods, though patient for a while, would at length cruſh *Adraſtus*. The more his proſperity gain'd ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove; for Imprudence, when it is ſucceſsful in its errors; and power, when ſcrew'd up to the higheſt pitch of abſolute Authority, are the fore-runners of the downfal of Kings and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Overthrow and Death of *Adraſtus*, he ſhew'd no ſigns of Joy, either for having foreſeen it, or for being reſcu'd from his Tyranny: He only ſigh'd for fear of ſeeing the *Daunians* in a ſtate of Slavery.

This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King: He had for ſome time known his Courage and Valour; for *Telemachus*, according to *Mentor*'s advice, was inceſſantly making enquiry of the good and bad Qualities of all who were in any conſiderable employment, not only among the Confederate Nations who ſerv'd in this War, but even among the Enemy. He made it his principal care every where to find out and examine, what Men had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes made, at firſt, ſome difficulty of placing *Polydamas* on the Throne. We have experienc'd, ſaid they, how much a King of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his Neighbours, when he is a lover of War, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamas* is a great Captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd; 'Tis true, *Polydamas* underſtands War, but then he loves Peace; and theſe are the two things that are moſt to be deſired in a Prince: A Man who is acquainted with the Calamities, the Hazards and Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it, than another, who has no experience of them: *Polydamas* has learn'd to reliſh the pleaſure of a quiet life; he condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adraſtus*, he foreſaw their diſmal Conſequences. A weak and ignorant Prince ought more to be dreaded by you, than a Man who will look into Affairs, and determine every thing himſelf; a weak and ignorant Prince will ſee nothing but by the eyes of a giddy Favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent and ambitious Miniſter; ſo that a Prince thus blinded, will engage himſelf in a War, even though he has no mind to it; and you can never be ſure of him, becauſe he cannot be ſure of himſelf; he will falſify his word to you; he will ſoon reduce you to ſuch extremities, that you muſt either ruin him,

or

or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more ſafe, and at the ſame time, more juſt and generous, to make a faithful return to the confidence the *Daunians* place in you, and to give them a King worthy to command them?

This Speech convinc'd the whole Aſſembly; thereupon a Meſſage was ſent to propoſe *Polydamas* to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an anſwer. When they heard the name of *Polydamas*, they reply'd, We are now ſatisfied that the Confederate Princes will act ſincerely by us, and perpetuate the Peace with us, ſince they are willing to grant us a Man ſo virtuous, and ſo capable of governing us, to be our King. If they had propoſed to us a cowardly, effeminate, and ignorant perſon, we ſhould have thought they aim'd only at depreſſing us, and corrupting the Form of our Government: We ſhould have ſecretly harbour'd in our Breaſts a deep Reſentment of ſo ill-natur'd and fraudulent a piece of Conduct; but their choice of *Polydamas* is a ſure indication of real candour. The Confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is juſt and honourable, ſince they grant us a King, who is incapable of doing any thing againſt the Liberty and Glory of our Nation; and we in like manner, do proteſt, in preſence of the juſt Gods, that Rivers ſhall ſooner run back to their Fountain-heads,

than

than we will ceaſe to love ſo beneficent a People. May our lateſt Poſterity remember the benefit we this day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age in all the borders of *Heſperia!*

Telemachus, after this, propoſed to them to beſtow on *Diomedes* the fields of *Arpi*, to plant a Colony there. This new People, ſaid he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their Settlement in a Country which you don't cultivate: Remember that all Men owe each other reciprocal love; that the earth is too large for them; that they can't be without Neighbours; and that 'tis beſt to have ſuch as are indebted to us for their Eſtabliſhment: Compaſſionate the misfortunes of a King who cannot return into his own Country. *Polydamas* and he, being united together by the bands of Juſtice and Virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preſerve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring Nations that might entertain thoughts of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, that we have beſtow'd on you a King capable of raiſing your Glory to the skies; do you, therefore, on your part, give up a piece of ground that is uſeleſs to you, ſince we ask it of you for a King who deſerves all manner of Relief.

The *Daunians* reply'd, That they could deny

deny *Telemachus* nothing, ſince it was he that procur'd them *Polydamas* for their King. They immediately went to fetch him from his Solitude, and to place him upon the Throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile Plains of *Arpi* to *Diomedes*, to found a new Kingdom there. The Confederates were over-joy'd at this Conceſſion, becauſe *Diomedes*'s Colony of *Greeks* would add a conſiderable weight to the Confederate Forces, if ever the *Daunians* ſhould renew the Uſurpations of which *Adraſtus* had ſet ſo ill an example.

All the Princes had no other thoughts than to ſeparate. *Telemachus*, with tears in his eyes, departs with his Men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wiſe and inconſolable *Neſtor*, and the fam'd *Philoctetes*, the worthy Heir of *Hercules*'s Arrows.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *arriving at* Salentum *is ſurpriz'd to ſee the Country round it ſo well cultivated, and to find ſo little Magnificence in the City.* Mentor *acquaints him with the Reaſons of that change; makes him ſenſible of the Faults which uſually hinder a State from flouriſhing; and propoſes to him the Conduct and Government of* Idomeneus, *as a Pattern for his Imitation. After this* Telemachus *opens his Breaſt to* Mentor, *and lets him ſee his inclination to marry* Antiope, *that King's Daughter.* Mentor *joins with him, in commending her good qualities; aſſures him that the Gods deſign her for him; but that, for the preſent, he ought to think on nothing but to depart for* Ithaca, *in order to deliver* Penelope *from the purſuits of her Lovers.*

THE

B. Cole sc.

Telemachus *returns to* Salentum.

THE young Son of *Ulyſſes* burn'd with impatience to ſee *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to take ſhipping with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his Father might 'ere this be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum*, he was fill'd with amazement to ſee all the neighbouring Country, which he had left little better than a Deſart, cultivated and improved like a fine Garden, and full of diligent Labourers. He concluded this muſt be the work of *Mentor*: Afterwards, entering the City, he obſerv'd that there were fewer Artificers for luxury and the pleaſures of life, and a much leſs appearance of pomp and magnificence. *Telemachus* was ſhock'd at this, for he was naturally fond of every Thing that look'd gay and fine; but his mind was ſoon poſſeſs'd with other thoughts. He at a diſtance ſees *Idomeneus* making towards him with *Mentor*: This inſtantly fill'd his heart with joy and tenderneſs; Yet, notwithſtanding he had been ſucceſsful in the war againſt *Adraſtus*, he was afraid leſt *Mentor* ſhould not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he conſulted *Mentor*'s eyes, to ſee if they intimated any thing that might give him occaſion to upbraid himſelf.

First

Firſt *Idomeneus* embraced *Telemachus* as his own Son; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himſelf about *Mentor*'s neck, and bedew'd him with his tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well pleas'd with you; you have been guilty of great overſights; but they have ſerv'd to make you know your ſelf, and to be hereafter diffident of your own abilities. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their nobleſt atchievements. Great actions are apt to puff up the heart, and to inſpire a dangerous preſumption; whereas a Man's miſcarriages and defects make him recollect himſelf, and reſtore him the prudence which he loſt during the run of his good fortune. What remains for you to do, is to praiſe the Gods, and not to court the praiſes of Men: Your performances have been great; but pray ſpeak the truth, you had but little ſhare in the doing of them. Did they not happen like ſomething adventitious and foreign, that was infuſed into you? And were you not like to have ſpoil'd them by your eagerneſs and imprudence? Did it not ſeem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another Man beyond your ſelf, in order to make you the inſtrument of her atchievements? She held all your infirmities in ſuſpence, as *Neptune* when he quells ſtorms, and ſuſpends the angry waves.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Idomeneus* was asking Queſtions of the *Cretans*, who return'd from the War, *Telemachus* gave attentive ears to the ſage Counſels of *Mentor*: After which he caſt his eyes on every ſide with wonder, and ſaid, What a change do I ſee? It paſſes my underſtanding: Has any calamity befallen this place whilſt I was abſent? What is become of that magnificence which reign'd in every part of it at my departure? I ſee neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones: The People are meanly habited; the buildings that are carrying on, are much inferior to the reſt, both for dimenſions and ornament; the arts droop, and the City is become a Deſart.

To this *Mentor* reply'd ſmiling: Did you take notice of the condition of the Country round the City? Yes, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, I ſaw Husbandry thriving every where, and the Fields cultivated and manur'd. Which is beſt, added *Mentor*, a City pompous with Marble, Gold or Silver, with a Country neglected and barren, or a manured fertile Country, with a City ordinary in ſhew, and moderate in its manners? A great City overſtock'd with Artificers employ'd in emaſculating Men's minds with the luxuries of life, when it is ſurrounded with a Kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is like a Monſter who has a head of exorbitant bigneſs,

neſs, but whoſe body is extremely thin and depriv'd of nouriſhment, ſo as to bear no proportion to the head. 'Tis the number of People, and the plenty of Proviſions, which makes the true ſtrength and true riches of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable, and indefatigable in labour, who fill every corner of his Country; ſo that his whole Country is as it were but one entire City, and *Salentum* but the center of it. We have ſent into the Country the Men that were wanting there, and needleſs in the City; and have beſides invited great numbers of Strangers into this Country. The more theſe People increaſe and multiply, the more do the fruits of the earth increaſe and multiply by their labour. And this ſo ſweet and peaceable a multiplication enlarges his Kingdom more than a conqueſt would do. We have rejected ſuch ſuperfluous arts only, as divert the poor from applying themſelves to things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the rich, by occaſioning pride and effeminacy: But we have not, in the leaſt, wrong'd either the liberal Arts, or ſuch Men as have a true genius to cultivate them. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admir'd his magnificence: That dazzling ſplendor hid under it a weakneſs and a miſery, which would ſoon have undermin'd his Empire: Now he has a greater number

number of Men, and ſubſiſts them more eaſily: Theſe Men, who are accuſtom'd to toil, pain, and a contempt of life, through the love they bear to good laws, are always in a readineſs to fight in the defence of thoſe lands, which they with their own hands have improv'd. This State, which you think decay'd, will ſoon become the wonder of *Heſperia*.

Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the government of a Nation, two pernicious things, which are ſcarce ever remedy'd; the firſt is an unjuſt and too violent authority in Kings; the ſecond is luxury, which viciates the manners of the People. When Kings have accuſtom'd themſelves to know no laws but their own abſolute will, and to give no check to their paſſions, they may do any thing; but by this very power of doing any thing, they ſap the foundation of their authority; they go by no certain rules, nor have they any fix'd maxims of Government; all vye who ſhall flatter them moſt; they loſe their People, and have nothing left them but ſlaves. Who ſhall tell them the truth? Who ſhall ſet bounds to this torrent? Every thing falls before it; the wiſeſt fly away, hide themſelves, and groan in ſecret: Nothing, but a ſudden and violent Revolution can bring back this exorbitant power into its natural Channel; nay, oftentimes the

the means made uſe of to regulate it, irrecoverably deſtroy it. Nothing ſo much threatens a great fall, as an authority that is ſcrew'd up too high; it is like a bow too much bent, which at laſt breaks on a ſudden, if the ſtring be not ſlacken'd; but who is he that will dare to ſlacken it? *Idomeneus* was corrupted to the very bottom of his Heart; it was this bewitching authority that tumbled him from his Throne; but even after that, his eyes continu'd hoodwink'd. There was a neceſſity for the Gods to ſend us hither to undeceive him, and to open his eyes that he might ſee, that overſtrain'd, extravagant power, which does not befit the ſtate of Man; nay, they were forc'd to uſe ſupernatural means, and work miracles to recover him from his deluſion. The other almoſt incurable miſchief is luxury. As too great an authority intoxicates and poyſons Kings; ſo luxury poyſons a whole Nation: 'Tis commonly urg'd, that luxury ſerves to feed the poor at the expence of the rich; as if the poor could not more profitably provide for themſelves, by increaſing the fruits of the earth, than by unmanning the rich by the refinements of voluptuouſneſs. Thus a whole Nation habituates it ſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous things, as the neceſſaries of life; and thus every day brings forth ſome new neceſſity of the ſame kind, and Men

can

can no longer live without things which but thirty years ago were utterly unknown to them. This luxury is call'd, forſooth, the *Bon Gout*, the perfection of Arts, and the politeneſs of a Nation. This Vice, which carries in its womb a thouſand more, is commended for its virtue; it ſpreads its contagion down to the very dregs of the People; thoſe of the Royal Blood are willing to imitate the King's magnificence; the Men of Quality mimick the King's relations; and the middle ſort ſtrive to equal thoſe of Quality; for who is it that thinks amiſs of himſelf? The loweſt rank of Men would paſs for a middle ſort, and every one lives above his condition, ſome for oſtentation, and to make a ſhew of their wealth, others thro' a miſtaken ſhame, and to cloak their poverty. Even thoſe who are ſo wiſe as to condemn ſo great a diſorder, are not ſo wiſe as to dare to be the firſt to ſtem the tide, or ſet contrary examples. Thus a whole Nation falls to ruin; all conditions and ranks of Men are confounded; an eager deſire of acquiring wealth to ſupport an idle expence, corrupts the pureſt minds, and when poverty is accounted infamous, nothing is minded but how to grow rich. Let a Man be a good ſcholar, skilful, and virtuous; let him inſtruct mankind, win battles, and ſave his Country; let him ſacrifice all his private intereſt, and yet he will be deſpiſed, unleſs his

his talents be heighten'd by pomp and luxury. Even thoſe who have no fortune will appear, and ſpend as if they had: And ſo they fall to borrowing, cheating, and uſing a thouſand mean arts to get Money: But who ſhall remedy thoſe evils? the reliſh and habits of a whole Nation muſt be changed, new laws muſt be given them; and who ſhall attempt this, unleſs the King ſhould prove to be ſo much of a Philoſopher, as to ſet an example of moderation himſelf, and ſo put out of countenance thoſe who love a pompous expence, and, at the ſame time, to encourage the wiſe, who will be glad to be authoriz'd in a decent frugality.

Telemachus, hearing this diſcourſe, was juſt like a Man who comes out of a profound ſleep: He felt the truth of theſe words, and they were deeply engraven in his heart, juſt as a skilful Statuary imprints what lineaments he pleaſes on a piece of Marble, and gives it tenderneſs, life, and motion. *Telemachus* made no anſwer, but revolving in his mind all that he had been hearing, he attentively ſurvey'd the ſeveral changes and alterations that had been made in the City, and after a while he thus expreſs'd himſelf to *Mentor*:

You have made *Idomeneus* the wiſeſt of all Kings; both he and his People are become new Creatures; and it muſt be granted, that what you have done here is infinitely greater

than

than all the Victories we have won: For chance and ſtrength have a great ſhare in the ſucceſſes of war. We muſt ſhare with our Soldiers the glory of a victory; but all your work is the reſult of a ſingle head; and you alone had to deal againſt a King and all his people, in order to correct them. The ſucceſſes in war are always fatal and odious: Whereas all I ſee here, is the work of a celeſtial wiſdom; all is ſweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all beſpeaks an authority that is more than human. When Men are fondly ambitious of glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themſelves to do good? How ignorant are they of the true nature of glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the earth, and ſpilling human blood! *Mentor* diſplay'd a ſenſible joy in his face, to ſee *Telemachus* have ſuch right notions about Victories and Conqueſts, at an age when it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had gain'd.

After this, *Mentor* added: 'Tis true, all you ſee here is good and laudable; but know, that it is poſſible to do yet better things than theſe. *Idomeneus* checks his Paſſions, and applys himſelf to the governing of his People; yet for all this, he commits a great many faults, which are the unhappy conſequences of his former errors: When Men ſet about ſhaking off an evil, this evil ſeems ſtill to hang about

about them for a long time; there ſtill remains within them ſome of their old leaven, a weaken'd diſpoſition, inveterate errors, and almoſt incurable prejudices. Happy are they who never wander'd out of the right path! For they may be able to do good, in a much greater perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will expect more from you than from *Idomeneus*; becauſe you have been acquainted with the truth from your infancy, and have never been abandon'd to the inchantments of too great proſperity.

Idomeneus, continu'd *Mentor*, is wiſe and knows a great deal; but he applies himſelf too much to little minute things, and does not enough meditate on the bulk of his affairs, to form Schemes. The excellency of a King who is ſet over other Men, does not conſiſt in doing all himſelf: It is a groſs piece of vanity to think to do any ſuch thing, or to go about to perſuade the world that one can do it. A King ought to govern by chuſing and conducting thoſe who govern under him: He is not to meddle with *details* or particulars; for that is doing the buſineſs of thoſe who are under him: He ought only to call them to an account, and to know enough to be able to enter into, and diſcern the material circumſtances of ſuch an account. Supream and perfect Government conſiſts in chuſing, and governing thoſe that govern, and in applying

plying them according to their ſeveral talents. You muſt obſerve them, try them, check them, encourage them, raiſe them, depreſs them, remove them from one place to another, and keep them always in ure. For a Prince to examine every thing himſelf argues diffidence, narrowneſs of mind, and a jealouſy about mean matters, which conſumes that time and freedom of Spirit which is neceſſary for great things. To form grand deſigns requires a free and ſedate mind, that can think at its eaſe, in an entire diſengagement from all diſpatches of perplexing Affairs. A mind exhauſted by *Details* and Particulars, is like the lees of Wine, which have neither ſtrength nor flavour: They who govern by Details are always determined by what is before them, without extending their views to a remote futurity; they are always ſway'd by the affair of the preſent day, and that affair being the only one that takes up their thoughts, they are too much affected by it; it contracts their minds; for no Man can paſs a ſound judgment on things, without comparing them all together, and marſhalling them in a certain order, that thereby they may be reduc'd to a proper connection and proportion. To fail in this rule of Government, is to be like a Muſician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious ſounds, never trou-

bles himſelf to unite and accord them together, in order to compoſe a ſweet and raviſhing piece of muſick; or, like an Architect, that thinks his buſineſs done, provided he heap together mighty Columns, and abundance of well-cut Stones, without thinking of the order and proportion of the ſeveral ornaments of his building. When the Parlour is building, he thinks not of making a ſuitable Stair-caſe; when the body of the building is in hand, he dreams not either of the Court-yard or the Gate; his work is nothing but a confus'd medley of pompous parts, which are not made to fit one another. This work, inſtead of doing him credit, will rather be an eternal monument of his ſhame; for it ſhews, that it was done by a workman who had not a ſufficient compaſs of thought, to take in at once the general deſign of his whole work, which is the character of a limited and a ſubaltern mind: When a Man is born with a genius confin'd to particulars, he is only fit to act under another. Depend upon it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom requires a certain harmony like muſick, and juſt proportions like Architecture.

If you will give me leave to uſe once more the compariſon of theſe Arts, I'll make you conceive what ordinary underſtandings thoſe Men have who govern by the detail. He,

who

who in a Conſort of Muſick ſings only ſome certain parts, tho' he ſings them perfectly well, is no more than a Singer; he alone is the Maſter of Muſick who governs the whole Conſort, and at once regulates all the parts of it. In like manner, he that cuts the Columns, or raiſes one ſide of a building, is but a Maſon; but he who contrives the whole edifice, and has all the proportions in his head, is the only Architect. So thoſe who take moſt pains, and expedite moſt buſineſs, are ſuch as have the leaſt ſhare in the Governing part; they are no more than underworkmen. The true genius that conducts a State, is he, who doing nothing himſelf, cauſes every thing to be done; he contrives, he invents, he foreſees the future, he reflects on what is paſt, he diſtributes and proportions things, he makes early preparations, he inceſſantly arms himſelf to ſtruggle againſt fortune, as a ſwimmer againſt a rapid ſtream of water; he is attentive night and day, that he may leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great Painter labours from morning till night that he may diſpatch his work the ſooner? No; ſuch a conſtraint and drudgery would damp the brightneſs of his fancy; he would no longer work with Spirit; all muſt be done irregularly and by ſallies, according as his guſto moves him, and his genius ſtimulates

him. Think you that he ſpends his time in mixing of Colours, and preparing of Pencils? No, that's the buſineſs of his Apprentices. His Province is thought and contrivance; he ſtudies nothing but to make bold ſtrokes, that may give a noble air, life and paſſion to his figures; his Head runs upon the ſentiments and thoughts of thoſe Heroes he is about to repreſent; he tranſports himſelf into the Ages wherein they lived, and enters into all the Circumſtances that ever attended them: To this kind of Enthuſiaſm he muſt joyn a Judgment that muſt reſtrain his luxuriant fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that leſs elevation of mind, and effort of thought is required to make a great King, than a good Painter? Conclude then, that the buſineſs of a King is to *think*, to form great projects, and to make choice of Men to execute them under him.

Telemachus reply'd; methinks I apprehend every thing you have been ſaying; but at this rate, a King would be often impoſed upon, for not entering himſelf into particulars. No, 'tis you that impoſe upon your ſelf, reply'd *Mentor*: That which hinders a Prince from being impoſed upon, is a general knowledge of Government: Thoſe who have no principles to go by in Buſineſs, and have

no

no true knowledge and diſcernment of Men, are always, as it were, groping in the dark, and 'tis mere chance if they don't miſtake their way. They don't ſo much as know what it is they are looking for, nor which way they ought to ſteer their courſe; they only know how to be diſtruſtful, and they ſooner diſtruſt honeſt Men that contradict them, than Knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have true Maxims of Government, and who are well skill'd in Men, know what they ought to look for in them, and the means to find it. They perceive, at leaſt in groſs, whether the perſons they make uſe of are inſtruments proper for their purpoſe, and whether they enter ſo far into their views, as to be able to hit the mark they aim at. Beſides, as they don't concern themſelves with tedious particulars, they have their minds more at liberty to ſurvey at once the body of the work, and to obſerve whether it advances towards its principal end: If they are impoſed upon, it ſcarce ever happens to be in eſſential matters. Beſides, they are above thoſe little jealouſies, that argue a narrow Spirit and a groveling Soul: They very well know that there's no avoiding being deceiv'd ſometimes in great affairs, becauſe they muſt make uſe of Men for their Inſtruments, and that Men are often deceitful. More may be loſt by the irreſo-

luteneſs attending diffidence, than would be loſt by ſuffering one's ſelf to be in ſome meaſure impoſed upon. He is very happy who is deceiv'd only in inconſiderable things; great ones will not fail to take their own courſe: And this is the only thing that a great Man ſhould be concern'd for. A Prince ought ſeverely to puniſh deceit when it is diſcover'd; but a Man that will not be really deceiv'd, muſt reckon upon meeting with ſome deceit. An Artificer in his Shop ſees all with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands: But a King in a great State, can neither do, nor ſee every thing. He ought to do thoſe things only which no body elſe can do under him; and ought to ſee nothing but what makes for the deciſion of important matters.

In fine, ſays *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are beloved by the Gods, who are preparing for you a reign that ſhall be repleniſh'd with wiſdom; all that you ſee here is intended, not ſo much for *Idomeneus*'s glory, as for your inſtruction. All theſe prudent Eſtabliſhments, which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the ſhadow of what you ſhall do, one day, in *Ithaca*, if by your Virtues you anſwer the purpoſes of your high deſtiny. 'Tis time we ſhould think of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a Ship ready for our return.

Hereupon *Telemachus*, though not without ſome

ſome reluctance and uneaſineſs, unboſom'd himſelf to his Friend, and acquainted him with an inclination which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, ſaid he, for too eaſily entering into engagements in the places through which I paſs: But my heart would continually upbraid me, if I ſhould conceal from you that I love *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, ſuch a blind paſſion as you cur'd me of in the Iſland of *Calypſo*: I well know the depth of the wound Love made in my Soul when I was with *Eucharis*: I cannot yet pronounce her name without concern. Time and Abſence have not yet been able to efface it from my heart; This ſad experience teaches me to be diſtruſtful of my ſelf: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her account is nothing like the other: It is not an extravagant paſſion; it is Judgment, it is Eſteem, it is Perſwaſion: O how happy ſhould I be in paſſing my life with her! If ever the Gods reſtore my Father to me, and permit me to chuſe a Wife, *Antiope* ſhall be the perſon. What charms me in her is her ſilence, her modeſty, her reſervedneſs, her aſſiduous induſtry in Tapeſtry-work and Imbroidery, her application in managing her Father's houſe ſince her Mother's death, her contempt of gawdy apparel, her over-looking and even ignorance of her own Beauty. When *Idome-*

neus commands her to lead up the dances of the young *Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one would take her for ſmiling *Venus*, ſhe is attended with ſo many Graces: When he carries her to hunting with him in the Foreſt, ſhe looks as majeſtick, and is as dextrous at handling the bow, as *Diana* amidſt her Nymphs; herſelf alone does not know it, while all the world admire it. When ſhe enters into the Temple of the Gods, and bears the ſacred Offerings on her head in baskets, one would think ſhe were the very Deity that inhabits the Temple. With what Awe, with what Devotion have we ſeen her offer Sacrifices and avert the anger of the Gods, when ſome Crime was to be expiated, or ſome dreadful Omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one ſees her with a Company of her Maids holding in her hand a golden needle, one would think *Minerva*'s ſelf were deſcended to earth in a human form to teach Men the liberal Arts: She cheers up others to work; ſhe renders labour pleaſant to them by the ſweetneſs of her voice, when ſhe ſings the miraculous ſtories of the Gods; ſhe ſurpaſſes the moſt exquiſite painting by her delicate Embroideries. Happy the Man whom kindly *Hymen* ſhall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to loſe and ſurvive her.

My dear *Mentor*, I call the Gods to witneſs, that I am ready to be gone: I ſhall love

Antiope as long as I live; but ſhe ſhall not retard my return to *Ithaca* one moment. If another was to enjoy her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my days in ſorrow and bitterneſs: But in ſhort, I am reſolved to leave her, tho' I know my abſence may endanger me to loſe her. I am unwilling to diſcover my paſſion either to her, or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a declaration of it to any but you, 'till *Ulyſſes*, reinſtated on his throne, gives me his conſent. You may know by all this, my dear *Mentor*, how vaſtly different this preſent Inclination of mine is from that blind paſſion I had for *Eucharis*.

Mentor reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there is a difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain and wiſe; her hands deſpiſe not labour; ſhe foreſees things at a great diſtance; ſhe provides againſt all Contingencies; ſhe knows how to be ſilent; ſhe acts regularly without a hurry; ſhe is always employ'd, but never embarraſs'd, becauſe ſhe does every thing in its due ſeaſon; the good order of her Father's houſe is her glory; it adds a greater luſtre to her than her very Beauty. Though the care of all lies upon her, and ſhe is charg'd with the burthen of reproving, refuſing, ſparing (things that make all other Women hated) ſhe has acquir'd the love of all the Houſhold; and this, becauſe they find not in her either Paſſion, or Conceited-

neſs, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women. With a ſingle glance of her eye they know her meaning, and are afraid to diſpleaſe her: The orders ſhe gives are plain; ſhe commands nothing but what may be perform'd; ſhe reproves with kindneſs, and her reproofs are incentives to do better: Her Father's heart repoſes it ſelf upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's ſultry rays, repoſes himſelf upon the tender graſs under a ſhady tree. You are in the right, O *Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a treaſure worthy to be ſought for, even in the moſt remote Regions; her mind, any more than her perſon, is never trim'd with vain gawdy ornaments; her fancy, though ſprightly, is yet diſcreet; ſhe never ſpeaks but when there is an abſolute occaſion, and, when ſhe opens her mouth, ſoft perſwaſion and genuine graces flow from her lips. The moment ſhe begins to ſpeak, every body elſe is ſilent, which throws a baſhful confuſion into her face; ſhe could find in her heart to ſuppreſs what ſhe was about to ſay, when ſhe perceives ſhe is ſo attentively liſten'd to; for my part I have ſcarce ever heard her ſpeak.

Do you remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father, one day, ſent for her? She appear'd with her eyes caſt down, cover'd with a large Veil, and ſpoke no more than juſt enough to moderate the anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going

to

to inflict a rigorous puniſhment upon one of his Slaves. At firſt, ſhe took part with him in his trouble, then ſhe calm'd him, at laſt ſhe urg'd to him what might be alledg'd in excuſe of the poor wretch, and without letting the King know that he was tranſported beyond due Bounds, ſhe inſpir'd into him ſentiments of Juſtice and Compaſſion. *Thetis*, when ſhe ſooths old *Nereus*, does not appeaſe with more ſweetneſs the raging billows. Thus *Antiope*, without aſſuming any authority, and without taking advantage of her charms, will one day manage the heart of a Husband, as ſhe now touches her Lyre, when ſhe would draw from it the moſt melting ſounds. Once again I tell you, *Telemachus*, your love for her is well-grounded; the Gods deſign her for you; you love her with a rational affection, but you muſt wait till *Ulyſſes* grant her to you. I commend you for not having diſcover'd your ſentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any indirect methods to let her know your deſigns, ſhe would have rejected them, and ceaſed to have a value for you; ſhe will never promiſe herſelf to any one, but will leave herſelf to be diſpos'd of by her Father; ſhe will never take for her Conſort a Man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himſelf of all the duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not obſerv'd, as well as I, that ſhe appears

pears leſs in ſight than ſhe us'd to do, and caſts her eyes more to the ground ſince your return? She knows all the ſucceſſes that have attended you in the War; ſhe is not ignorant either of your Birth, or of your Adventures, or of any thing that the Gods have beſtow'd upon you; and 'tis this that renders her ſo ſhy and ſo reſerv'd. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do, but to bring you to your Father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were ſhe a Shepherdeſs on the froſty Mount *Algidus*, as ſhe is a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happieſt of Men in the enjoyment of her.

THE

B. Cole Sc.

Telemachus *delivers* Antiope *from a wild Boar.*

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *fearing the departure of his two Gueſts, propoſes to* Mentor *ſeveral intricate and puzzling Affairs; aſſuring him that he could not ſettle them without his aſſiſtance.* Mentor *tells him how he ought to behave himſelf, and perſiſts in his reſolution to conduct home* Telemachus. Idomeneus *endeavours ſtill to detain them, by inflaming the latter's paſſion for* Antiope, *and engages them in a Hunting-match, in which he orders his Daughter to be. She is in danger of being torn in pieces by a Wild-Boar, but* Telemachus *reſcues her. He afterwards ſhews a great reluctance to leave her, and to take his leave of the King her Father: But being encourag'd by* Mentor, *he conquers his Paſſion, and embarks to return home.*

IDO-

IDOMENEUS, who fear'd the departure of *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, had no other thoughts than how to put it off. In the firſt place he repreſented to *Mentor* that he could not, without him, adjuſt a difference that had ariſen between *Diophanes*, Prieſt of *Jupiter Conſervator*, and *Heliodorus*, Prieſt of *Apollo*, about the Preſages and Omens drawn from the flight of Birds, and the Entrails of Victims. Why, ſaid *Mentor* to him, will you meddle with holy things? Leave them to the deciſion of the *Etrurians*, who have the Tradition of the moſt ancient Oracles, and are divinely inſpir'd to be the Interpreters of the Gods. Do but interpoſe your Authority to ſtifle theſe diſputes in their birth: Shew neither partiality, nor prepoſſeſſion; and content your ſelf with ſupporting the determination when made. Remember, that a King ought to be ſubject to Religion, and never to take upon him to ſettle it: Religion comes from the Gods, and is above Kings. If Kings meddle with Religion, inſtead of defending it, they bring it under ſlavery. Kings are ſo powerful, and other Men are ſo weak, that every thing will be in danger of being alter'd according to the fancy of Princes, if they be allow'd to concern themſelves with Queſtions relating

relating to holy matters. Therefore let the friends of the Gods decide thoſe things in full liberty, and confine your ſelf to the repreſſing of thoſe who ſhall be refractory to their Judgment, when pronounc'd.

In the next place *Idomeneus* complain'd how much he was puzzled about a great many Law-ſuits, between divers private perſons, which he was ſolicited to determine. Determine, anſwer'd *Mentor*, all new queſtions that tend to eſtabliſh general Maxims of Right and Juſtice, and to make Precedents for expounding the Laws; but do not take upon you to judge private Cauſes; which would all come crouding upon you; you would be the only Judge of your People, and all the other Judges, who are under you, would become uſeleſs. You would be overwhelm'd and tired out, and minute buſineſs would take you off from great affairs, without allowing you time to ſettle the detail of the ſmall. Beware therefore of throwing your ſelf into ſuch a perplexity. Refer private Cauſes to the ordinary Judges; do nothing but what no other can do to eaſe you; and ſo you'll diſcharge the true Functions of a King.

I am ſolicited likewiſe, ſaid *Idomeneus*, to make certain Matches. The perſons of a diſtinguiſh'd birth, who have follow'd me in all the Wars, and who have loſt very great E-

ſtates

ſtates on that account, would be glad to be, in ſome meaſure, recompens'd for it, by marrying ſome great Fortunes; and I need but ſay one word to procure them their wiſhes. True, anſwer'd *Mentor*, that may coſt you but one word; but even that one word would coſt you too much. Would you rob Parents of the liberty and comfort of chuſing their Sons-in-law, and conſequently their Heirs? This were reducing all Families to the ſevereſt Servitude; and you would render your ſelf accountable for all the domeſtick misfortunes of your People. Marriages are in themſelves full enough of thorns, without this additional bitterneſs. If you have faithful Servants to reward, give them Lands that are uncultivated; add to them, Titles and Honours proportionable to their Condition and Services; and, if need be, ſmall Sums of Money, out of what you may have ſpared from the Funds deſtin'd for your ordinary expences: but never pay your own Debts by ſacrificing rich Maidens, in ſpight of their Parents and Relations.

Idomeneus ſoon paſſed on to another queſtion. The *Sibarites*, ſaid he, complain of our encroaching upon ſome Lands that belong to them, and giving them as Waſtes to be grubbed up, to the Foreigners, whom we have lately invited over. Shall I yield to theſe People? If I do, every body will think they may

may lay claim to what we have. It is not reaſonable, reply'd *Mentor*, to let the *Sibarites* be Judges in their own Cauſe, nor is it juſt you ſhould be Judge in your's. Who ſhall then be Judge, return'd *Idomeneus?* Neither of the two Parties, continu'd *Mentor:* But you muſt chuſe for an Umpire a neighbouring People, obnoxious to neither ſide, ſuch as are the *Sipentines*, who have no Intereſt oppoſite to your's. But anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, am I oblig'd to ſtand to the Umpirage of any body? Am I not a King? Muſt a Sovereign ſubmit to Strangers about the extent of his Dominions? *Mentor* reply'd in this manner: Since you reſolve to ſtand it out, you muſt needs judge that you have right on your ſide; on the other hand, the *Sibarites* will not abate of their pretenſions, but maintain that their Claim is indiſputable. In this contrariety of opinions, either an Umpire, choſen by both Parties, muſt make up the Controverſy, or the Cauſe muſt be decided by the Sword: There's no other Medium. If you ſhould come into a Republick, where there were neither Magiſtrates nor Judges, and where every Family ſhould claim a right to do it's ſelf Juſtice by violence in all it's demands upon its Neighbours, you would, undoubtedly, deplore the miſerable ſtate of ſuch a Nation, and be ſeiz'd with horror at the ſight of ſo diſmal a diſorder, wherein all Families

Families ſhould be together by the ears, and worrying one another. Now do you think that the Gods ſhould look with leſs horror, upon the whole World, which is the univerſal Commonwealth, if every Nation, who is no more in it than as it were a large Family, ſhould think they have a full right to do themſelves juſtice by force of Arms, in all they claim from the other neighbouring Nations? A private Man who poſſeſſes a Field, as an inheritance from his Anceſtors, cannot yet maintain himſelf in the poſſeſſion of it, but by the authority of the Laws, and the decree of the Magiſtrate; and he would be ſeverely puniſh'd as a ſeditious perſon, if he ſhould go about to preſerve by open force, what he has a right to. Do you think that Kings may employ violent means to maintain their pretenſions, without having firſt try'd all poſſible methods of gentleneſs and humanity? Ought not Juſtice to be far more ſacred and inviolable to Kings, with regard to whole Countries, than to private Families, with reſpect to ſome plough'd Lands? Shall a Man be accounted Unjuſt, and a Plunderer, for ſeizing a few Acres of Ground, and another Man eſteem'd Juſt, and paſs for a Heroe, for uſurping whole Provinces? If Men are apt to be prepoſſeſs'd, over-weening, and blind in ſmall concerns of private perſons, ought they not to be more afraid of flattering themſelves,

themſelves, and being blindly partial in great Intereſts of State? Shall a Man depend upon his own judgment in a matter wherein he has ſo much reaſon to diſtruſt himſelf; and ſhall he not be cautious of being deceiv'd in a caſe, wherein one ſingle error may be attended with dreadful conſequences? The error of a King who flatters himſelf in his pretenſions, oftentimes occaſions Ravages, Famines, Maſſacres, Depredations, and Depravations of Manners, whoſe fatal effects reach to the remoteſt Poſterity. Shall a King, who gathers ſo many Flatterers about him, not be afraid of being flatter'd on ſuch occaſions? If he agrees upon an Umpire for determining the difference, he ſhews his Equity, upright Dealing, and Moderation; he acquaints the Publick with the reaſons on which his Cauſe is grounded; the Umpire who is choſen, is only an amicable Mediator, and not a ſevere Judge; his deciſions are not blindly ſubmitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce Sentence as ſupream Judge; but makes Propoſals to both Parties, who through his Counſels, ſacrifice ſomething for the ſake of Peace. If a War happens, notwithanding all the care a Prince takes for the preſervation of Peace, he has then, at leaſt, for him, the teſtimony of a good Conſcience, the eſteem of his Neighbours, and the juſt protection of the Gods. *Idomeneus*, moved

moved with this diſcourſe, conſented that the *Sipentines* ſhould be Mediators between him and the *Sibarites*.

The King, finding that all the means he had uſed to detain the two Strangers had proved ineffectual, endeavour'd to ſtay them by a ſtronger tie. He had taken notice, that *Telemachus* was in love with *Antiope*, and ſo he hoped to hold him by his Paſſion. In order to that, he cauſed her ſeveral times to ſing at feaſts and entertainments, which ſhe did in compliance with her Father's commands; but with ſuch a modeſt and melancholy air, that it was eaſy to perceive what pain and reluctance ſhe ſuffer'd in obeying. *Idomeneus* went ſo far as to deſire, that ſhe ſhould ſing the Victory gain'd over the *Daunians* and *Adraſtus*; but ſhe could not be prevail'd with to ſing the praiſes of *Telemachus*: She modeſtly and reſpectfully excuſed her ſelf, and her Father did not think fit to lay a conſtraint upon her. Her ſoft and moving voice penetrated the heart of the young Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſo that he was all in a rapture. *Idomeneus*, who kept his eyes fix'd upon him, had the pleaſure to obſerve the diſorder he was in; but *Telemachus* made as if he did not perceive the King's deſign. He could not, on ſuch occaſions, forbear being extreamly moved; but Reaſon in him was ſuperior to Senſe, and he was now no longer the ſame

Tele-

Telemachus, who had formerly been captivated by a tyrannical paſſion in the Iſland of *Calypſo*. Whilſt *Antiope* was ſinging, he kept a deep ſilence; as ſoon as ſhe had done ſinging, he inſtantly turn'd the diſcourſe to other matters.

The King, not being able to compaſs his deſign that way, reſolv'd, at laſt, to have a great Hunting-match, and to make his Daughter ſhare the diverſion of it. *Antiope*, being unwilling to go, fell a weeping; but her Father's commands muſt be obey'd. Hereupon, ſhe mounts a foaming, fiery Horſe, like one of thoſe which *Caſtor* tam'd for battle; ſhe manages him with eaſe: A ſhining Troop of young Virgins cheerfully attend her; and ſhe appears among them like *Diana* with her Nymphs in the Foreſt. The King ſaw her, and his eyes could never be ſatiated with the ſight of her, which made him forget all his paſt Misfortunes. *Telemachus* ſaw her likewiſe, and was more affected with *Antiope*'s Modeſty, than with her Addreſs, and all her Graces. And now the Dogs are upon the chace of a Wild-Boar of a vaſt bigneſs, and fierce like that of *Calydon*; his long hair was hard and briſtling, like pointed Darts; his eyes ſparkled with blood and fire; his blowing was heard afar off, like the hollow ſound of rebellious Winds, when, in order to lay the Storm, *Æolus* calls them back

back into his deep cavern; and his long tuſhes, crooked like the Reaper's keen Sickle, were able to cut off the trunk of a tree. All the Dogs that durſt come near him were worry'd. The boldeſt Huntſmen, who purſu'd him, were yet ſhy of coming up with him: But *Antiope*, who rode as ſwiftly as the winds, was not afraid to attack him near. She flings at him a dart that pierces him above the ſhoulder; the blood of the fierce Beaſt ſtreams out and renders him more furious; and ſo he turns towards her who gave the wound. At this *Antiope*'s Steed, in ſpight of his courage and mettle, ſhudders and ſtarts back; the monſtrous Wild-Boar ruſhes towards him, like thoſe heavy Machines that ſhake the Walls of the ſtrongeſt Towns. The Courſer ſtaggers, and is born down, and *Antiope* finds herſelf on the ground, unable to avoid the fatal tuſh of the Beaſt animated againſt her. But *Telemachus*, attentive to the danger *Antiope* was in, had already diſmounted, ſwifter than Lightning; he runs between the Horſe and the Wild-Boar, who turns back to revenge his blood; he brandiſhes his Spear, and plunges it deep into the flank of the tremendous Animal, which tumbles enrag'd to the ground.

Telemachus inſtantly ſevers his head, which yet looks frightful at cloſe view, and aſtoniſhes all the Huntſmen. He preſents it to *Antiope*;

Antiope; ſhe bluſhes upon it, and, with her eyes conſults her Father, who having recover'd his fright, is now tranſported with joy to ſee her out of danger, and beckons to her to accept the Preſent. As ſhe receiv'd it, ſhe ſaid to *Telemachus*, I thankfully receive from you a greater gift, ſince I owe you my life. She had ſcarce utter'd theſe words, but ſhe was afraid of having ſaid too much; ſhe caſt her eyes down; and *Telemachus*, who took notice of her diſorder, durſt not tell her more than this: Happy the Son of *Ulyſſes* in having preſerv'd ſo precious a life! But more happy ſtill, if he could paſs with you the remainder of his! *Antiope*, without anſwering him, ran to her young Companions, where ſhe mounted again.

Idomeneus would that very moment have promiſed his daughter to *Telemachus*: But he hop'd to inflame his Paſſion yet the more, by leaving him in ſuſpence; and even thought to detain him ſtill at *Salentum* by the deſire of ſecuring his Marriage. Thus *Idomeneus* reaſon'd with himſelf; but the Gods mock the wiſdom of Men: For what he thought would ſtay *Telemachus*, prov'd the very motive that preſs'd him to depart. What he began to feel, gave him a juſt diſtruſt of himſelf: *Mentor*, on the other hand, doubled his care to inſpire him with an impatient deſire of returning to *Ithaca*, and the Ship being ready,

ready, he preſs'd *Idomeneus* to let him go. Thus *Mentor*, who over-rul'd all the ſteps of *Telemachus*, and regulated every moment of his life, in order to raiſe him to the higheſt pitch of Glory, ſtaid him no where but juſt ſo long as was neceſſary to exerciſe his virtue, and make him acquire experience. *Mentor* had taken care to provide the Veſſel, immediately after *Telemachus*'s arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great reluctancy ſee them prepare for their Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow, and a moſt deplorable Melancholy, when he ſaw his two Gueſts, who had been ſo helpful to him, ready to forſake him. He ſhut himſelf up in the moſt retir'd Apartments of his Houſe; there he eas'd his heart in ſighing, and pouring out floods of tears: He forgot to eat; ſleep no longer charm'd his piercing Sorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneaſy condition, like a well grown tree which covers the ground with the ſhade of its thick boughs, when a Worm begins to gnaw the ſtock of it in thoſe refin'd Chanels, through which the Sap is convey'd to nouriſh it: This tree, which the Winds were never able to looſen; which the fruitful Earth took delight to nouriſh in her boſom; and which the Woodman's Axe never durſt to wound, yet now languiſhes and droops, and all the while the cauſe of its decay lies undiſcover'd; it fades and ſheds its leaves

leaves that were its glory and ornament; it has nothing to ſhew but it's trunk, cover'd with a bark that gapes with frequent flaws, together with dry and ſapleſs branches. Thus fared it with *Idomeneus* in his grief.

Telemachus was melted, but durſt not ſpeak to him; he dreaded the day of departure: he ſought pretexts to retard it, and had continu'd a long time in this uncertainty, if *Mentor* had not thus ſpoke to him: I am glad to ſee this change in you; you were naturally rugged and haughty, not ſuffering your ſelf to be moved by any thing but your own Conveniencies and Advantage; but you are at length become a Man, and by the experience of your own Misfortunes, you begin to compaſſionate thoſe of others. Without this fellow-feeling, a Man has neither Goodneſs, nor Virtue, nor Capacity to govern others; but you muſt not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly affection. I would willingly ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, to get his conſent for your departure, and would ſave you the trouble of ſo melancholy a Converſation; but I would not have either an unbecoming ſhame or timidity over-rule your heart. You muſt accuſtom your ſelf to blend courage and firmneſs of mind with a tender and ſenſible Friendſhip: You ſhould fear to afflict Men without an unavoidable neceſſity; you ſhould take part in their troubles when you cannot

avoid making them uneaſie, and ſoften as much as you can the ſeverity of the blow, which it is impoſſible for you entirely to with-hold. It is for that very reaſon, anſwers *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the time of our departure from your mouth than mine.

To this *Mentor* immediately reply'd; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*, you are like the Children of Kings, who are tenderly brought up in purple; they expect every thing to be done their own way, and would have the whole ſyſtem of Nature pay obedience to their humours; and yet have not reſolution enough to oppoſe any one to his face. Not that they care ſo much for Mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a principle of goodneſs; but they do it with an eye to their own conveniency; they are not willing to ſee any ſorrowful diſſatisfy'd faces about them; they are under no concern for the troubles and miſeries of Men, provided they are not before their eyes, or ſounding in their ears; Diſcourſes on ſuch ſubjects are offenſive to them, and damp their pleaſure. To pleaſe them, they muſt be continually told that all things go well, and, while they are wallowing in delights, they are unwilling to hear or ſee any thing that may interrupt their mirth. If there is occaſion to reprehend, correct, or undeceive

undeceive any one, to oppoſe the pretenſions and paſſions of an unjuſt and troubleſome Man, they always employ ſome other to do it, rather than ſpeak themſelves with a gentle firmneſs of mind. Upon ſuch occaſions, they are ready to ſuffer the moſt unjuſt Favours to be extorted from them, and ſpoil the moſt important affairs, for want of reſolution to act againſt the Sentiment of thoſe with whom they have to do every day. This weakneſs, which every body perceives in them, puts each one upon caſting about how to make their advantage of it; they teaze them, they importune them, they tire them out, and by thus worrying them they gain their ends. They begin with flattering them, and extolling them to the skies, to inſinuate themſelves the better; but as ſoon as ever they have ſcru'd themſelves into their confidence, and are plac'd near their Perſons in ſome conſiderable authority, they lead them whither they pleaſe; they impoſe the Yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to ſhake it off, but ſtill they wear it as long as they live. They cannot endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet are continually governed; nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like thoſe feeble Vines, which, not being able to ſupport themſelves, creep round about the trunk of ſome large Tree.

I cannot ſuffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this fault, which renders a Man ſo unapt for Government: You, who are ſo tender as not to dare to ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his ſorrows when once you are got out of *Salentum*: It is not ſo much his trouble that ſoftens you; 'tis his preſence that embarraſſes you; go, ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, learn on this occaſion to be tenderhearted and ſteddy at the ſame time; let him know the Concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a reſolv'd air, and a poſitive tone, the neceſſity of your departure.

Telemachus durſt neither oppoſe *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was aſham'd of his fear, and yet had not the courage to overcome it. He paus'd, then made a ſtep or two, then immediately return'd to alledge to *Mentor* ſome new reaſon of delay: But *Mentor*'s look alone depriv'd him of ſpeech, and put to flight all his fair pretences. Is this, ſaid *Mentor* ſmiling, the mighty Conqueror of the *Daunians*, the Deliverer of the great *Heſperia*, the Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, who is to be, after him, the Oracle of *Greece*? He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his return into his Country to ſee his Father! O ye people of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will you one day be, if you have a King who is overrul'd by an indecent ſhame, and who ſacrifices

fices his greateſt intereſt to his weakneſs, in the moſt inconſiderable matters? See, *Telemachus*, what a difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in Buſineſs: You did not fear the Arms of *Adraſtus*, and yet now you are afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus*: It is this that diſhonours Princes who have perform'd the greateſt Actions: After they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they ſhew themſelves the meaneſt of Men upon common occaſions, wherein others ſupport themſelves with vigour.

Telemachus, convinced of the truth of theſe Words, and ſtimulated with this reproach, went hurrying out, and would no longer give ear to his affections; but he was ſcarce enter'd into the room where *Idomeneus* was ſitting with down-caſt eyes, languiſhing and overwhelm'd with ſorrow, but they were both afraid of each other. They durſt not look one upon another; they underſtood one another without ſaying any thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking ſilence: They both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus*, preſſed with exceſs of Sorrow, cry'd out, to what purpoſe is Virtue courted, if ſhe ſo ill requites thoſe who love her? After my weakneſs has been remonſtrated to me, I am forſaken: Well! I muſt relapſe into all my misfortunes; ſpeak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it;

I am weary of Mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus?* Your Father is no longer among the living; in vain you ſeek for him; *Ithaca* is become a prey to your enemies; they will deſtroy you if you return thither. One or other of them has marry'd your Mother; therefore continue here; you ſhall be my Son-in-law and my Heir, and reign after me. Even during my life you ſhall have here an abſolute Power; and my confidence in you ſhall have no bounds. If you are not moved by all theſe advantages, at leaſt leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only reſource. Speak, anſwer me, harden not your heart, take pity on the moſt miſerable Man in the world. What! are you ſilent? Ah! too plainly I ſee how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it leſs ſeverely, even in *Crete*, where I was ſo unhappy as to ſlay my only Son.

At laſt, *Telemachus* reply'd, with a diſorder'd and timorous Voice, I am not at my own diſpoſal; the Deſtinies recal me into my Country; *Mentor*, who is indu'd with the Wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to be gone. What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my Father, my Mother, and my Country, which ought to be much dearer to me than they? Being born to Royalty, I am not deſtin'd to a ſedate life, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your

Kingdom

Kingdom is more wealthy and more powerful than that of my Father: But I ought to prefer what the Gods deſign for me, before what you are ſo generous to offer. I ſhould think my ſelf too happy in having *Antiope* for my Conſort; but in order to deſerve her, I muſt go whither my duty calls; and 'tis my Father who muſt demand her of you for me. Did you not promiſe to ſend me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this promiſe that I, with the Confederates, fought for you againſt *Adraſtus*? 'Tis time for me to think of redreſſing my Domeſtick misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have alſo given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, to make him fulfil the decrees of Fate. Would you have me loſe *Mentor*, after having loſt all things beſides? I have now neither Eſtate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor any certain Country to fly to; I have only a wiſe virtuous Man left me, who is the moſt precious gift of *Jupiter*: Judge you whether I can forego ſuch a treaſure, and conſent to be abandon'd by him? No, I would ſooner dye; take, take my life, that's a trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his Diſcourſe, his Voice grew ſtronger, and his timorouſneſs went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to anſwer, and could not find in his heart to grant what the Son of *Ulyſſes* ask'd of him.

When he could no longer ſpeak to him, he endeavoured at leaſt by his looks and geſtures, to move his compaſſion. At the ſame moment he ſaw *Mentor* appear, who gravely addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe terms. Do not afflict your ſelf: We indeed leave you; but wiſdom, which preſides in the Council of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe your ſelf happy that *Jupiter* has ſent us hither to ſave your Kingdom, and to make you retrieve your errors. *Philocles*, whom we have reſtor'd to you, will ſerve you faithfully. The fear of the Gods, the reliſh of Virtue, the love of the People, and compaſſion for the Unhappy, will always prevail in his heart: Hearken to him, and make uſe of him without diſtruſt or jealouſy. The greateſt piece of ſervice you can engage him to do you, is to oblige him to tell you your faults freely, and without any varniſhing. The greateſt courage of a good King conſiſts in ſeeking true Friends who may ſhew him his miſtakes. Provided you are indu'd with this kind of Courage, our abſence cannot hurt you, and you will live happy; but if jealouſy, which inſinuates like a Serpent, ſhould again find a way to your heart, to make you diſtruſt the moſt diſintereſted Counſels, you are undone. Don't ſuffer your ſelf to be overcome with ſorrow, but reſolutely yield to the guidance of Virtue. I have told

told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your aſſiſtance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong uſe of your confidence in him: I can take upon me to anſwer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*; every one ought couragiouſly to follow his Deſtiny; 'tis of no uſe to wail and lament. If ever you have occaſion for my help, after I have reſtor'd *Telemachus* to his Father and his Country, I will come and viſit you again; and, indeed, what can I do that can give me a greater pleaſure? I neither ſeek riches nor authority upon earth; I am only deſirous to aſſiſt thoſe that ſeek Juſtice and Virtue. Can I ever forget thoſe inſtances of Confidence and Friendſhip you have ſhewn me?

At theſe words *Idomeneus* was of a ſudden quite alter'd: He felt his mind grow calm like the Sea, when *Neptune* with his Trident quells the tumultuous Waves, and the moſt lowering Tempeſts. There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable ſort of regret, which was rather a ſentiment of tenderneſs, than an acute ſorrow. Courage, Confidence, Virtue, and the hope of the aſſiſtance of the Gods began to revive within him.

Well then, ſaid he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I muſt loſe every thing, and not be diſcouraged: At leaſt, remember *Idomeneus* when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wiſdom

will crown you with proſperity: Forget not that *Salentum* was the work of your hands, and that you have left there an unfortunate King, who has no hope but in you. Go, O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, I will retard you no longer; Far be it from me to reſiſt the Gods, who lent me ſo great a treaſure; and farewel *Mentor*, the greateſt and wiſeſt of all Men, if humanity is able to do what I have ſeen in you, and if you are not ſome Deity under a borrow'd form, to inſtruct weak and ignorant Men: Go, and conduct the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adraſtus*: Farewel both of you, I dare ſpeak no more; forgive my Sighs; go, live, and be happy: All I have left me is, the remembrance that I once poſſeſs'd you. O glorious days! too happy days! Days which I knew not how ſufficiently to value! Days that have too ſwiftly paſt away! You will never more return, never will my eyes again ſee what they now behold!

Mentor took this moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his tears, without being able to ſpeak a word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the hand, in order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but *Idomeneus*, making towards the Haven, plac'd himſelf between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: He gaz'd upon them; fetch'd deep

deep Sighs; he began to ſpeak, but his words were cut off by frequent ſobbings, ſo that he could not pronounce one word diſtinctly.

In the mean time, confuſed murmurs are heard upon the ſhore, which is cover'd with Mariners; the Ropes are pull'd, the Sails are hoiſted, and a favourable Wind begins to blow: *Telemachus* and *Mentor* take their leaves of the King, who hugs them a long while in his Arms, and ſtill follows them with his eyes as far as he can.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

While they are at Sea, Telemachus *engages* Mentor *to explain to him ſeveral difficulties about Government; particularly how to know and diſcriminate Men, in order to employ none but the Good, and avoid being impoſed upon by the Wicked. Towards the end of their diſcourſe, being becalmed they are oblig'd to put into an Iſland where* Ulyſſes *was juſt landed.* Telemachus *ſees and ſpeaks with him there, without knowing him. But after he had ſeen him embarked again, he feels within himſelf a ſecret uneaſineſs, of which he cannot apprehend the Cauſe.* Mentor *acquaints him with it, comforts him, aſſures him, that he will ſoon rejoyn his Father, and tries his Piety and Patience, by retarding his departure to make a Sacrifice to* Minerva.

Telemachus *finds again his Father* Ulysses. B. Cole Sc.

Minerva. *At laſt the Goddeſs* Minerva, *conceal'd under the figure of* Mentor, *reſumes her natural form, and makes her ſelf known. She gives* Telemachus *her laſt Inſtructions, and diſappears: After which,* Telemachus *arrives at* Ithaca, *and meets again with* Ulyſſes *his Father, at the faithful* Eumeus's *houſe.*

BY this time the Winds fill the ſpreading Sails, they weigh anchor, and the Land ſeems to fly from them; already the experienced Pilot ſees at a diſtance the *Lucatian* Mountains, whoſe head buries itſelf in a whirling Cloud of freezing ſleet; he likewiſe beholds the *Acroceraunian* Hills, which ſtill rear up their haughty brow to Heaven, tho' they have been ſo often ſhatter'd by thunder.

As they ſail'd, *Telemachus* ſaid to *Mentor*, Methinks I now conceive the Maxims of Government which you have explain'd to me. At firſt they had the appearance of a Dream; but by degrees they unravel themſelves in my mind, and preſent themſelves clearly to me; as all objects ſeem dark at the firſt glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a Chaos, when the day, inſenſibly gaining ſtrength, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores them, as it were, to their natural Figures and Colours. I am fully per-

perſuaded that the eſſential point of Government is to diſcern well the different Characters and Inclinations of Men, in order to make a prudent choice, and to apply them according to their ſeveral talents; but I want to know how to acquire this skill in Men.

To this *Mentor* anſwer'd: You muſt ſtudy Men, if you would know them: And for that purpoſe, you muſt converſe, and have dealing with them. Kings ought to have frequent commerce with their Subjects, to make them talk, to conſult them, to make tryal of them by ſmall Employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you come by your knowledge of Horſes in *Ithaca*? It was by often ſeeing them, and obſerving their faults and their perfections, in company with Men that had experience in them. Juſt ſo you ſhould be often talking of the good and bad qualities of Men, and make this the ſubject of your diſcourſe, with other wiſe and virtuous perſons who have long ſtudy'd their Characters; you will inſenſibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad Poets? It was frequent reading and reflection with ſuch perſons as had a true taſte of Poetry. Who is it that procur'd you that judgment in Muſick?

ſick? It was the ſame application of mind in obſerving good Muſicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he does not know them? And how ſhould he know them, if he does not converſe with them? To ſee them in publick, is not converſing with them; for on ſuch occaſions there is nothing ſaid on either ſide, but things indifferent and prepar'd with art. The Buſineſs is to converſe with them in private, to draw from the bottom of their Soul all the ſecret reſources that lie lurking there, to ſound them on every ſide, and to cauſe them to diſcover their Maxims. But in order to judge well of Men, you muſt firſt apply your ſelf to know what they ought to be: You ſhould know what true and ſolid merit is, that you may diſtinguiſh ſuch as have it from ſuch as have it not. People are ever talking of Virtue and Merit, without knowing preciſely what Merit and Virtue are. Theſe are only fair names, and looſe, inſignificant terms, in the mouths of ſome Men, who pride themſelves in talking of them, ever and anon. A Man muſt be furniſh'd with certain Principles of Juſtice, Reaſon and Virtue, whereby to know them who are reaſonable and virtuous: He muſt be acquainted with the Maxims of a good and wiſe Government, that he may diſcern the Men who act by theſe Maxims, and thoſe who depart from them through a falſe ſubtilty:

tilty: In a word, to take the dimenſions of many Bodies, one ought to have a ſtanding meaſure, and in like manner, to form a right judgment, a Man ought to have certain Principles, to which all be reducible. He ought to know exactly what is the deſign of humane life, and what end ought to be in view in governing Men. This ſole and eſſential aim is for a Man never to deſire Authority and Grandeur for his own ſake (which ambitious deſires only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride) but to ſacrifice himſelf to the infinite cares of Government, in order to render Men good and happy; otherwiſe he walks and gropes in the dark all the whole courſe of his life: He goes like a Ship adrift in the open Sea without a Pilot, without conſulting the Stars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring Coaſts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes Princes, for want of knowing wherein true Virtue conſiſts, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men: True Virtue, they think, has ſomething in it that is rough, auſtere, and independent, which both affrights and ſoures them, and ſo they turn themſelves towards Flattery, and from that time they can no longer find either Sincerity or Virtue. From that time they run after a vain Phantom of falſe Glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. They

ſoon

ſoon get a Cuſtom of believing, that there is no true Virtue upon earth; for though good Men very well know ill Men, yet ill Men cannot diſcern the good, nor bring themſelves to believe there are any ſuch in the world. Princes of this Character can but diſtruſt every body alike; they hide themſelves, lock themſelves up, are jealous upon the leaſt trifle, they are afraid of Mankind, and make Mankind afraid of them. They fly the light, and dare not appear in their natural condition; though they deſire not to be known, they can't help being ſo, for the malicious curioſity of their Subjects dives into every thing; but they themſelves know no body. The ſelfiſh Crew that beſieges them, are overjoy'd to ſee them inacceſſible to others: For a King inacceſſible to Men, is likewiſe inacceſſible to Virtue. They blacken by infamous Slanders, and ſhuffle from the Court all ſuch as are capable of opening the Prince's eyes. Such Kings paſs their Lives in a ſavage unhuman kind of Grandeur; and being inceſſantly afraid of Impoſture, they are always ſure to be inevitably impoſed upon, and deſerve to be ſo. When a Man ſpeaks only to a ſmall number of people, he engages to receive all their prejudices and their paſſions: Even good Men are not without defects and prepoſſeſſions. Beſides, a Prince is at the mercy of Tale-bears, a vile and malignant tribe

tribe of Men, whoſe Food is Venom, who poyſon the moſt innocent things; who make Mountains of Mole-hills; they will invent miſchief, if none is ready made to their hands; and who, for their own Intereſt, play with the diffidence and unbecoming curioſity of a weak and jealous Prince.

Therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*, ſtudy Men; examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually; be not blindly govern'd by any; be wiſe by your own experience, when you happen to be deceiv'd in your judgments; for deceiv'd you will be ſometimes. Let that be a Leſſon to you, not to judge too haſtily of any one, either well or ill: The Wicked are too ſubtile and deep, not to ſurpriſe the Good by their ſpecious pretences: But your paſt errors will afford you very uſeful inſtructions. When you find any Man has a peculiar talent and is withal virtuous, make uſe of him without reſerve; for Men of Honour love to have their Integrity taken notice of; they are fonder of eſteem and confidence than riches; but take care you do not ſpoil them by giving them an unbounded power. Many a one has loſt his Virtue, becauſe his Maſter heap'd on him too much authority and wealth. He who is ſo much belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, Men of ſolid Wiſdom, and ſtanch

Virtue,

Virtue, will ſoon, by their means, find other perſons that reſemble them, to fill up inferior places. Thus a Prince may, by a few good Men in whom he confides, learn what he cannot of himſelf diſcern in other Men.

But it is adviſeable, ſaid *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men that have abilities, as I have often heard ſay it is? There is, ſaid *Mentor*, oftentimes a neceſſity to make uſe of them. When a Nation is in a ferment and diſorder, there are often found crafty Knaves in authority: They are poſſeſs'd of conſiderable Poſts, which they cannot eaſily be put out of; they have gain'd the confidence of certain powerful perſons, who muſt be humour'd: Nay, theſe very wicked Men themſelves muſt be humour'd; becauſe they are to be fear'd, and may turn every thing topſy-turvy. It is proper therefore to employ them for a time, but ſtill with a deſign to render them uſeleſs by degrees. As for real and intimate confidence, beware of ever repoſing it in them, for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt by the ſecrets you have committed to them, in ſpite of all you can do; a Chain more hard to be broken than any made of Iron! Make uſe of them in trivial Negotiations; treat them well; engage them by their own paſſions to be faithful to you; for you will never hold them by any other handle; but do not admit them into your moſt ſecret Conſultations.

ſultations. Have ſome Engine always ready to move them at your pleaſure, but never commit to them the key either of your heart or of your Affairs. When your Kingdom comes to be ſettled, and is under the conduct of wiſe and good Men whom you may depend upon, thoſe ill Men that you were forced to employ, will, by degrees, become uſeleſs. When that happens, you muſt not diſcontinue to treat them well; for Ingratitude is never allowable, even with reſpect to ill Men: But at the ſame time that you ſhew them civilities, you ſhould, however, endeavour to make them good. It is neceſſary to connive at ſome of their faults, as human frailties; but nevertheleſs you ought by degrees to exert your authority, and repreſs the evils they would openly commit, if they were let alone. After all, there is an evil in the very good that is done by ill Men, and though this evil often becomes inevitable, you ſhould, however, endeavour to put a ſtop to it. A wiſe Prince, who aims at good Order and Juſtice in all his views, will in time be able to lay aſide corrupt and knaviſh Men, and do his buſineſs without them: He will find a ſufficient number of good Men able to ſerve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation, he ſhould form ſuch himſelf. This, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, muſt be attended with great difficulties. Far otherwiſe,

wiſe, reply'd *Mentor*: Your application and diligence in looking out for Men of Abilities and Virtue, in order to prefer them, excites and animates all ſuch as have a talent and a ſpirit; ſo that they will All ſtrive to recommend themſelves to your notice. How many Men are there that languiſh in an obſcure and unactive life, who would become great Men, were they excited by emulation and hope of ſucceſs, to exert themſelves in buſineſs? How many Men are there whoſe miſery and an incapacity to raiſe themſelves by their Virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal methods? If therefore you annex Rewards and Honours to Induſtry and Virtue, how many Men will exert their Abilities, and produce to publick view their ſeveral merits? But how many will you form, in making them aſcend ſtep by ſtep from the loweſt to the higheſt employments? You will hereby exerciſe their Genius, you will fathom the depth of their underſtanding, and diſcover the ſincerity of their Virtue: Thoſe that ſhall riſe to the higheſt places, will be ſuch as have been brought up under your own eye. And as you have obſerv'd them all your life-time in their ſeveral Employments, you will be able to judge of them, not by their Words, but by the whole courſe of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reaſoning thus with *Telemachus*, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* Ship that had put in at a ſmall Iſland, that was deſolate and wild and ſurrounded with frightful Rocks. And now the Winds were huſh'd; even the gentle *Zephyrs* ſeem'd to hold their breath; the whole Sea became ſmooth like a Looking-glaſs; the flagging Sails could no longer give life to the Veſſel; and the Rowers were ſo fatigu'd, they could hardly ply their Oars any longer, ſo that they were under a neceſſity of landing in this Iſland, which was indeed rather a prodigious Rock than a habitable place. In other Weather, leſs calm, there would be no approaching it without the greateſt danger. Thoſe *Pheacians*, who waited for the Wind, appear'd no leſs impatient than the *Salentines* to proſecute their Voyage. *Telemachus* advances towards them upon this craggy ſhore; he asks the firſt he meets, whether he had not ſeen *Ulyſſes*, King of *Ithaca*, in the Palace of King *Alcinous*?

The perſon he thus accidentally accoſted, was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown ſtranger, who had a majeſtick air, but withal ſad and diſconſolate: He ſeem'd to be full of thought, and ſcarce heard *Telemachus*'s queſtion at firſt; but at length he made this reply: You are not miſtaken, *Ulyſſes* has been entertain'd by King *Alcinous*, as being in a place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hoſpitality exercis'd; but he is not

not there now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to ſeek *Ithaca* again, if the appeas'd Deities will at laſt ſuffer him once again to ſalute his Domeſtick Gods. Scarce had the Stranger pronounced theſe words, but he ran into a little thicket that was on the top of the Rock, from whence, with a ſad aſpect, he view'd the watry Deep, flying from all the Men he ſaw, and ſeeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd wiſtfully on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and aſtoniſh'd. This unknown Perſon, ſaid he to *Mentor*, anſwer'd me like one that is full of Pain and Anxiety, and hears with uneaſineſs every thing that is ſaid to him. I pity the Unfortunate, ſince I am ſo my ſelf; and I find in my heart a deep concern for this Man, though I know not why. He treated me but indifferently; and ſcarce vouchſafed to hear and anſwer me, and yet I can't help wiſhing that his troubles were at an end. *Mentor* with a ſmile reply'd, You ſee what the Misfortunes of Life are good for; they take down the Pride of Princes, and render them ſenſible of other Men's afflictions. When they have taſted nothing but the ſweet poiſon of Proſperity, they fanſy themſelves to be Gods: Mountains muſt become Plains to gratify their humour; they look upon Men as nothing:

They

They are ſporting with the whole frame of Nature. When they hear any one ſpeak of Suffering, they know not what it means, 'tis all a Dream to them; they never ſaw the diſtance between Good and Evil. Nothing but Misfortune can give them Humanity, and change their hearts of Flint into hearts of Fleſh. Then they find they are but Men themſelves, and are taught to be tender of other Men, who are like themſelves. If your heart is mov'd with pity for a Stranger, becauſe you find him wandering on the ſhore like your ſelf, how much more compaſſion ought you to have for the people of *Ithaca*, if you ſhall hereafter ſee them ſuffer! That People, whom the Gods will commit to you as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become miſerable through your Ambition, or Pride, or Imprudence: For a Nation never ſuffers, but through the Errors and Miſcarriages of their Kings, who ought to watch over them, to ſecure them from miſery.

While *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, *Telemachus* was over-whelm'd with trouble and grief, but after a while he anſwer'd with a little emotion; If all this be true, the condition of a King is very miſerable: He is a Slave to all thoſe he ſeems to command; he is not ſo much made to command them, as he is to ſerve them; he owes himſelf entirely to them;

he

he is burthen'd with all their cares; he is every Man's Man; he muſt comply with their weakneſſes, correct them like a Father, render them wiſe and happy: The authority he ſeems to have is not his own: He can do nothing, either for his own Glory or Pleaſure; his authority is that of the Laws, which he muſt obey himſelf, to ſet an example to his Subjects; properly ſpeaking he is only the Defender of the Laws to make them reign: He muſt watch and labour to maintain thoſe Laws; he has the leaſt liberty and repoſe of any man in his Kingdom. He is a Slave who ſacrifices his Repoſe and Liberty for the Publick Liberty and Felicity.

It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*; a King is made a King only to take care of his People, as a Shepherd does of his Flock; or a Father of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having ſo much good to do to ſo many people? He reſtrains ill Men by Puniſhments, encourages the good by Rewards; he repreſents the Gods in thus conducting all Mankind to Virtue. Has he not glory enough in cauſing the Laws to be obſerv'd? That of ſetting himſelf above the Laws is but a falſe glory, and breeds nothing but horror and contempt: If he is a vicious Man, he cannot but be miſerable; for he can find no tranquility amidſt his Paſſions, and in his Vanity: If he be a good Man, he

taſtes the pureſt and moſt ſubſtantial of all pleaſures, in labouring for Virtue, and expecting from the Gods an everlaſting recompence.

Telemachus, diſtracted within himſelf by a ſecret pain, ſeem'd never to have underſtood theſe Maxims, although he was full of them, and had himſelf taught them to others. A melancholy humour gave him, even againſt his own Sentiments, a Spirit of Contradiction and Subtilty, and made him reject the truths which *Mentor* expounded.

Telemachus oppos'd to theſe Reaſons the Ingratitude of Men. What! ſaid he, ſhall we take ſo much pains to endear our ſelves to thoſe Men, who perhaps will never love us, and ſhew kindneſs to ſuch worthleſs Wretches as will make uſe of the very favours they have receiv'd, to do us a miſchief! *Mentor* anſwer'd calmly; You muſt reckon upon meeting with Ingratitude from Men, and yet you muſt do them good; you ought to ſerve them, not ſo much for their own ſake, as out of love to the Gods who command it: The Good that is done is never loſt; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Beſides, if the bulk of Mankind is ungrateful, there are always ſome virtuous Men, upon whom your Virtue will make an impreſſion; nay, the very Multitude, as fickle as they are, never fail at one time or other to do ſome

ſome kind of juſtice to Men of real Virtue. But would you hinder Men from being ungrateful? Do not ſolely apply your ſelf to render them powerful, rich, formidable in Arms, happy in Pleaſures: Such Glory, ſuch Plenty, ſuch Pleaſures corrupt them; they make them but the more wicked, and conſequently the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal Preſent, and giving them a delicious poyſon. But apply your ſelf to reform their Manners, to inſtil into them Juſtice, Sincerity, the fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, Diſintereſtedneſs; by making them good you will prevent their being ungrateful; you will give them the true good, namely Virtue, which, if it be ſolid, will always engage them to him who ſhall have inſpir'd them with it. Thus by giving them the true good, you will do good to your ſelf, and ſhall not fear their Ingratitude. Is it matter of wonder, that Men ſhould prove ungrateful to ſuch Princes, as never led them to any thing but Injuſtice, boundleſs Ambition, and Jealouſy againſt their Neighbours, Hard-heartedneſs, Pride, and Inſincerity? A Prince ought to expect nothing from them, but what he has taught them to do. But if, on the contrary, he labours by his own example, as well as authority, to render them good; he will find the fruit of his labour in their Virtues, or at leaſt he will find in his own, and in

the friendſhip of the Gods, ſufficient matter of comfort for all his miſreckonings.

This diſcourſe was ſcarce ended, but *Telemachus* advanc'd towards the *Pheacians*, whoſe Ship was ſtopt on the Shore. He addreſs'd himſelf to an old Man amongſt them, and ask'd him from whence they came, whither bound, and whether they had ſeen *Ulyſſes*? The old Man anſwer'd; We came from our Iſland, which is that of the *Pheacians*; we are going to fetch Goods from *Epirus*; *Ulyſſes*, as you have already been told, has paſs'd through our Iſland, but is gone from thence. Who is, added immediately *Telemachus*, that melancholy Man, who ſeeks the moſt deſart places, expecting the going off of your Ship? He is, anſwer'd the old Man, a Stranger to us unknown; but his name is ſaid to be *Cleomenes*; that he was born in *Phrygia*; that an Oracle foretold to his Mother, that he would be a King, provided he did not ſtay in his own Country; and that if he ſtaid there, the *Phrygians* would feel the anger of the Gods in in a dreadful Peſtilence. As ſoon as he was born, his Parents gave him to ſome Mariners who carried him into the Iſland of *Lesbos*, where he was privately nurſed at the charge of his Country, which was ſo highly concern'd in keeping him out of it. He ſoon grew tall, robuſt, lovely, and dextrous in all bodily exerciſes. He alſo applied himſelf with

with a great deal of reliſh and genius to the Sciences and liberal Arts; but he could not be ſuffer'd to live in any Country. The Prediction concerning him grew ſo famous, that he was ſoon known where-ever he came. In all places Kings were afraid he ſhould deſpoil them of their Diadems, ſo that he wanders ever ſince his Youth, and cannot find any place in the world where he is allow'd to ſettle. He has gone to Countries far remote from his own; but he is hardly arriv'd in any City, but his Birth, and the Oracle concerning him are diſcover'd. 'Tis in vain for him to hide himſelf, and to chuſe in every place ſome kind or other of obſcure life: His Abilities and Parts, with reſpect to War, Letters, and the moſt important Affairs, ever break forth, they ſay, in ſpite of himſelf. There ever happens, in all Countries, ſome unforeſeen occaſion or other, which ſets him on, and makes him diſcover himſelf to the Publick. His Merit is his Misfortune, for it makes him fear'd, and excludes him from all the places he would inhabit. 'Tis his Fate to be every where eſteem'd, belov'd and admir'd, but thrown out of known Countries: He is not young, and he has not yet been able to find any Coaſt, either on *Aſia* or *Greece*, where he might be permitted to live quietly. He appears to be void of Ambition, and to aim at no Fortune; ſo that he would

be too happy, if the Oracle had never promiſed him a Crown. He has no hope left of ſeeing his Country again, becauſe he knows that if he did, he would carry grief and mourning into all Families. The Royal State, for which he ſuffers, does not appear deſirable to him; he runs after it, in ſpite of himſelf, and by a ſad fatality, from Kingdom to Kingdom, and it ſeems to fly from him, in order to mock that Wretch till his old age. A fatal preſent of the Gods which diſquiets all his faireſt days, and brings him but trouble and vexation, at the time when infirm Man wants nothing but reſt! He ſays he is going towards *Thrace*, in queſt of ſome ſavage Nation or other that has no Laws, and whom he may aſſemble, give Laws to, and govern for ſome years, after which, the Oracle being fulfill'd, no fear of him can be entertain'd in the moſt flouriſhing Kingdoms. In ſuch a caſe, he reckons to retire to a Village of *Caria*, where he will addict himſelf to Agriculture, which he loves paſſionately. He is a wiſe, ſober Man, who fears the Gods, is well acquainted with Men, and knows how to live peaceably with them, even though he has no eſteem for them. This is the account People give of this Stranger, whom you enquire about.

While they were thus converſing, *Telemachus* often turn'd his eyes towards the Sea, which began

began to ſtir; the Winds heav'd up the Waves, which came daſhing againſt the Rocks, whitening them with their foam. At that very moment, the old Man ſaid to *Telemachus*: I muſt be gone, my Companions will not ſtay for me. With this, he runs to the ſhore; they imbark; nothing is heard on the ſhore but a confuſed noiſe, occaſion'd by the Mariners eagerneſs to put to Sea.

That unknown Perſon (to whom *Telemachus* had ſpoken) had been wandering ſome time up and down the Iſland, climbing to the top of every Rock, and from thence ſurveying the immenſe ſpace of the Seas, with a profound dejection of mind. *Telemachus* had not loſt ſight of him, but watch'd every ſtep he took. His Heart compaſſionated a virtuous, wandering, unhappy Man, deſtin'd for the greateſt atchievements, and who was the ſport of adverſe fortune, far from his Country. At leaſt, ſaid he to himſelf, I may perhaps ſee *Ithaca* again; but this *Cleomenes* can never return to *Phrygia*. And thus the example of a Man, more unfortunate than himſelf, alleviated *Telemachus*'s ſorrow. At laſt, this Man, ſeeing his Ship ready to ſet Sail, deſcended from thoſe ſharp-pointed Rocks, with as much ſpeed and agility as *Apollo* in the Foreſts of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen Locks, he ſcours over the precipices in Chace of the Stags and

wild Boars. And now this unknown Perſon is embark'd, his Ship cuts its way thro' the brackiſh Waves, and flies from the leſſening ſhore.

And now a ſecret impreſſion of grief ſeizes *Telemachus*'s Heart; he is uneaſy without knowing why; tears trickle down his face, and nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as weeping. At the ſame time he ſees all the *Salentine* Mariners faſt aſleep on the graſs; they were weary and depreſs'd; a ſoft repoſe had gently crept into all their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night were, by *Minerva*'s power, ſtrew'd upon them in the middle of the day. *Telemachus* is aſtoniſh'd to ſee this univerſal drowſineſs of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were ſo diligent to improve the favourable wind; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Pheacian* Ship at a diſtance, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable attractive, and ſecret uneaſineſs faſten'd his eyes to that Ship, of which he can now ſee nothing but the Sails, which caſt a glimmering whiteneſs from the azure deep; nay, he is ſo intent, that he does not hear *Mentor* ſpeak; he is in an extaſy, like that of the *Menades*, when they hold the Thyrſus in their hands, and make their frantick ſhouts reſound from the banks of the *Hebrus*, and the mountains of *Rhodope* at *Iſmarus*.

At

At laſt, he began a little to recover from this ſort of Inchantment; tears trickled down again from his eyes; upon which *Mentor* ſays to him; I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to ſee you weep; tho' the cauſe of your Sorrow is unknown to you, it is not ſo to *Mentor*; 'tis nature that ſpeaks, and acts in you; 'tis ſhe that melts your heart. The Stranger who gave you ſo lively an emotion, is the great *Ulyſſes*, what an old *Pheacian* has related to you concerning him, under the name of *Cleomenes*, is but a fiction, the better to conceal your Father's return to his Kingdom. He is going directly to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at laſt ſees again that long deſir'd place. Your eyes have ſeen him, as formerly was foretold you ſhould, but without knowing him: You ſhall ſoon ſee him and know him, and he ſhall know you; but the Gods did not allow that it ſhould be done out of *Ithaca*: His Heart felt no leſs perturbation than your's, but he is too wiſe to diſcover himſelf to any Mortal in a place where he might be expos'd to treachery, and the inſults of *Penelope*'s cruel lovers. *Ulyſſes*, your Father, is the wiſeſt of all Men; his Heart is like a deep Well; his Secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves truth, and never ſpeaks any thing that wounds it; but he never ſpeaks it unleſs there be occaſion.

Wiſdom, like a Seal, always keeps his lips ſhut from all unneceſſary words. How often was he diſorder'd in ſpeaking to you! How often did he lay a reſtraint upon himſelf, that he might not diſcover himſelf to you! What anguiſh did he not feel in ſeeing you! And this was the cauſe of his melancholy and ſadneſs.

During this diſcourſe, *Telemachus* melting and diſorder'd, diſſolv'd into tears. Deep ſobs hinder'd him for a while from anſwering; but, at laſt, he cry'd, alas! my dear *Mentor*, I found ſomething in that Stranger that ſtrongly engag'd me to him, and made a yearning in all my bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulyſſes*, ſeeing you knew him? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him? What is the myſtery of this? Am I always to be unhappy! Will the incenſed Gods for ever hold me like thirſty *Tantalus*, whoſe greedy lips are ſtill amus'd by the fugitive deceitful Water? O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, have you eſcap'd me for ever? Perhaps I ſhall never ſee him more! He may perhaps fall into the ſnares which *Penelope*'s lovers prepar'd for me: Oh! had I follow'd him, then at leaſt I had dy'd with him. O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, even though you eſcape the fury of a freſh Storm (for I have every thing to fear from adverſe fortune)

fortune) I tremble, leſt when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you ſhould meet with the ſame fate *Agamemnon* did at *Mycenæ*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my happineſs? I ſhould by this time embrace him, and be with him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we ſhould fight together, and conquer all our enemies.

Mentor reply'd ſmiling; ſee, my dear *Telemachus*, how ſtrange Men are! You are under the deepeſt affliction, becauſe you have ſeen your Father without knowing him: What would you have given yeſterday only to be aſſured that he was not dead? Now, to day you are aſſur'd of it by your own eyes; and yet this aſſurance, which ought to fill you with joy, leaves you in bitterneſs. Thus the diſtemper'd mind of Mortals always reckons for nothing what they have moſt paſſionately deſired, as ſoon as poſſeſs'd; and they are induſtrious in tormenting themſelves about what they do not poſſeſs! It is to encreaſe your patience that the Gods hold you thus in ſuſpence: You look upon this time as loſt, but know that it is the moſt uſeful part of your life; for it exerciſes you in the moſt neceſſary of all Virtues, for thoſe that are to command others. You muſt be patient, if you would acquire the maſtery of your ſelf and others. Impatience, which ſeems to be the vivacity and ſtrength of the Soul, is only its weakneſs, and an impotence to bear pain.

He

He that cannot wait and ſuffer, is like one that cannot keep a ſecret; both of them want firmneſs of mind to contain themſelves, as a Man that runs a race in a Chariot, and has not a hand ſtrong enough to ſtop, at proper times, his fiery Courſers: They ceaſe to obey the bridle, they gallop headlong down a precipice, and the weak Man, with whom they run away, is daſh'd in pieces by the fall. Thus an impatient Man, by his wild ungovernable appetites, is flung into an abyſs of misfortunes; the more abſolute his authority is, the more fatal to himſelf is his impatience: He will not wait; he will not give himſelf time to meaſure any thing; he forces all things to gratify his wiſhes; he tears off the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the Gates rather than ſtay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wiſe Husbandman is but ſowing; all he does in haſte, and prepoſterouſly, is ill done, and can have no longer duration than his fickle fancy. Such are the mad projects of a Man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the Reins to his deſires, in the abuſe of his power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods make you undergo theſe ſevere trials; and ſeem to ſport with you, by keeping you ſtill in ſuſpence in a wandering life. The bleſſings you hope for, juſt

juſt ſhew themſelves to you, and then fly away like an airy dream, which vaniſhes as ſoon as a Man awakes: And this is done to inſtruct you that the very things you fanſy you hold faſt in your hands, may eſcape from you in an inſtant. The wiſeſt Leſſons you can have from the mouth of *Ulyſſes*, will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long abſence, and the ſufferings you have undergone in ſeeking him.

After this, *Mentor* reſolved to put *Telemachus*'s patience to the laſt, and ſevereſt trial. At the very moment that the young Man, full of ardour, went to preſs the Mariners to haſten to put to Sea, *Mentor* ſtop'd him ſhort, and engaged him to make upon the ſhore a great Sacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus* obeys with docility *Mentor*'s commands: Two Altars of Turf are raiſed; the incenſe ſmokes, and the blood of the Victims runs. *Telemachus* ſends forth tender ſighs up to Heaven, and acknowledges the powerful protection of the Goddeſs. The Sacrifice was ſcarce ended, but he follows *Mentor* into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring Grove; where he perceives that, on a ſudden, his friend's face aſſumes a new form: The wrinkles of his forehead diſappear'd, as the ſhades of night vaniſh when the roſy-finger'd Morn unbars the Gates of the Eaſt, and inlightens the whole horizon; his hollow and ſevere eyes were

were turn'd to a celeſtial blue, and fill'd with divine fire; his griſly and uncouth Beard was no longer ſeen: Noble and majeſtick lineaments, mix'd with ſweetneſs and grace, preſented themſelves to the eyes of the dazzled *Telemachus*: He ſaw a Woman's countenance with a complexion finer than that of a tender flower juſt opening to the Sun. Thereon he ſaw the white of Lilies mix'd with the red of blooming Roſes, and an eternal youth, with a ſimple and unaffected Majeſty; an ambroſial odour diffus'd itſelf from her flowing treſſes; her Garment gliſter'd like thoſe lively colours with which the Sun, when he riſes, paints the dusky arches of Heaven, and the Clouds that he has juſt been gilding. This Deity did not touch the Ground with her foot, but ſhot fleeting through the Air, as a Bird cleaves it with his wings. In her powerful hand ſhe held a glittering Spear, capable of ſtriking terror into the moſt warlike Cities and Nations. *Mars* himſelf would have trembled at it: Her Voice was ſweet and mild, but ſtrong and inſinuating; all her words were like darts of fire that pierced *Telemachus*'s Soul, and made him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious pain: Upon her head appear'd the ſolitary bird of *Athens*, and upon her breaſt there glitter'd the formidable Ægis. By theſe badges *Telemachus* knew it was *Minerva*.

O Goddeſs, ſaid he, 'tis you, 'tis you your ſelf who have vouchſafed to conduct the Son of *Ulyſſes*, for his Father's ſake! ——He would have gone on, but his voice fail'd him; his lips made fruitleſs offers to utter the thoughts that came crouding from the bottom of his Heart. The preſence of the Deity overcame him, ſo that he was like a Man who in a Dream is ſo oppreſs'd, as to loſe his reſpiration, and cannot form a word, for all the violent agitation of his lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounced theſe words: O Son of *Ulyſſes*, hearken to me for this laſt time: I never inſtructed any Mortal with ſo much care as I have done you: I have led you by the hand through Shipwrecks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of Man: I have ſhewn you, by plain examples, the true and falſe Maxims of Government: Your errors have been no leſs uſeful to you than your misfortunes; for what Man can govern wiſely, if he has never ſuffer'd any hardſhip, or has never made any advantage of the ſufferings into which his faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your diſaſtrous Adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his ſteps; all that remains for you, is a ſhort and eaſy paſſage to *Ithaca*, where your Father is this

this very moment landing. Go, fight under him, and pay him the ſame obedience as the meaneſt of his Subjects, to whom be you your ſelf an example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your Bride, and you ſhall be happy with her, becauſe you ſought her for her prudence and her virtue, more than her beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole glory in renewing the Golden Age: Hear every body, truſt but a few, have a care of truſting your own ſelf too much: Fear to deceive your ſelf, but never fear to let others ſee that you have been miſtaken. Love your People, and omit nothing to gain their love. Fear is neceſſary, where Love is wanting; but it ſhould always be made uſe of with unwillingneſs, juſt as violent and moſt dangerous Remedies are. Ever conſider at a diſtance all the conſequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foreſee the moſt terrible inconveniences, and know that true courage conſiſts in looking all dangers in the face, and in deſpiſing them when once they become neceſſary. He that is unwilling to ſee them, has not courage enough to bear the ſight of them unconcern'd: He that ſees them all, and avoids ſuch of them as are avoidable, and makes head againſt the reſt, without any perturbation of mind, is the only wiſe and magnanimous Man. Avoid luxury, pride, and profuſion, place your glory in ſimplicity; let

let your virtue and good deeds be the ornament of your Perſon and Palace; let them be your Life-Guards, and let all the World learn from you wherein true happineſs conſiſts: Never forget that Kings are not Kings for their own glory, but for the benefit of their People: The good they do deſcends to the moſt diſtant Ages, and the evil they do multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the remoteſt Poſterity.

An ill Reign often proves the Calamity of ſeveral Ages. Above all, be upon your Guard againſt your own humour, an Enemy whom you ſhall ever carry along with you as long as you live, who will intrude into your Councils, and who will betray you, if you hearken to him. Humour makes a Man loſe the moſt important opportunities; it gives him childiſh likings and averſions to the prejudice of the greateſt concerns; it makes him determine the moſt weighty Affairs by the moſt trifling conſiderations; it obſcures and drowns all talents; debaſes Courage, renders a Man unequal, fickle, weak, abject and unſupportable. Ever diſtruſt ſuch an Enemy.

Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus!* This fear is the moſt valuable treaſure of the heart of Man; you will find it accompany'd with Wiſdom, Juſtice, Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleaſure, true Liberty, delicious Plenty, and unblemiſh'd Glory.

I leave you, O Son of *Ulyſſes?* But my Wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you always remain ſenſible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis time now you learn to go alone. I parted from you in *Ægypt* and at *Salentum*, only to uſe you to be without my company, as they wean Children, when it is time to give them ſolid food, in exchange for Milk.

Scarce had the Goddeſs made an end of her Speech, but ſhe ſprung into the Air, and mantled her ſelf with a cloud of Gold and Azure, in which ſhe diſappear'd. *Telemachus*, ſighing, aſtoniſh'd and tranſported, proſtrated himſelf on the ground, lifting up his hands to Heaven: Afterwards he went and wak'd his Companions, haſten'd away, and arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where he found again and knew his Father, at the houſe of the faithful *Eumæus*.

THE

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

NEXT to the Adventures of Telemachus, *you can read nothing more ſoft and paſſionate than thoſe of* Ariſtonous. *It ſeems as if Nature herſelf had dictated both theſe charming Pieces: And whereas the ſame Spirit, and the ſame Simplicity prevails alike through the whole, you will not be diſpleas'd to find them both joyn'd together: Though they are not of the ſame Hand, as ſeveral Judges of a good Taſte have aſſur'd me. They generally give the Preference to* Telemachus, *and it muſt be own'd to be an incomparable*

comparable Piece. The Author of Ariſtonous *has borrow'd the Idea, the Stile, and the Moral from the former. So that if he has not the Glory of the firſt Invention; yet he has at leaſt thus much to ſay in his own behalf, that he has found out the Secret of imitating a Man who ſeem'd to be inimitable.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *ARISTONOUS.*

SOPHRONIMUS, being depriv'd of the Eſtate of his Anceſtors, by Shipwrecks, and other Misfortunes, comforted himſelf, as well as he could by his Virtue in the Iſland of *Delos*. There, upon a golden Harp, he warbled forth the Wonders of the God that was worſhipp'd in that place: He cultivated the Muſes, by whom he was beloved; he was curious in the ſearches he made into all the Secrets of Nature; ſtudy'd the Motions of the Stars and the Heavens; the Order of the Elements; the Structure of the Univerſe, which he meaſur'd by his Compaſs; the Virtue of Plants, and the Formation

tion of Animals; above all, he ſtudy'd himſelf, and endeavour'd to adorn his Soul with Virtue. Thus Fortune, by abaſing him, had advanc'd him to true Glory, *viz.* that of Wiſdom.

Whilſt he liv'd thus happily, without an Eſtate, in this ſilent retreat, he one day eſpy'd upon the Sea-ſhore, a venerable old Man, a perfect Stranger to him, who was but juſt landed on that Iſland. This old Man look'd with admiration on the Banks of the Sea, wherein he knew that this Iſland formerly floated: He caſt his Eyes upon that ſide, where the little Hills (always cover'd with a green and flouriſhing turf) had rais'd their heads above the Sands and Rocks. He thought he could never take a ſufficient view of the cryſtal Fountains, and rapid ſtreams that water'd this delicious Country: He made towards the ſacred Grove, which ſurrounded the Temple of the God; he wonder'd to ſee its Verdure not ſo much as tarniſh'd with the cold and boiſterous Winds, and beheld afar off the Temple of *Parian* Marble, more white than Snow, round which were lofty Pillars all of Jaſper. *Sophronymus* was intent upon viewing this old Man; his Silver Beard wav'd gently over his Breaſt, his wrinkled face had nothing in it of deformity; he was ſtill exempt from the injuries of decrepid old age; a ſweet ſort of briskneſs ſparkled in his eyes; he was tall, and of a majeſtick mein, but ſomewhat ſtooping, and an Ivory Stick ſupported him as he walk'd. O Sir (ſays *Sophronymus* to him) what ſeek you in this Iſland, to which you ſeem to be a Stranger? If it be the Temple of the God, you ſee it at a diſtance, and I am ready to conduct you thither; for I reverence the Gods, and have learn'd what 'tis that *Jupiter* requires we ſhould do for Strangers.

I accept, reply'd the old Man, of the offer which you have ſo frankly and kindly made me. May the Gods reward your love to Strangers. Come, let us go towards the Temple. In the way thither, he related

related to *Sophronymus* the occaſion of his Voyage.

My name, ſays he, is *Ariſtonous*, a Native of *Claſomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, ſituated on that pleaſant Coaſt, which runs out into the Sea, and ſeems to joyn with the Iſle of *Scio*, the fortunate Country of *Homer*. I was deſcended of no wealthy, though noble Parentage; my Father, named *Polyſtratus*, who was already over-burthen'd by a numerous Family, was not willing to bring me up, but caus'd me to be expos'd by one of his Friends of *Teos*. An ancient Woman of *Erythrea*, who liv'd hard by the place where I was expos'd, took me up, and fed me with Goat's milk in her Cottage. But her Circumſtances being low, as ſoon as I was capable of doing any ſervice, ſhe ſold me to a Merchant that dealt in Slaves, who carried me to *Lycia*. This Merchant reſold me at *Patara*, to a wealthy and virtuous Man, nam'd *Alcinus*; and *Alcinus* took care of me in my Youth. He found me to be tractable, good-natur'd, ſincere, hearty, and addicted to whatever uſeful thing they were willing to have me inſtructed in. He devoted me to thoſe Sciences which *Apollo* favours, and made me be taught Muſick, bodily Exerciſes, and eſpecially the Art of Chirurgery. I ſoon attain'd to a great perfection in that Art, which is ſo neceſſary to human life; and *Apollo*, who inſpir'd me, diſcover'd to me a great many wonderful Secrets in that way.

Alcinus, who lov'd me more than ever, and was raviſh'd to ſee how ſucceſsful his Cares towards me had prov'd, enfranchis'd me, and ſent me to *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, amidſt that boundleſs proſperity which he enjoy'd, never fear'd that Fortune, which had flatter'd him ſo long, would ever be ſo cruel as to betray him. He lov'd a life that could yield him the moſt delights; he was afraid of loſing it, and was for preventing the very leaſt appearances of Evil; and hence it was, that he had always

always attending upon him the moſt eminent Phyſicians that could be got.

Polycrates was very glad that I would live with him; and to engage me the cloſer to his ſervice, he beſtow'd great Riches and Preferments upon me. I reſided a long time at *Samos*, where I could not but wonder to ſee how fortune ſeem'd to take a kind of pleaſure in granting him whatever he deſir'd. He needed only to begin a War, and Victory would be ſure to follow him: It was enough for him to will the moſt difficult things, and they would immediately be effected with all the eaſe imaginable: His heaps of Wealth increas'd every day; all his enemies were laid down as it were at his feet; his health was ſo far from being impaired, that it grew ſtronger and ſounder. For forty years paſt had this peaceful and happy Prince held his fortune as it were in Chains, nor had ſhe made him the leaſt trip, or cauſed him the leaſt diſgrace in any of his deſigns. Such an uninterrupted proſperity, ſo ſeldom heard of among Mortals, made me concern'd for him; I lov'd him heartily, and could not forbear opening to him my Jealouſies: I made ſome impreſſion upon his Heart; for though he was ſoftened by pleaſures, and puffed up by his grandeur; yet he had ſtill remaining ſome ſentiments of humanity, whenever he was put in mind of the Gods, and of the inconſtancy of human affairs: He permitted me to tell him the truth, and was ſo moved by the fear I had for him, that at laſt he reſolved to interrupt the courſe of his proſperity, by a loſs that he would voluntarily undergo.

I am ſenſible, ſays he to me, that there is no Man but what ought once, in his life, to ſuffer ſome diſgrace in his fortune; the more he is favour'd by it, the more ought he to fear ſome Revolution. As for me, on whom it has heap'd ſo many good things for ſo many years together, I muſt expect the extreameſt hardſhips from her, if I do not divert the Storm that ſeems to threaten me. I will therefore forthwith prevent

prevent the treacheries of this flattering fortune.

No ſooner had he ſaid this, but he pluck'd a Ring off his finger, of a very great value, for which he had a vaſt eſteem; he threw it, in my preſence, aloſt into the Sea, hoping by this loſs, to have anſwer'd the neceſſity of ſuffering, at leaſt once in his life, the frowns of Fortune: But this was a miſtake into which he was blindly led by his proſperity: The misfortunes which one makes a matter of choice, and ſubmits voluntarily to, are not real evils; we are only afflicted by the forced and unſeen hardſhips which the Gods in puniſhment inflict upon us.

Polycrates was not ſenſible, that the true way of preventing the Caprices of Fortune, was, by Prudence and Moderation, to ſit looſe to all her tranſitory enjoyments. Fortune, to which he ſacrific'd his Ring, did not accept of that trifling Victim, and *Polycrates* in ſpight of all ſeem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A Fiſh had ſwallow'd the Ring, and the Fiſh was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dreſs'd up for his Table, and the Ring, found in the belly of the Fiſh by a Cook, was reſtored to the Tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that fortune was ſo bent upon favouring him: But alas! the time drew near, when all his proſperity was at one ſtroke to be chang'd into the moſt diſmal adverſity.

The great King of *Perſia*, *Darius* the Son of *Hyſtaſpes*, enter'd into a War againſt the *Greeks*, he ſoon ſubdued all the *Greek* Colonies on the Coaſt of *Aſia*, and the neighbouring Iſlands, which lye in the *Ægean* Sea: *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant conquer'd, and *Orantes*, who was Commander in Chief under that great King, having caus'd a high Gibbet to be rais'd, ordered the Tyrant to be hang'd thereon: Thus the Man, who had enjoy'd ſuch an affluent proſperity, and who could not have imagin'd ever to have met with ſo hard a fate, fell from his Glory all of a ſudden, and ſuffer'd the moſt cruel and moſt ignominious of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in danger of

the frowns of an adverſe State, than thoſe who are too proud under the ſmiles of a proſperous condition: That ſame capricious fortune which ſo cruelly ſports it ſelf over Men of the higheſt ſtation, does as often raiſe the moſt miſerable Creatures out of the Duſt: It had thrown down *Polycrates* from the top of its wheel, and brought me, from the meaneſt of conditions, to the enjoyment of a very plentiful eſtate.

The *Perſians* were ſo far from taking any thing away from me, that on the contrary they made great uſe of my skill in curing their wounded, and highly eſteem'd the moderation I was maſter of, during my being in favour with the Tyrant. Thoſe Perſons who had abus'd his authority, and the truſt he had repos'd in them, were puniſh'd after ſeveral manners. Whereas for my part, I never did any Man an injury, but on the contrary all the good I could. I was the only Perſon whom the Conquerors ſpar'd and treated honourably. Every one rejoyc'd at my fortune, for I was belov'd, and had enjoy'd proſperity without envy, becauſe I never ſhew'd the leaſt tokens of Cruelty, Pride, Avarice, or Injuſtice.

I liv'd quietly at *Samos* for ſome years longer; but at laſt I perceiv'd in my ſelf a longing deſire of reviſiting *Lycia*, where I ſpent my youth ſo pleaſantly. I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the firſt founder of all my fortune. Upon my arrival in that Country, I underſtood that *Alcinus* was dead, after he had loſt his Eſtate, and ſuffer'd the miſeries of old Age with the utmoſt conſtancy.

I went and ſtrew'd ſome Flowers, and ſhed ſome Tears over his Aſhes; I plac'd an honourable Inſcription on his Tomb, and ask'd what was become of his Children. They told me, the only Son who ſurviv'd, nam'd *Orchilochus*, could not tell how to continue without an Eſtate in his own Country, and where his Father had liv'd with ſo great Splendor, and therefore went on board a ſtrange Veſſel, intending

tending to lead an obſcure Life in ſome remote Iſland of the Sea. They acquainted me farther, that *Orchilochus* within a ſhort time after ſuffer'd Shipwrack about the Iſland of *Carpathus*, ſo that there was not one remaining of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. Immediately I thought of buying the Houſe where he had formerly dwelt, and the fertile Fields round about that were in his poſſeſſion. I was very glad to ſee again thoſe Places, which recalled to mind the ſweet remembrance of ſo pleaſant an Age, and of ſo kind a Maſter. Methought I was ſtill in the bloom of my tender years, wherein I ſerv'd *Alcinus*.

I had ſcarce purchas'd his Inheritance of his Creditors, but I was called away to *Claſomene*. My Father *Polyſtratus*, and my Mother *Phidilis* were dead, and I had ſeveral Brothers, who could not very well agree with one another. As ſoon as I arrived at *Claſomene*, I preſented my ſelf before them in a mean dreſs, as a Man ſtripp'd of all he had, and ſhew'd them the marks with which you know they generally take care to expoſe Children. They were ſtartled to ſee the number of *Polyſtratus*'s Heirs to increaſe, who were to be ſharers in his ſmall Inheritance; they were conteſting the legitimacy of my birth, and refuſed to own me as their Brother before the Judges. To puniſh their inhumanity, I declared, that I was willing to be a Stranger to them, and demanded that they ſhould be excluded for ever from being my Heirs. The Judges decreed it ſhould be ſo; and then I ſhewed the Treaſures which I had brought along with me in my Ship. I diſcovered to them that I was that *Ariſtonous*, who had acquired ſo much wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos*, and that I was yet unmarried.

My Brethren ſoon repented of their unjuſt uſage of me, and, in hopes of becoming one Day my Heirs, uſed their utmoſt endeavours, but to no purpoſe, to inſinuate themſelves again into my favour.

Their quarrelling occaſion'd them to ſell our Father's Eſtate, I bought it, and they had the mortification to ſee the whole Patrimony fall into the hands of one, whom they would not admit into the leaſt ſhare. By this means they fell into extreme Poverty; but after they had ſufficiently ſmarted for their folly, I was minded to extend my good nature to them: I pardon'd them, admitted them into my own Houſe, and gave each of them wherewithal to traffick by Sea; I reunited them, they and their Children live peaceably together with me, and I am become a common Father to all theſe different Families. By their union and induſtry, they ſoon got together conſiderable Wealth. In the mean time, old Age, as you ſee, comes upon me apace, it has ſilver'd my Hairs, and furrow'd my Face; and admoniſhes me, that I have not long to enjoy ſo perfect a Proſperity. I was willing therefore, before I die, to ſee once more that Country which is ſo dear to me, and which affects me more than my native Soil; *Lycia* I mean, where I had learn'd to be Good and Wiſe, under the conduct of the virtuous *Alcinus*. As I was upon my Voyage thither, I met with a Merchant belonging to one of the *Cyclades* Iſlands, who aſſured me, that there was ſtill living at *Delos*, a Son of *Orchilochus*, who imitated the Prudence and Virtue of his Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately I quitted my deſign of ſailing to *Lycia*, and haſten'd, by favour of *Apollo*, to ſearch in this Iſland after the precious remains of a Family, to whom I owe my All. I have but a ſhort time to live; the Deſtinies, enemies to that ſweet repoſe, which the Gods ſometimes, tho' rarely, grant to Mortals, will ſoon cut off my Thread of Life; but I ſhall be content to die, provided my Eyes, before they are robb'd of this light, can but behold my Maſter's Grandſon. Speak then, Sir, who live with him in this Iſland? Do you know him? Can you tell me where I may find him? If you can ſhew him to me, may the Gods in recompenſe grant you to ſee your

your Children's Children to the fifth Generation: May the Gods preſerve all your Family in Peace and Plenty, as the effect of your Virtue.

Whilſt *Ariſtonous* ſpake thus, *Sophronymus* ſhed Tears that flowed from a mixture of Joy and Sorrow. In ſhort, without being able to utter one word, he threw his Arms about the Neck of the old Man, he embrac'd him, he graſp'd him cloſe, and with much ado forc'd out theſe words, that were often interrupted by Sighs.

I am, oh! my Father, the Perſon whom you ſeek: You ſee *Sophronymus* the Grandſon of your Friend *Alcinus*; 'Tis I my ſelf, and I cannot queſtion in hearing your relation, but that the Gods have ſent you hither to alleviate my misfortunes. Gratitude, which ſeems to be no more on Earth, is lodg'd in your ſingle Breaſt. I heard indeed, in my Childhood, that a certain famous and wealthy Man reſiding at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But whereas my Father *Orchilochus* died young, and left me in the Cradle, the knowledge I had of theſe matters has been but confus'd. I would not venture to *Samos* upon an uncertainty, and choſe rather to ſtay in this Iſland; comforting my ſelf under my Misfortunes by the contempt of vain Riches, and by employing my ſelf in cultivating the Muſes in the ſacred Houſe of *Apollo*. That Prudence which accuſtoms Men to be content with a little, and to be quiet, has ſerv'd me hitherto inſtead of all other Treaſures.

Upon finiſhing theſe words, *Sophronymus* perceiving they were arriv'd at the Temple, propos'd to *Ariſtonous* there to offer up his Prayers and Oblations. They ſacrificed to the God two Sheep as white as Snow, and a Bull which had a Creſcent on his Forehead between the two horns. Afterwards they ſang in verſe the praiſes of the God, who inlightens the Univerſe, who regulates the Seaſons, who preſides over the Sciences, and who inſpires the Choir of the

Nine Muſes. Having left the Temple, *Sophronymus* and *Ariſtonous* ſpent the reſt of the day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronymus* receiv'd the old Man into his Habitation with the ſame tenderneſs and reſpect, as he would have teſtified to *Alcinus* himſelf, had he been alive. The next day they parted both together, and ſet Sail for *Lycia*. *Ariſtonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful champain Country upon the banks of another River, in whoſe Waves *Apollo* returning from Hunting, cover'd with duſt, has often bath'd his body, and waſh'd his flaxen hair. Along this River they met with Poplars and Willows, whoſe green and tender boughs conceal'd the Neſts of a great many Birds, who warbled forth their melodious notes both night and day: The River falling from a Rock with great noiſe and froth, daſh'd its waves into a current that was full of ſmall Pebbles. All the Vale was cover'd with a gilded Harveſt, the Hills that appear'd like an Amphitheatre, were ſet with Vines and Fruit-Trees. All Nature ſeem'd to be gay and ſmiling, the Air was calm and ſerene, and the Earth always ready to yield out of its boſom new crops to reward the labours of the Husbandman. In going farther up the River, *Sophronymus* perceived a plain and homely Seat, but whoſe Architecture was comely, juſt and proportionable; it had neither Marble, nor Gold, nor Silver, nor Ivory, nor was it furniſh'd with Purple: but all was neat, agreeable and convenient, without magnificence and pomp: A Fountain ſpouted up in the midſt of the Court, and made a ſmall Canal, with a green border round about it: The Gardens were not large, but full of uſeful Fruits and Plants, proper for the nouriſhment of Man. On two ſides of the Garden were two Groves, whoſe Trees were almoſt as ancient as the Earth that bare them, and whoſe thick branches caſt ſuch a ſhade as could not be pierc'd by the Sun-beams. They enter'd into a great Hall, where they made a ſweet repaſt of ſuch Pro-

viſions

viſions as Nature furniſh'd them with, out of the Gardens, wherein there was nothing to be ſeen, which Luxury inclines Men to ſend for ſo far and at ſo dear a rate out of the Cities. There was Milk as ſweet as that which *Apollo* milch'd whilſt he was Shepherd to King *Admetus*; and Honey more rich than that of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymetta* in *Attica*: There were Garden Pulſe, and Fruits freſh-gather'd; with Wine more delicious than Nectar, running out of large Veſſels into carv'd Goblets. During this frugal, but pleaſant and quiet repaſt, *Ariſtonous* would not ſit down at table: At firſt he made all the pretences he could imagine to conceal his modeſty; but at laſt, when *Sophronymus* preſs'd him to it, he declared, that he could not find in his heart to ſit down and eat with the Grandſon of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited ſo many years at the ſame table: Here it was, ſaid he, where that wiſe old Gentleman was wont to eat; there he entertain'd himſelf with his Friend; there he diverted himſelf at ſeveral ſorts of Games; there he walk'd out and pleas'd himſelf with reading *Homer* and *Heſiod*; and there he laid himſelf down to reſt. In reciting theſe Circumſtances, his heart melted with tenderneſs, and the tears trickled from his eyes. After the repaſt was over, he led forth *Sophronymus* to take a view of the pleaſant Meadows, where the large herds of Cattle wander'd on the banks of the River; then they ſaw the flocks of Sheep returning from their fat Paſtures, the Ewes bleating and full of Milk, were follow'd by their little skipping Lambs. Every where you might perceive the Workmen earneſt at their Buſineſs, as if they were in love with their Labour, whilſt they promoted the Intereſt of their kind and gentle Maſter, who made himſelf to be belov'd by them, and alleviated the miſery of their Slavery.

After *Ariſtonous* had ſhewed to *Sophronymus* this Houſe, theſe Slaves, theſe Flocks, and theſe Lands, which were become ſo fertile by careful cultivating, he addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe words: I am very glad to ſee you in poſſeſſion of the ancient Patrimony of your Anceſtors; the poſſeſſion of a Place where I ſerv'd *Alcinus* ſo long. Do you peaceably enjoy what was his, live happily, but prepare your ſelf by your care for a late but calmer end than his. At the ſame time, he made over to him by Deed of Gift that Eſtate, according to all the neceſſary Forms of Law; and declared, that he would diſinherit his natural Heirs of his own Eſtate, if ever they ſhould prove ſo ungrateful as to call in queſtion that Deed which he had made to the Grandſon of *Alcinus*, his Benefactor. But this was not all; before *Ariſtonous* gave away his Houſe, he furniſh'd it throughout with new Furniture, plain and modeſt indeed, but withal neat and ſuitable: He fill'd the Barns with the rich Preſents of *Ceres*, and the Cellar with choice Wine of *Scio*, fit to be ſerv'd up by *Ganymede* at the Table of great *Jupiter*; he laid up likewiſe ſome *Parmenian* Wine, with a great quantity of Honey of *Hymetta* and *Hybla*, and *Attick* Oyl almoſt as ſweet as Honey itſelf. Laſtly, To all theſe things he added a vaſt many Fleeces of fine Wooll, as white as the driven Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that wander on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the fat Paſtures of *Sicily*. In this State and Condition he beſtow'd the Houſe on *Sophronymus*: He gave him over and above fifty Talents, and reſerved to his own Relations the Eſtate which he poſſeſs'd in the Peninſula of *Claſomene*, and in the Parts that lay about *Smyrna*, *Lebedos* and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value.

When this Deed of Gift was made, *Ariſtonous* re-embark'd on board his Ship, for to return to *Ionia*.

nia. *Sophronymus* ſurpriz'd and mov'd at the greatneſs of thoſe Favours, attended him to the Ship with tears in his Eyes, calling him his Father all along as he went, and holding him within his Arms. *Ariſtonous* ſoon arriv'd at his own home, having had a happy Voyage. None of his Relations durſt complain of his Liberality to *Sophronymus*: I have ordered, ſaid he to them, by my laſt Will and Teſtament, that all my Eſtate ſhall be Sold, and given to the Poor of *Ionia*, if ever any one of you ſhould oppoſe the Gift I have made to the Grandſon of *Alcinus*. The wiſe and aged *Ariſtonous* liv'd in Peace, and enjoy'd thoſe good things which the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every Year, notwithſtanding his old Age, he took a Voyage into *Lycia*, to viſit *Sophronymus*, and to offer a Sacrifice on the Tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had bedeck'd with ſeveral curious Ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture. He had order'd, that his own Aſhes after his Death, ſhould be laid up in the ſame Tomb, where they might reſt with thoſe of his dear Maſter. Each Year in the Spring, *Sophronymus* waited with impatience for his return; he had always his Eyes looking towards the Sea ſhore, to ſee whether he could diſcover the Ship of *Ariſtonous*, which uſually arrived at that Seaſon. Each Year he had the pleaſure of ſeeing at a diſtance the Ship which was ſo grateful to him, croſſing the ſalt and briny Waves, and its arrival was more pleaſant to him by far, than all the Graces which reviving Nature in Spring brings back to adorn the Earth, after the ſharpneſs of a rigid and ſevere Winter.

One Year it happen'd, that this long'd-for Ship did not arrive as uſual; *Sophronymus* ſigh'd bitterly, Sorrow and Fear were painted on his Face, ſoft Sleep departed from his Eyes; the moſt exquiſite Dainties had no reliſh with him; he was uneaſie, diſturb'd even at the leaſt Noiſe, was always looking towards the Port, and every moment demanding

ing

ing whether there were no Ship arrived from *Ionia*. At laſt one came to Anchor; but, alas! *Ariſtonous* was no more, it only brought his Aſhes in a Silver Urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient Friend of the deceaſed, and almoſt of the ſame Age with him, the truſty Executor of his laſt Will and Commands, was the ſad bearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a word, but expreſſed their Sentiments in dumb Sighs and Moans. *Sophronymus*, kiſſing the Urn, and bedewing it with Tears, at length gave vent to his Grief in theſe words: It is to you, (O good old Man!) that I am indebted for all the happineſs of my Life, and now you are the occaſion of my moſt pungent Sorrow; I ſhall never ſee you more; Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you, and ſerve you in the *Elyſian* Fields, where your Shade enjoys the happy Peace which the juſt Gods reſerve as the reward of Virtue. You have in our Days brought back upon Earth, Juſtice, Piety, and Gratitude; you have in this Iron Age ſhewn the Goodneſs and Innocence of the Golden Days. The Gods, before they bleſs'd you with the Manſions of the Juſt, granted you here below a long, happy and pleaſant Life; but, alas! that which ought to laſt for ever, is not always of the longeſt continuance. I have now no Pleaſure to enjoy, being robb'd of your preſence. O dear Shade! When is it that I ſhall follow you? O precious Aſhes! Were you but ſenſible of any thing, you would needs be pleas'd to lye with thoſe of *Alcinus*, and mine ſhall one Day mix with both! In the mean time, all my Comfort will be to preſerve thoſe remains of what I ſo paſſionately lov'd. O *Ariſtonous!* No, you ſhall never die; you ſhall always live within my Breaſt; may I ſooner forget my ſelf, than ever forget ſo amiable a Man, who lov'd me ſo much, was ſo great a lover of Virtue, and to whom I owe my All!

After

After theſe Words, often interrupted with deep Sighs, *Sophronymus* put the Urn into the Tomb of *Alcinus*, he offer'd ſeveral Victims, whoſe Blood moiſten'd the Altars of Turf which ſurrounded the Tomb; he pour'd out large Libations of Wine and Milk, he burnt rich Perfumes that came from the fartheſt part of the Eaſt, which caus'd an odoriferous Cloud to mount up into the Air. *Sophronymus* appointed, that for the future every Year at the ſame Seaſon, Funeral Sports ſhould be celebrated in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*. Thither they flock'd from *Caria*, a happy and fertile Country; from the charming Banks of *Meander*, which ſports its ſelf in ſo many Windings and Turnings, and ſeems ſo loth to part with the Country which it waters; from the ever-green Banks of *Cayſter*; from the Shores of *Pactolus*, which rowls along the golden Sand beneath its Waves; from *Pamphylia*, where *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* ſtrive who ſhall in greateſt affluence beſtow their Golden Preſents: Laſtly, From the vaſt Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a Garden, by the Streams which fall from Mount *Taurus*, always cover'd with Snow. During this Feſtival, the young Men and Maidens, clothed with long Robes of Linnen whiter than the Lillies, ſang Hymns in honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*, for they could not praiſe One without commending the Other, nor ſeparate two Men who were ſo cloſely united, even after their Deaths.

What was moſt wonderful was, That on the firſt Day, whilſt *Sophronymus* made the Libations of Wine and Milk, a green Myrtle-Tree of an exquiſite fragrancy ſprang out of the midſt of the Tomb, and all of a ſudden rear'd its buſhy Head, to cover the two Urns with its overſpreading Boughs. Every one cry'd out, that *Ariſtonous*, as a reward of his Virtue, was chang'd by the Gods into ſo pleaſant a Tree. *Sophronymus* took care to water it himſelf, and to reverence it as a Deity. This Tree

is

is ſo far from growing old, that it is renewed every Ten Years: And the Gods by this Miracle took pleaſure in teſtifying, That Virtue, which caſts ſo ſweet a Perfume on the memory of Man, is never ſubject to Mortality.

FINIS.

AN

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All that he writ, and all he thought.

N. B. *There are ſome few printed on Large Paper.*

V. Letters between Dr. *Wood* a *Roman Catholick*, the Pretender's Phyſician, and *Whitlock Bulſtrode*, Eſq; (his Brother in Law) a Member of the Church of *England*. Publiſh'd with a Preface, by Mr. *Bulſtrode*.

VI. Dr. *Deſaguliers*'s Lectures of Experimental Philoſophy, wherein the Principles of Mechanicks, Hydroſtaticks and Opticks are demonſtrated, by a great Number of curious Experiments. Illuſtrated with ſeveral Copper Plates ſuitable to each Subject. To which is added, a Deſcription of Mr. *Rowley*'s Machine, called the *Orrery*.

VII. The Laws of Poetry; being a Critical Commentary on the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's *Eſſay on Poetry*, and the Earl of ROSCOMON's *Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe*; with Notes upon the Lord LANSDOWNE's Poem *on Unnatural Flights in Poetry*, written by his Lordſhip: The Commentary written by Mr. GILDON, and revis'd by his Grace the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Roſcomon *firſt*, *then* Mulgrave *roſe like Light*,
To clear our Darkneſs, and to guide our Flight;
With ſteddy Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
They gave us Patterns, and they ſet us Bounds:
Who ſeek from Poetry a laſting Name,
May in their Leſſons learn the Road to Fame.

Lord LANSDOWNE.